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Volume 18 NOVEMBER, 1911 Number 1

THE SAGAMORE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVIII NOVEMBER, 1911 NUMBER 1

Editorials

THE summer vacation, with its ten weeks of uninterrupted rest, is now a dream of the past. Six weeks have passed since the competition for positions on the Sagamore began. The successful contestants have had their reward. The people who did not secure an editorship may not think that they received any benefit from four weeks' toil. They did, however. In the first place they got experience, which will always help them for future work. They also have the satisfaction of knowing that they went out and tried. Then, if it were not for them, the present board would not have hustled as it did. They had their share in making this year's competition a success.

The only advice needful to them is to continue their writing. There is always room for a good story, note, or bubble, and the people doing good work this year will have so much accomplished for next year. Above all, don't waste time on useless criticisms. We love helpful criticisms; in fact, we are delighted to have suggestions regarding the improvement of any department. We want the Sagamore to be what it should be,—a paper of, by, and for the school. It rests with the school whether or not the Sagamore satisfies everybody.

Freshmen, you are destined to graduate from this high school in a year that is to surpass all other years—1915. Therefore it is

your duty, and, of course, your pleasure, to surpass all other classes in every branch of study and sport. There are unlimited opportunities for Freshmen, because so few of their members feel well enough acquainted to go out and hustle. Not until the first year has passed does any newcomer try for the many and various positions that the high school life offers. Then comes the rush. Don't wait a year! Now is your chance! Opportunity is knocking at your door, and it will not knock more than once. Neither will it run around begging you to seize it. You yourselves must act.

For fourteen years the football team was on the aggressive, seeking to wrest the championship of the Preparatory League from its two rivals, Newton and Cambridge. Now the wind has changed. Brookline is on the defensive. The football players have their reputations as champions to sustain. They will do their best as did the gridiron stars before them. But they cannot work alone. The support of the school is absolutely necessary. There is all the difference in the world between playing before a scattered group of schoolmates, and tearing down the field, cheered by several hundred loyal rooters. It is up to the school to turn out and make the year of 1911 the most famous in the annals of high school football.

The football fund is on the blink,
So all you folks have got to think
Just how we're going to get the "mon"
This football team of ours to run.

Nix on excuses old and lame,
Give us a dime and see the game;
The tickets cost but one small dime:
Believe me, you'll have "some" time.

The men on the team will play to win,
If to support them you'll begin.
Don't buy *one*,—buy *two* or *three;*
Leave the rest to the team and Henry G.

The Cerise Ribbon

WHEN a fellow is a Senior, he isn't expected to know who is in the Freshman class, beside all his other worries. However, since 'Tina entered High this year, I knew some of her intimate friends—that was all! So when the calamity happened, I was quite unprepared. You see, it was this way:

I was rushing through the upper corridor, late, as usual, and this time my destination was a room over which the crossest teacher in the school presided. I knew just what would happen if I should get there after the bell rang, and started in to run, when I saw 'Tina turning around and around in the middle of the corridor, with the most bewildered stare I ever saw in all my life. When she saw me, she stopped turning.

"Oh, Bob!" she cried, "please, *please,* where is Room D?"

"Downstairs," I panted, mad enough at being stopped. "You'd better hurry, or you'll be late!"

Then, the first thing I knew, a fat little German dictionary was thrust into my arms!

"Well, there—I haven't time myself—please—give this to Eleanor Alden when you see her."

I glared. "But, my dear girl, who in the world is Eleanor Alden? And what does she look like?" I cried.

"Oh, that's so!" said 'Tina logically. "Well, she's got a cerise ribbon on, and—"

Clang!

I rushed frantically into the room, and sat down rather hard.

"Well, Bicknell?" in a harmonious scale of freezing tones from the teacher.

There was no help for it. "I've been showing my sister the way," I answered grimly.

The teacher smiled sarcastically, the class laughed, and I got as hot as a cannibal's stew-kettle.

A few minutes later, I whispered to Tom Fields, who sat across the aisle:

"What sort of a color is cerise?"

Tom turned and looked up the aisle, and I followed his gaze. Then I had a horrible desire to laugh as I realized that he thought I had said, "What sort of a collar has Maurice?"

Now, Maurice Dupont was a French fellow that had just entered our class. He was one of the best athletes in the school, we had discovered from his record, and we all liked him immensely, but he got on the queerest styles! And to-day, his soft and wobbly collar was decorated with enormous red dots. And, worse than that, he turned and saw us looking at him and me smiling; and, in short, Maurice, now the hero of the school, has never liked me since!

"No, no!" I whispered loudly. "Color—Cerise?"

"Oh," he hissed back, "pinkish, purplish red."

"Bicknell and Fields will report to me at one-thirty!" The teacher had stopped the recitation to admonish us.

I felt duly ashamed, and lowered my eyes to the desk. And with all the prophecy of fate, they fell upon a horrid little German dictionary!

At last, the period was over. I gathered up my books—and It—and ventured forth into the corridor again. Then my heart leaped for joy. Before me was walking a stout girl, her head most certainly bound about with "pinkish, purplish red"!

I considered a moment. I had never seen her before, and the ribbon was right, and she looked as if the dictionary might belong to her. So I caught up with her, and touched her on the arm. She looked around, recognized me as a Senior, and stammered:

"Oh, yes, I really am going to subscribe for the 'Beaucoup-de-Rien,' you know, but I only have a quarter with me to-day. You—you put my name down on your list, didn't you?"

Although I was not business manager of the aforesaid magazine, I jumped at the chance.

"Let me see—what name was it?" said I.

"Babbitt."

"Oh, yes, Bobbitt! I remember now. Plenty of time!" and I left her.

The ribbon on the next girl I picked out was quite decidedly purple. But by dint of her red hair, I thought it might possibly fill Tom's definition. So I approached her, wondering what she would take me for! She was thin and flirtatious, and fell for the tag ticket that dangled from me.

"Oh, I should like to buy a ticket so!" she murmured coyly, and was about to say more, when a bepuffed young person ran up and cried, "Why, Grace, I thought you were—"

But I was off down the hall. Her name was Grace!

Then followed a study period. I was too much oppressed by my woes to take notice of the people around me, till, all at once, I heard the teacher say,

"Miss Alden, is that where you sat last week?"

And a cunning little thing across the aisle, in a ribbon of beautiful, brilliant cerise, replied, "Yes, ma'am."

So I sent the dictionary across with a note of explanation. My, but I was glad to get rid of it! And she was glad to get it, too, for after thanking me, she pounced upon it and began to twirl the leaves in a frantic search for something unfindable.

"Oh, dear!" she whispered to a friend of hers in front of her, "Is it 'Ich bist' or 'Ich ist'? I *never* can remember!"

D. F. H., '12.

The Mystery

THE officer of the deck on the S. S. Havana, bound from Galveston to Cuba, sighted a steamer entering the Yucatan channel, and at once hoisted the international signal: "What ship is that?" A careful search with his glass failed to reveal any answer, and the distant signal for the same question was displayed. Again

no answer except an increase in the volume of smoke pouring from the stranger's funnels. These actions were reported to the captain, who examined her as closely as possible.

"Hmm!" said he. "Guess she's a smuggler. Mr. Smith, follow her. There might be something in it for us."

The Havana's course was changed and her speed increased. The stranger evidently noted this, for her speed also increased. The stern chase remained about an even thing all the afternoon; but when night came, the chase became one-sided. The stranger showed no lights and soon eluded the Havana, which returned to her own course, and, arriving at her destination, reported the chase of a smuggler.

The following night this mysterious steamer was slowly approaching the coast of the Central American republic of Ranchos. Suddenly a light shone out on shore, and a rocket was fired from the steamer in reply. Then the gentle wheezing of a steam-launch was heard as it went in to the landing. In a half-hour it returned, towing a lighter full of men. The latter at once went aboard the steamer and began to transfer the cargo to the lighter. So silently were the long, heavy cases and short boxes sent overside that it seemed as if the work were being done supernaturally. The little launch made many trips to shore with the loaded lighter, and the freight was then carried into the jungle by waiting men. All night long the work continued; and when dawn broke, no trace remained of the proceedings, save a trail of smoke on the horizon.

. . . . . .

Eight days after this, the inhabitants of Los Bocos, capital of Ranchos, were awakened by a volley of shots, seemingly in their midst. The streets of the city were full of men—some ragged, some well dressed, some starving, some well fed, but each carrying a bright new Mauser with a belt full of clips of five cartridges each. From all points of the compass they came upon the presidential palace, which was defended by a force of only one hundred loyalists. A field-gun appeared from the ranks of the rebels, and the palace gate

was soon battered in. The attacking forces rushed in, and for about a half an hour the gallant little band held off its foes. One by one, however, they fell, until at last all were dead. The mob of rebels then rushed through the palace, and, finding the president, Del Palmas, in his office, collecting books and papers, instantly shot him. The flag of Ranchos was torn down and in its stead was hoisted the red banner of the revolution. Then the pillage and riot began.

. . . . . .

The next day, the American newspapers printed the following:

"Los Bocos, Ranchos, May 15.—The revolutionists have again arisen and this time have captured the capital, Los Bocos. President Del Palmas is dead, and the revolutionary government is in control. Where the revolutionists obtained their arms is a mystery."

Is it? ANCHOR, '12.

Mr. Stubbs' Stratagem

SETTLE yourself back comfortably into your chair, my dear reader, and put yourself into a sentimental mood, for my story deals with that greatest of great things—love. It concerns one James Stubbs, undertaker, who once fell a victim to the captivating airs and graces of his landlady, the buxom Widow Bigg. Furthermore, his passionate words, whispered at various times in the dimly lighted parlor, were not accepted wholly insincerely by the object of his affections, else why was the all too small cream pitcher invariably passed to him first every morning, to the great disgust and deprivation of his fellow boarders? Why, he was favored in a hundred such ways—small, to be sure, but not unnoticeable.

Ah, but there was another! Alas, yes! Mrs. Bigg was also admired by a certain grocer of the neighborhood—a Mr. Alexander Bickle. He called regularly Wednesday and Saturday evenings, accompanied by an old, yellow, shaggy-haired dog. This dog (Buster was his name) was an inseparable companion of Mr.

Bickle's. It was naturally Mr. Stubbs' highest ambition to vanquish his rival, and it remains for us to see by what cruel means he did so.

At the time our story begins, Mr. Stubbs seemed to have a little the better of the fight. For several weeks he had observed that Mr. Bickle left the house a trifle earlier than on each preceding call, and that he (Mr. Stubbs) was continually receiving more and more little smiles and attentions from his dearly beloved. On the whole, he felt that only a slight gain in his favor would decide the matter for once and for all.

When we first perceive our hero, he is acting most strangely. It is a Wednesday night. Mr. Stubbs, apparently laboring under some great excitement, has removed his shoes and slipped noiselessly from his third-floor-front room to the staircase. He stands there listening to a low murmur that comes from below. Evidently satisfied that Mr. Bickle has arrived, he silently and stealthily makes his way down the dark stairs. His whole manner is most suspicious.

Once having gained the first floor, he hesitates a moment to assure himself that some squeaky board or a breath too deeply drawn has not betrayed him. Then taking from his pocket a greasy package, obviously containing meat, he creeps on all fours to the parlor entrance, two doors away. Here nosy Mr. Stubbs has the audacity and the agility (for he is decidedly pudgy in appearance) to peek under the portiere. What won't some men do?

The sight that met his curious eye was anything but a lively one. But it was what he had expected. Mrs. Bigg sat with great dignity and gravity on the sofa, her fat arms folded like Napoleon's. Mr. Bickle sat very straight and uncomfortable on the edge of a chair opposite, while his dirty dog Buster lay snoozing beside him. Conversation was to all appearances very difficult.

"My dear Mrs. Bigg," Mr. Bickle was saying, "have you ever stopped to think what the finest thing in the world is?"

"Yes," came the cold, decisive answer. "Money."

"No," contradicted the first speaker. "Love."

A long silence followed, during which a whiff of the manifestly

odorous package which we have seen in Mr. Stubbs' possession was wafted to the sensitive nostrils of Buster. He immediately determined to find the strong-smelling delicacy, and slowly left the room. Now this was apparently just what Mr. Stubbs wished him to do, for that gentleman half walked, half crept down the hall, holding the paper behind him. Buster—good, obedient dog that he was—followed. Upon reaching the closed dining-room door, Mr. Stubbs opened it without a sound and, once inside, induced the dog to enter also. Then Mr. Stubbs did another very strange thing. He looked under chairs, tables, and indeed in every conceivable nook and corner. At last, he dragged forth from underneath the sideboard a ruffled bunch of feathers, which, when put to rights, proved to be a common parrot.

Here a word must be inserted about this odd bird. It was a pet of the widow's and had been for a number of years—all its life, in fact. It had never been able to talk much, but in the last two years before the time of our story, it had not uttered a syllable. Polly was a very knowing bird, of course, and so well-behaved that during certain hours of the evening she was allowed the freedom of the dining-room. The above facts, as may be judged, were not unknown to Mr. Stubbs.

Upon seeing the parrot, Buster was seized with a mad desire for the taste of bird-meat. Mr. Stubbs held him by the collar with no little difficulty, for he sprang wildly all about as great an area as his captor's arm would allow him. Mr. Stubbs regarded the bird sadly.

"Poor thing," he muttered, "it's a shame! But then," he sighed, "it's all for the cause of love."

With this, his undertaker sternness coming over him, he let go the dog's collar, and, setting Polly on the floor, made a wild dash into the pantry and up the back stairs to his room. No sooner was Buster free than he leaped with a yelp of joy after the bird, who was already well on her way to the opposite end of the room. Pursued and pursuer raced and chased around and around the room, upset-

ting chairs, tables, and other articles of furniture at every turn. Such mad dashing, yelping, and banging had never disturbed the peace of Mrs. Bigg's boarding house. Mrs. Bigg herself heard it from the parlor and at once rushed to the scene of battle, closely followed by the terrified Mr. Bickle. By the time they reached the dining-room, Buster had succeeded in catching Polly by the wing, and he stood looking up at them, half covered by the table-cloth, with an eloquent expression of victory on his face and the bleeding bird at his feet. Mrs. Bigg gave one look, and turned in a rage upon Mr. Bickle.

"Well, sir," she cried, "do you see what that dog of yours has done? He's killed my Polly,—my poor, little Polly. A pretty thing! Don't stand there like the fool that you are! Get out of here! Clear out, I tell you, and don't let me see you, nor your dirty dog either, around here again."

Mr. Bickle departed, and Buster with him. The furious widow stood glaring at the door a moment after it had closed behind them, trembling in her anger. Then she remembered her pet, and with a motherly tenderness picked it up. Why, Polly was breathing—actually breathing! Then she might live! If only there were a veterinary about! There was old Mr. Hopkins, but he wouldn't do. Why, there was Mr. Stubbs! He knew more or less about such things. Mr. Stubbs was an awfully handy man to have around, anyway.

Mrs. Bigg slowly climbed the stairs, holding the fast-reviving bird carefully before her, and rapped on Mr. Stubbs' door. That gentleman, inside the room, heard the knock and opened the door rather fearfully. There stood his landlady, crying quietly over the parrot, which she now placed gently in his chubby hands. She explained briefly what had taken place. At her pathetic description of the dining-room as she had entered, Mr. Stubbs winced visibly. How glad he was that Polly had received no more serious an injury than a broken wing! This he set about to repair with supplies which he had laid in for any such purpose.

"I didn't think you'd take this so hard, my dear," he said.

"What? You didn't think—?"

Mr. Stubbs gasped. "That is, I'm surprised that you should allow yourself to become so attached to a pet. Now if it had been a man—" he ventured.

Mrs. Bigg smiled through her tears.

"Oh, Jim!"

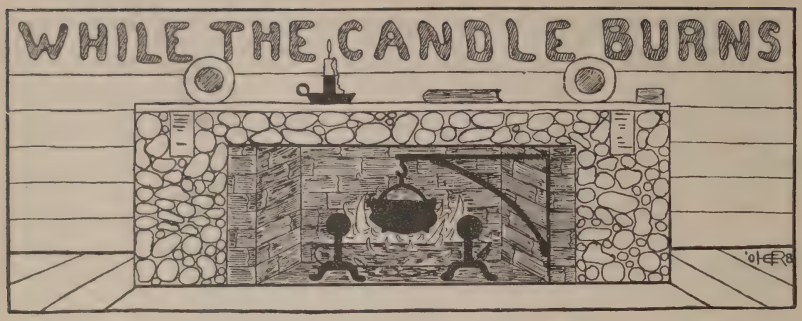
"Nora!"

Their eyes met. Their hands met. The shades were drawn.

E. P. G., '13.

Freshmen, freshmen, such confusions,
Rushing to and fro,
Endless numbers, so it seems,
Some so slow to grow.
"**H**ave you learned the way about?"
"**M**ercy, gracious, no!
All the rooms look just alike,
Never'll learn I know!"

First it was the hobble skirt,
And now it is the harem;
But the skirts do not look half as bad
As many girls who wear 'em.



When You Take a Girl to a Football Game

TAKING a girl to a football game needs almost as much coaching as playing the game itself. As you escort her into a taxicab—and, of course, you must provide one of these very luxurious and expensive conveyances—you must enlist her sympathies with the proper side. Girls are most perverse in this respect. They invariably shout for the wrong team.

When you reach the Stadium, you must insist upon buying a crimson flag, resplendent with a huge "H" upon it. The girl will say, "Oh, don't get a flag for me!" with accent on the me. Of course, you dig down into your pocket and produce fifty very lonely cents. That is, they were lonely. Now, they will repose snugly in the pocket of the grinning urchin who sold you the flag, in company with several dimes, nickels, and other half dollars.

Once inside the Stadium, your troubles commence in earnest. Every detail of the contest must be explained fully. If you leave out one point, your lady friend will be sure to ask you about it, so don't try to skip anything. As soon as the players trot onto the field, she will begin to rave over the handsome chaps. But you must endure this, hard as it may seem.

When the game is finally over, you must take the girl to tea, at, probably, the Lenox. Here she will meet some of her gentlemen friends who will come over and sit down with you. Your opinion of

them as gentlemen now fades away and they appear only as creatures who should and will be taught something the next time they come into your room at college.

Once more the taxi-cab. This time, you take her home, but you must refuse the invitation to dinner, otherwise you will be a "sponger." R. A. W., '12.

Manners for Class-Room Use

ON entering a class-room, the first thing in the morning, walk straight to your desk, open it, look around for a minute, and then demand in a loud tone, "Who's taken my Latin?" This calls attention to your presence, and saves the trouble of saying "hello" or "good-morning."

Always whisper after the bell rings until you have been told at least twice to stop. After that it is rather dangerous, but it depends wholly on the teacher. If the person behind you persists in poking you in the back, turn slowly around and gaze at him reproachfully. If the gaze is done well, he will shrivel up and cease his jabs.

When the teacher says, "No more talking" and looks straight at you, it is always wise to turn around and look at the boy three seats behind you, at the same time smiling sympathetically. This usually diverts the teacher's attention to him, and you can then face around and study.

It is usually considered bad form to say "unprepared" in a recitation. Get up and make a bluff at it, anyway; you may possibly get a C—, or a C— — if you are in Doctor Roberts' class. This also, however, depends largely on the teacher. If you have not written a lesson, do not ever say that it is in your class-room. You might very probably be sent for it. Have it at home, at least, and do not have a bicycle with you that day. And lastly, talk every time you get a chance, using necessary judgment, of course.

Such, then, are the requirements and regulations for the classroom, which, if followed closely, will or ought to produce a good scholar. H. S., '14.

A Medley

The Cause

My paper, 'tis of thee,
With all thy rivalry,
Of thee I sing;
I dream of thee by night,
By day I sit and write,
And waste my strength and might,
One point to bring!

The Result

Aye, tear those blotted stories up,
That pile your desk on high,
For many a time your eyes have ached
Their writing to descry!
I know your feelings were like mine,
You found them, too, a bore;—
The products of my fertile brain
Shall trouble you no more!

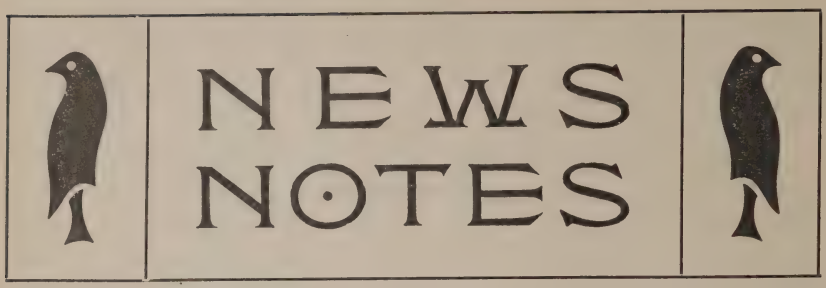
The Finish

Oh, say can you see, on the bulletin board,
What in anguish we watched as the past weeks were speeding?
'Tis the list where our points, in a fast-growing hoard,
Are displayed to the many who stand around reading.
Now, a pitying stare
That on end stands my hair,
Gives proof from the crowd that my name is not there!

* * * * * * * * * *

Gentle reader, this is twisted
And agrees with nothing listed,
Every single thing it says is quite absurd;
Pardon if it's mixed and muddled;—
My poor head is so befuddled
That I really cannot write another word!

D. F. H., '12.



The class of 1912 owes a vote of thanks to the class of 1911. The members of the latter class have left a fine collection of books on the Ancient and Modern Drama for the use of the following classes in this branch of the English course.

Among other new things, we have a new, and what promises to be a most interesting course in art. It is the History of Art, beginning with the present day and working backwards. There will be some drawing in connection with this work, besides clay modeling. We wish Miss Stone and Miss Lewis every success in their undertaking and hope that the course will be continued in years to come.

The Freshman class contains one hundred and four girls and one hundred and thirteen boys. The ancient man of the class has passed his eighteenth birthday, while the oldest girl is seventeen years and four months old. The masculine baby is not yet in his teens, and the champion of the opposite sex has just attained that distinction. For various reasons we could not weigh the "huskies" of the class. Therefore we will let the combined weights of the heaviest boy and girl equal *X*.

We all feel happy to say that Miss Russell is one of those who do come back. Her return, in a way, compensates for the loss of Miss Gambrill and Miss Weir, whose places this year have been filled by Miss Hayden and Miss Lewis. Miss Gambrill is now teaching French at Wellesley College. Miss Weir is at the head of the department of Art in the Ethical Culture School of New York. We

wish them the success which they deserve in their new positions. The school is glad to welcome Miss Hayden, who comes from the Newton Technical High School, and Miss Lewis, who will assist Miss Stone in the art work.

Doctor Roberts has gone to Europe this year, leaving many almost-sharks in Latin and Greek bewailing his absence. However, Miss Marshall is with us again, furnished with many interesting notes which she secured while abroad this last winter and summer. Mr. Snow will have the "Doc's" Latin classes, while Miss Rich, who was with us for a short time the last term, will assist him.

A little bird has told us that Wallace Taylor, Chester Jenks and Francis Wyman have formed a theatrical combine which is to make Charles Frohman's company look like six car-fares. Their first play, which is to be given about Christmas, is to be presented at Whitney Hall. It's up to the school to turn out and support alumni theatricals. Everybody turn out!

John Hope, '14, is the high school correspondent for the press.

On September 21, Miss Alice Burdett gave a delightful farewell party at her home to Miss Mildred Atwood, who has left for New York, where she will reside. Miss Atwood was one of the most popular girls in the present Junior class and her many friends are sorry to lose her.

Among those who have left us for other schools are Julian and Sumner Veazie, who are now in Chicago, and William Craig, who is in Detroit at present. Miss Ruth Litchfield of 1912 and Miss Amy Litchfield of 1914 have left our classic shades for the apparently more classic shades of the Hingham High School.

Probably few of us in the school know that we have a sculptor in our midst. By the way, have you ever visited Antonio Salemme's studio at Gloucester? Antonio, when not engaged in his art, has been endeavoring to throw Spitz, ten times out of ten, in that gentle pastime called Japanese wrestling.

Frederick Hussey, '12, is the high school correspondent for the Chronicle.

The total enrollment of pupils in the school this year is 569. There are 93 Seniors, 111 Juniors, 148 Sophomores, and 217 Freshmen.

On Monday, September 11, the candidates for the Sagamore board met in room 11. The conditions of the competition were briefly outlined. There were twenty-two people present at the meeting, but since that time the numbers have increased so as to make the total list of competitors forty-three. After the first cut, which occurred at the end of the third week, twenty-two boys and girls remained from whom to choose the board. The successful contestants were chosen Friday, October 13. Their names will be found on the title-page of this paper.

On October 19, there was a girls' mass meeting in order to form plans for giving pecuniary support to the Athletic Association, as its funds are extremely low. The girls have decided to sell refreshments during our football game with Salem High at Grigg's field, November 3.

Cheer-leader Stevens, "Everyone in it, three times three for the girls!"

The Debating Clubs

The Girls' Debating Club holds its first debate on November 7. The question is: Resolved: That women should follow the fashions. Miss Hudnut and Miss Lillian Williamson are on the affirmative and Miss Allen and Miss Hunt uphold the negative.

The B. H. S. Debating Club held a business meeting on October 19. The Rhetorical Committee was elected and a committee of ten was appointed to encourage a larger membership. The first debate comes off on Thursday, November 9, with Swett and

Nordell on the affirmative, and Clark and Spitz on the negative. The question reads: Resolved: That Reciprocity between the United States and Canada would be of mutual advantage.

Who's What

Senior Class, officers of—Thurston Clark, president; Nellie Woodward, vice-president; Frederick Hussey, treasurer; Florence Eisenhart, secretary.

Junior Class, officers of—Merrill White, president; Dorothy Rhodes, vice-president; Freeman Swett, treasurer; Madeleine Hunt, secretary.

Sophomore Class, officers of—Dexter Hunneman, president; Margaret Wesner, vice-president; Raymond Bemis, treasurer; Phyllis Underwood, secretary.

Freshman Class, officers of—Not elected before the Sagamore went to press.

The Sagamore, editors and managers of—Julian Spitz, '13, editor-in-chief; Raymond Holland, '13, business manager; Ruth Hudnut, '12, news editor; Felix Dowsley, '14, news editor; Doris Halman, '12, literary editor; Russell Williams, '12, athletic editor; Radcliffe Stevens, '13, assistant athletic editor; Stuart Kaiser, '13, Bubbles editor; Edith Faxon, '12, Alumni editor; Madeleine Hunt, '13, exchange editor; Eralsey Ferguson, '12, assistant business manager; Willard Hicks, '13, assistant business manager; Blake Cooley, '14, assistant business manager.

The Debating Club, officers of—Thurston Clark, '12, president; Freeman Swett, '13, vice-president; Frederick Hussey, '12, secretary; Eralsey Ferguson, '12, Julian Spitz, '13, and Robert Paine, '13, rhetorical committee.

The Girls' Debating Club, officers of—Mary Morris, '12, presi-

dent; Frances Hall, '12, vice-president; Florence Eisenhart, '12, secretary; Dorothy Rhodes, '13, Ruth Hudnut, '12, rhetorical committee.

The B. H. S. A. A., officers of—Karl Thielscher, '12, president; Walter Kelly, '12, vice-president; Mr. G. P. Hitchcock, treasurer; H. G. Carrell, secretary; Mr. Packard, faculty member; Clarence Anderson, '12, Charles Bentley, '12, undergraduate members; Doctor E. M. Bowker, Francis Capper, graduate counselors.

The Football Team—Clarence Anderson, '12, captain; Henry O'Day, '12, manager; Radcliffe Stevens, '13, assistant manager.

The Baseball Team—Walter Kelly, '12, captain; open, manager; open, assistant manager.

The Track Team—Phillip Nordell, '12, captain; open, manager; open, assistant manager.

The Crew—Charles Bentley, '12, captain; open, manager.

The Tennis Team—Edward Manning, '12, captain; open, manager.

The Gym Team—Donald MacNaughton, '12, captain; open, manager.

The Rifle Team—William Chandler, '13, captain; Radcliffe Stevens, '13, manager.

The Mandolin Club, officers of—Arvin Case, '13, leader; Bryant Hawse, '14, manager.

Our Lost Leader

Just with the handful of books that he left us,
Just with the memories of days in his room,
We who have loved him find no satisfaction,
Are not content in the depths of our gloom!

We that had brought him our troubles and sorrows,
Gloried at times in the flash of his eye,
Studied a language that, like him, was noble,
Made him our pattern to learn Latin by!

Here we are now, a whole second floor of us,
Working and striving as hard as can be;
All of the second-floor teachers are with us;
He alone left us for lands o'er the sea!

We shall go through the year,—not with his presence;
Some of us failing and some climbing on;
Deeds will be done; other things spur us onward;
Others take hold, now our leader is gone!

Gone! for a whole year, from classroom and hallway,
He who so often came forward to save;
Where is the spirit, the help of his planning?
Where are the unprepared lessons he gave?

Let's wish him well, and a year full of brightness!
Splendors of Europe and ruins of Rome,
May they receive him with all of their glamour!
May he return then, to us and to—Home!

Some Seniors, Some Juniors, and Some Others,
per D. F. H., '12.

Mary had a little chick
With feathers white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
Her chicken had to go.
When Mary went to "Gay Paree,"
She saw styles fast and thick;
She put her pet upon her hat,
And then she looked quite chic.

There was a young Soph. from the High,
Who said he'd drop German or die.
When he found that he couldn't,
He decided he wouldn't,
And now he will never get by.

Mr. Case—"Is this a solid geometry class?"
Voice from the rear—"No, sir; this is a 'solid' algebra class."

I French A.—Miss M-r-r-s, translating: "With a smile upon his white teeth he drew the boy towards him."

III English. Newton—"Webster gave a dedication to the men who were killed in the battle of Bunker Hill and are dead now."

We all go out for football,
That, it would not do to shirk;
But the thing we do not relish
Is to stay in school and work.

Admiring Freshman—"Oh, it must be good to know, well-er-everything!"

B. H. S. Senior—"It is!"

There was a young Freshman of Brookline,
Who may have been smart in the book-line;
Howe'er that may seem,
They found in h— theme
A "tryhumph." Now didn't that look fine?

I English—"Dillon, give a noun which adds 'es' to form the plural."

Dillon—"Go, goes."

Latin translation—"It pleased them to see the shore which the Greeks left behind." It certainly was careless of the Greeks to leave the shore behind.

Mr. Snow—"Jenks, why have you not prepared your Latin?"

Jenks—"Because I took home my geometry for my Caesar and my Caesar for my geometry."

Jenks is still wondering why the class laughed.

Hicks—"Mr. Carrell, shall I wear my gym. suit?"

Mr. Carrell—"Suit yourself."

II Latin—"What is that figure of speech when an action occurring in Virgil's time is put in the time of Homer?"

Hunt—"Homercide!"

Swett (after Miss Adams has been laboring a half-hour explaining the two passive)—"Well, I don't see the difference."

Miss Adams—"Freeman, perspiration has been streaming down my face trying—" It took the class until then to see the joke.

Auerbach—"Say, kid, where have you been?"
Mason—"Out to Medford with Miss Pease's class."
Auerbach—"Did you bring back anything good?"
Mason—"Sure—two quartz (quarts)!"

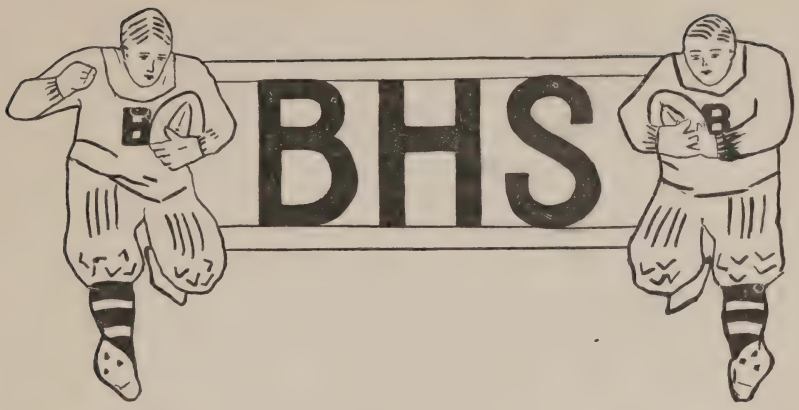
Just a little story,
Just a little verse,
Will help to keep
The Sagamore
From going in the hearse.

Mr. Carrell—"Choose a number between one and three."
Clark—"Five."

"Say, Clark, is that Clark over there any relative of yours?"
Clark—"Yes, a distant one."
"How distant?"
Clark—"Oh, about fifty yards!"

In domestic science. Miss Smith—"What do we sterilize?"
Miss Foster—"Oh Miss Smith!"

Lives of Freshmen oft remind us
We can make our lives less rough,
If we always do our lessons
And are not inclined to bluff.



Our attention is now centered on football. In this approaching season, we may hope to see our team add one victory after another to our list. Our chances are excellent. Mr. Carrell had several reasons for returning this year to us, and the foremost of these is, to turn out another championship football team. He intends to repeat the victory of last year. This year, however, there are two Newton games. Perhaps the victory will be repeated twice this November. A word to the fellows who are, at present, down in studies: "Bone!" The team needs all of you, and without you in the line-up, we are greatly handicapped. "A word to the wise."

The material which Mr. Carrell has to work with is excellent. There are many of last year's regulars and substitutes left. Among these are: Backs—Thielscher, Kelleher, Guimeraes; full-backs—Schroeder and Walizer, and Kid Mason again at quarter. In the line are: Fillebrown, center, Newton, tackle, Captain Anderson, tackle, Arthur, end, and McNeil, guard. There is a raft of good material in Dexter, Denning, Dusossoit, Becker, Crory, Clarke, Bentley, Bemis, Gleason, McGillan, McNeally, Dowsley, McNaughton, Nixon, Comerford, and O'Connor. Dexter and McNaughton have filled in two places in the line, while Dowsley, Dusossoit, Becker and Gleason are taking care of the ends.

The first meeting for the football squad was held in room 15,

on September 12. Mr. Carrell told the boys briefly what he expected them to do, and on the next day, practice was started.

BROOKLINE 11, ROXBURY LATIN 0

It may hardly be said that Brookline opened her football season in a blaze of glory on September 29, as there was too much dampness in the air to permit a blaze of any sort to live long. However, Brookline defeated Roxbury, eleven to nothing. The game, played in a pouring rain, was featured by the brilliant playing of "Kid" Mason and Kelleher. Every man on the squad, with the exception of the substitute quarter-backs, played in this game. Our two touchdowns were made by Walizer and Mason. Anderson kicked the goal.

BROOKLINE 3, ENGLISH HIGH 0

On Wednesday, October 4, Brookline played the English High School of Boston. This is the first time for seven years we have placed a football team against English. Therefore, our victory was all the more creditable. The Boston team had a very heavy line. We pushed the ball to their one-yard line and there lost the ball on downs. In the last period, Kelleher kicked a place kick from the twenty-five-yard line, scoring three points. This was the only score of the game. At no time was our goal in danger, as English had the ball in our territory but seldom. Mason, Kelleher, McNaughton, Anderson and Dexter starred for us, while "Puck" Pierce played a good game for the losers.

BROOKLINE 3, MALDEN 5.

It certainly was hard to lose the game with Malden. Last year we were beaten 30-0, and still won the Prep. League championship. This year the score was 5 to 3. Poor Newton and Cambridge! What is coming to them this November? The game with Malden was lost to us by a fluke. Had the ground not been soaking wet, Mason, who never misses a tackle, would not have slipped and would

have stopped Murphy, the Malden back when he broke through our line. We sadly missed Kelleher from the back-field and McNaughton from the line. These two men were down in studies. A beautiful goal from the thirty-yard line by Captain Anderson netted us three points. Malden was unable to score again against our team. Guimeraes played half-back for us part of the game. It was his first appearance this season owing to an injured arm. Dexter played a great game at guard.

BROOKLINE 0, COMMERCE 0

Columbus may have discovered America on October 12, 1492, but Mr. Carrell could not discover any championship material on October 12, 1911, in the team which faced the High School of Commerce of Boston. We were lucky to escape defeat on this day. There were two pleasant features: the number of those who bought tickets and the playing of Thielscher. It was estimated that about 450 tickets were sold. As for the game itself, the less said the better. We should have won. Our forward passes failed in this game, whereas this play has been, usually, our best ground gainer. Thielscher was conspicuous throughout in a light-blue jersey. Time and again, he would down the opposing backs and throw them for losses. Fillebrown, at center, played his usual steady game. Captain Anderson played half-back, a new position, but was unused to carrying the ball. After struggling for forty minutes both the teams left the field, neither having scored.

BROOKLINE 5, POMFRET 0

On October 21, our team journeyed down to Pomfret, Conn., and defeated the boys from that town in an exciting and closely contested game. At the end of the first period, Pomfret seemed to have the better of the struggle. In the next periods, however, our team did that "impossible" stunt, they "came back." With four minutes to play in the last period, by two cleverly executed forward passes, Anderson to Mason, the ball was pushed to Pomfret's five-

yard line. Then Kid Mason took the ball over for a touch-down on a neat quarter-back run. We failed at kicking a goal. Thielscher starred, reeling off a forty-yard run. His work at full-back was excellent.

FRESHMEN 49, SOPHOMORES 14

The first track meet of the season was held on Friday, October 13, at 3 o'clock, on the Cypress Street playground. The Freshmen swamped the Sophs, who were represented by Bemis and Phillips. Gleason, '15, starred, winning firsts in the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard dash, and the shot-put. The time for the 100-yard dash was 10 3-5 seconds.

Here and There in Athletics

English High School failed to make first down throughout the game played on October 4.

Arthur Duffy, who writes daily for the Boston Post, umpired the English High game.

Thielscher was handled quite roughly in the game with Malden. Carl's face has not yet regained its former beauty.

Football schedules may be obtained from Manager O'Day. The supply is limited, however.

The Freshmen have started a football team. Andrew Houghton has been elected captain.

The cross-country squad, under the temporary leadership of Spitz, '13, is training faithfully, and takes long runs every Wednesday and Friday.

Oliver Johnstone, Ex-'11, certainly has made a name for himself in the athletic world. Oliver is now junior high-jump champion of the world. In the games held at Pittsburg, last spring, he jumped 6 feet 1 1-4 inches, winning first place. Oliver enters Harvard this fall.

Helen Slagle, '07, won her "W" at Wellesley for rowing on the 'varsity crew.

Goldberg and Houghton, both Freshmen under the training of Mr. Carrell, ought to strengthen the track team this year. Houghton's event is the high-jump, while Goldberg is a sprinter.

This year, Newton will probably play the tennis tournament at Brookline. The courts at Newton are poor.

Charles Hann, '07, is coaching the Harvard 2d team and will himself play on the All-Star team from that college.

The former Brookline men now at Yale are: Hammer, Bill Howe, Boyd, Knowlton, "Foggy" Ainsworth, and Mart. Shedden. Hammer is a member of the 'varsity football squad, Bill Howe is captain of the swimming team and first sub-end of the football team, and Boyd, who has won his "Y" at track, is coaching the sprint men.

This is excellent evidence of the manner in which our graduates acquit themselves on the athletic field.

In the recent Yale-Virginia Polytechnic Institute game, Bill Howe, Ex-'08, playing end for Yale, recovered a punt on his own 20-yard line and ran ninety yards for a touch-down.

Eric Stone and Francis Capper have already proved their worth on the track at Harvard. In the recent Freshman meet, Eric won the half-mile, while Francis took first place in the quarter, and third in the hurdle events.

Fine apples in Pomfret. Ask anyone on the team about them.

In the Harvard Freshman 2d—Pomfret game—Capper recovered a fumble and ran seventy yards for the freshmen's only score.

In the Brookline-Pomfret game, we worked five forward passes, three of which were successful, netting us a total of fifty yards.

The Rifle Club, under Captain Chandler, is now coming along in fine shape. Manager Stevens is arranging for a shoot with the Harvard Freshmen and Varsity teams.

Two royal-rooters at the Pomfret game, Rad Stevens and Webb.

The Pomfret game came out all right
In spite of all the rain.
Brookline did not mind the wet,
Because they won the game.

Alumni Notes

'59. Dr. Burt G. Wilder, the well-known doctor and professor at Cornell, has returned to his birthplace in Brookline. He has been retired and pensioned by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. He is now seventy years old, and maintains that he will live to be a hundred.

'98. Witter Bynner, who was recently elected an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa, read his poem, entitled, "An Immigrant," at the annual meeting of the famous society. We are sorry that space cannot be given to the whole poem, for it well deserves the greatest praise.

III

—"To learn that beauty means the soul's advance.
The chances are not far nor few,
Face beauty where it faces you."—

IV

I have seen poets, who, with tinkling tricks,
Meet life and pass it by.
There is no poetry, they say, in politics . . . .
Then put it there, say I;—

VII

—"The woman we have loved as mother or as wife,
We need her counsel early and again,
No more in Colorado than in Maine,
And not her counsel only, but her law:
The very life of life.
These changes mean democracy.—

—"Democracy is beauty's inmost reach,
There is no lovelier destiny or duty;
Time never was when you and I were not,
Nor is nor shall be when we shall not be,
Seeking and finding our equality."

* * * * *

—"O, let all stubborn parts of us,
Body and soul of separate jealousy,
By their surrender leave us glorious,
Until democracy becomes divinity."

'01. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Hitchcock (Marian Hay) are to be congratulated on the birth of a son, John Maynard. He was born on August 26, 1911.

'03. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffry Bartlett (Alice Powers) are now living at West Point, where he has been stationed for three years.

'05. Evelyn Aldrich is now teaching school in Chicago.

'05. Helen Dunbar and Hector Holmes were married September 29. They will be at home after January 1, 1912, in Newton.

'06. "Sully" Sargent is learning the lumber business with the McQuesten Lumber Co.

'06. "Don" Williamson is working for the North Shore Electric Co., Chicago.

'07. Kathleen Page announced her engagement to Mr. Jack Wheeler on Harvard Class Day.

'07. Mr. and Mrs. L. Gordon Glazier (née Hilda J. Munroe, '10) are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter, Phyllis Hilda. Phyllis has the proud distinction of being the class baby of both '07 and '10.

'07. Charles Hann, who is now at the law school, coaches the Harvard 2d Football Team.

'07. Marguerite Turner was a counselor at Camp Abewa, Maine, this last summer. She is going to spend this winter in training her voice.

'07. Miss Gladys Wells and Mr. Edwin Brooks, Harvard, '99, were married on September 30. They will make their home in Waltham.

'08. Wellesley Seligman, M. I. T., '12, has written another play for Tech.

'09. Moses Carr has left Harvard to go into business with his father.

'09. Ab. Kerrigan is probably the first Brookline High School boy to go up in an aeroplane. He made a short flight with Beattie while reporting the aero meet for the Journal.

'10. John Metcalf, busy man, recently paid a visit to our institute of learning. This is his second year at the Michigan College of Mines.

'10. Newell A. Thompson has been initiated into the Chi Phi Fraternity at Tech.

'10. It behooves us all to take a trip up to Westbourne Terrace to see the new Driscoll School, as our old friend, "Brick" Collins, had charge of the grading of the beautiful playground.

'10. Anna McLaughlin is studying at the Bridgewater Normal School. Who could imagine Anna a teacher?

'11. "Buzzy" Winchester starred in an operetta, "The Week-End Crew," at Ocean Point, Maine. Rosalind surely got her training at Brookline High School, in the Senior Social play.

'11. Before the Harvard-Bates football game, Capper, Priest, and Brown could be seen practicing on the Freshman team.

'11. Squier Kraft has joined the class of 1915 at Cornell, instead of going to Vassar, as was hinted in last year's graduation

number of the Sagamore. Jack O'Hearn, who is there with him, will undoubtedly make the Freshman football team.

Ex-'11. Frances Bouve is assisting Miss Brooks-Brown in her dancing classes in Brown Nichols Hall, Cambridge.

Ex-'11. Elsie Page won the "A" for camp spirit at Camp Abaha this year. This is the greatest honor which a camp bestows.

'11. Katherine Hunt is spending the winter traveling in Europe. On the eve of her departure she gave a farewell party to many of her friends.

'11. Dick Peirce is training for the Freshman football team, He confidentially told us that as soon as he had shaved off his "scrub," he would be ready to play for the Crimson warriors.

'11. Squier Kraft, Mart Shedden and Dub Rowan were among our graduates who spent the summer in Europe.

Ex-'11. Grant Stone has gone with his family to the Philippines. His father has a naval appointment there. Eric, who was left behind, is rooming over at Cambridge.

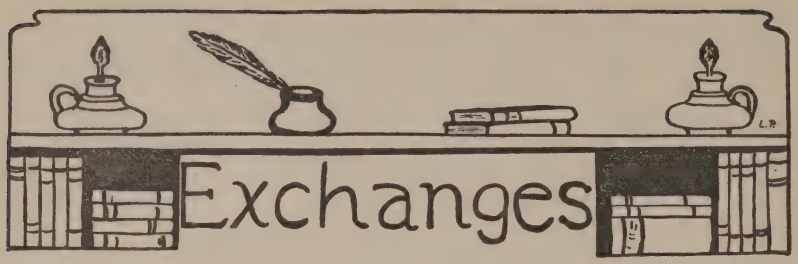
'11. The class of 1911 is well represented at Technology this year. Greville Haslam, Thomas Fessenden, Donald Perin, Alfred Coleman, Edward Proctor, Brendon Lyons, and Bertram Adams are the people who have registered at the institute.

'11. Frederic Barnet is working in his brother's leather factory at Lynn. On or about Christmas he is going to sail for Europe, where he will study the art of dyeing.

Ex-'12. Fred Estes is playing center for Noble and Greenough. He played his first game against the Allen School.

Ex-'13. Onslow Rolfe, alias "Red," has gone to San Antonio, Texas, where he will prepare for West Point.

Ex-'14. Erik Huniker is studying mining engineering in his father's mines in Mexico.



The exchange department, as it is generally known, was omitted entirely from the Sagamore last year, because of the lack of interest shown in it. This year, with its re-establishment, it is hoped that interest will be renewed double-fold. The magazines on our exchange list are to be found on the table in the library, and members of the school are urged to read them and find out what our contemporaries in other schools are doing. We are not *the only* school! In this way, through the criticisms of other papers, we can make our paper one of the best.

On account of the discontinuance of exchanges last year, but three papers have as yet arrived, "The High School Herald" of Westfield, "The Tuftonian," and the "Wesleyan Argus." "The High School Herald" deserves especial credit for its alumni column because of the vast number of statistics. The "flyers" are also good, but why not classify the jokes at the end of the different departments under the same heading?

"The Tuftonian"—the commencement number of this magazine was very interesting. The class ode and poem were both extremely good—the former beautiful in thought and expression, and the latter full of spirit and vigor.

The various numbers of "Wesleyan Argus" show that life at that university is active with track-meets, college smokers, and football. It seems, however, that too much space in their paper is given to advertisements, when six out of eight pages contain two columns of advertisements to one of reading matter.

Ode to a German Dictionary

It makes us all miniature "strong men,"
By taking it home every night;
And it gives us most beautiful practice
In German translation at sight.

It shows us the "shades" of the language,
As anything else never can;
And we quote it on every occasion,
Quite willing to follow its plan!

D. F. D., '12.

When Those Monthly Marks Come Out

Such a noise and such a bustle,
For the office and Miss Russell;
Everyone is in a hustle,
When those monthly marks come out.

Even Seniors are among them,
Leaving dignity behind them;
They are anxious as the Freshmen,
When those monthly marks come out.

Even Juniors—though they're jolly,
Caring less for work than folly—
Rush where once they saw Miss Polly,
When those monthly marks come out.

Now the Sophies are debating,
And their limbs with fear are quaking,

While the Juniors, marks are taking,
When those monthly marks come out.

Last of all, each little Freshman,
Who's been waiting in suspicion,
Comes ahead his name to mention,—
When those monthly marks come out.

I. W., '12.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal

VOLUME XVIII DECEMBER, 1911 NUMBER 2

Editorials

DURING the past few months, there has been more or less written concerning school spirit—or rather, the lack of school spirit. We are not prepared to discuss the existence or non-existence of this abstract quantity, but we are prepared to state that the school spirit, which the girls showed in giving a candy sale for the benefit of the athletic association, is highly commendable. At the beginning of this year, some of the girls conceived the idea of having a candy sale, the proceeds of which should go to increase the funds of the athletic association. No special time for this occasion was set, but in the latter part of October, the girls held a mass meeting, at which it was decided to hold the sale during the Brookline-Salem football game. Thus was the thought completed. Next in order, came the deed. Every girl did her share to make the sale a success. When every body, girls and boys, did his best, it is not to be wondered at that the candy sale was a huge success. By the beginning of the third period, all of the well-laden tables were cleared of their sweet goods. This speaks well for the excellence of the candy—and we must not forget to mention the hot chocolate —and the generous patronage of the boys. This is the proper

spirit for our high school students to have. It has long been waited for, but its appearance has been all the sweeter because of its delay. Let us thank the girls for the thought and for the deed, and thank both girls and boys for the result.

If Cambridge could give $30,000 to build an athletic field for its schoolboys, why can not and should not Brookline build an inclosed field for the use of schoolboy sports? Year after year the need of a field of this sort is more urgent. Year after year we have had to go out to Newton in order to play our games, or we have had to hire neutral grounds at terms which made a large hole in our gate receipts. It is only right that we should have grounds of our own wherein we might hold our games. An inclosed field with a grandstand means that all people coming to the games must pay in order to see the contests; that the majority of obnoxious individuals would be kept out; and that the various teams would have permanent home grounds. In addition, it means that the spectators would have comfortable seats and there would, therefore, be no crowding upon the football field, a thing which has happened at several of our games. The athletic teams have been of especially high standard, the school has showed itself willing to support the teams; and a brass band has been formed to play the heroic songs written by members of our high school. The only essential lacking to make our athletics a success is the absence of an inclosed field, wherein we may hold our football, baseball, and track games. Are we going to have that inclosed field, or are we not?

What Came of the Bets on Betts

DURING the early summer, in a certain city, there was an epidemic. It raged in the bookstores; it swept over the newsstands; it entered thousands of houses; in short it was a little red book! The subject was spendidly handled, and the style, so they said, was quite classic; but the author, B. B. Betts, nobody seemed to know. The four newspapers of the city, which wrote up long columns about his book, were fairly distracted because they could not do the same about him. The Star had written his publishers for an account of his life; the Sun had begged them to beg him to furnish it with his opinions on modern politics; the Planet had asked for his picture; and the Satellite had asked for his picture, too. To all of these, B. B. Betts replied, through his publishers, that he would not hear of any such thing. But he had committed an imprudence; on his letter, copies of which were sent to the four papers, was the heading, "Crest Village." Found, then, the home of B. B. Betts!

Now each paper had long been boasting that it would be the first to solve the mystery. So people began making bets as to the identity of B. B. Betts, each for his favorite paper. So it really began to mean quite a lot to the Star and the Sun and the Planet, and it meant a lot to the Satellite, too.

As soon as the momentous letters arrived, each paper sent a reporter with a camera to Crest Village. Thus, the morning eastbound train was leisurely boarded by the Star reporter and excitedly boarded by the Sun reporter, and hastily boarded by the Planet reporter, and the very last minute, the Satellite reporter jumped on, too.

When Crest Village was reached, all the reporters left the train, and wondered what to do next. They did not know where

B. B Betts' house was, and they did not care to ask anyone, as the letter B. B. Betts had written had been most strong and emphatic.

So the Star reporter made his way to the village Post Office; and the Sun reporter hung around the village square, and the Planet reporter took up his stand by the one hotel, which was just around the corner; and the Satellite reporter took up his stand there, too.

The people who came to the Post Office looked exceedingly simple and countrified. The Star reporter was just getting disgusted, when a huge, well-dressed man approached him. There was something decidedly aggressive about his chin, so the reporter decided that it was he, and stepped up politely.

"Pardon me, Mr. Betts?" he asked.

"Yes," said the other man in a growly voice, looking surprised.

"Well," said the reporter," I was told to come to you—you are the village doctor, aren't you?"

"Certainly not!" rumbled Mr. Betts, "who told you so?"

The reporter produced a folded slip of paper, on which he had previously written, "Dr. Betts, Crest Village."

"A man gave it to me," he explained. "Just take a look at it!"

And, quick as a wink, while the big Mr. Betts was frowning over the bit of paper, the Star reporter snapped his picture and hid the camera again under his coat.

By similar devices, the Sun reporter had dicovered a very thin little Mr. Betts with an evil eye, and had furtively obtained a profile view of him; and the Planet reporter had photographed a very tall Mr. Betts with an ugly twist to his month. The Satellite reporter had seen this last Mr. Betts, but had only been able to get a back view of him.

On the way home that night, each reporter was too elated to note the elation of the other three. The next morning, each paper

appeared in festive array, the Star putting its picture in the middle of a pink front sheet; and the Sun putting its picture in the middle of a green front sheet; and the Planet putting its picture in the middle of a yellow front sheet; and the Satellite had a yellow one, too.

What was the horror of each editor to see that the picture in his paper was different from each of the other three! What was the dismay of each editor to find that he could not lay his hands on any of those bountiful bets!

Then each editor threw all his work aside and determined to take the matter into his own capable hands. And that morning, the east-bound train bore off the four of them, each too mad to speak to the other three.

Then fate played them a pretty trick. The Star editor met the thin Mr. Betts; and the Sun editor met the tall Mr. Betts; and the Planet editor met the fat Mr. Betts; and the Satellite editor came along, too, just as the fat Mr. Betts was disappearing into the hotel.

So each editor went home, thinking that another paper had been right the day before, and resolved to fire his stupid reporter the very next day.

And, the following morning, when the papers came out, there was as great a mix-up as ever!

There arrived, that morning, the young son of the editor of the Star, who, since his recent graduation from college, had been visiting a classmate in the West. At lunch, the dilemma was explained to him, and, for some strange reason, excited him very much.

That afternoon, he took the first train for Crest Village.

The first person he saw at the station was an exceedingly 10 bust man.

"Bet that's brother Archibald," he said to himself.

Later, he passed a tall man and a thin man, who were walking down the street together, whom he concluded to be brothers Tommy and Teddy.

"Lord, what a mix-up!" he murmured.

As he went through the village, he looked everywhere for something that he had once heard described as "a little red house, just like a big, ripe tomato." And when at last he found it, he ran up the path, and flung open the door, not even stopping to ring the bell.

The next minute, he found himself in a cosy little den, holding the hands of a very suprised and very pretty girl.

"Oh, Betty Betts," he cried, "What a search you've led me all this summer long!"

* * * * * *

They went on their honeymoon and had a wonderful time, being amply provided for with all of those bountiful bets on B. B. Betts who was Betts no longer.

And the Star devoted a whole page to the wedding; and the Sun and the Planet followed suit; and the Satellite wrote up a whole page, too, for it gloried in things sentimental!

D. F. H., '12.

San Paulo

SAN PAULO appeared between the massive iron gates of Fuista Rustica, mounted on his favorite, an ebony black beast whose quivering red nostrils snorted with suppressed energy. San Paulo, a descendant of Spanish aristocracy, had gone to Cuba; there having invested everything, he swore allegiance to the Cuban cause when the war broke out, rather than lose his property. Following Paulo were three other horsemen, whose names I do not recollect, each mounted upon an equally fine steed, and all equipped with mauser rifles.

They turned to the right, riding three abreast up the Calsada in the opposite direction of the town of Guines. San Paulo's horse would rear as he urged him on, often rising upon his haunches to such a height that the rider's head touched the beautiful foliage of the young trees which grew by the side of the road. One could see from the graceful movements of Paulo's lithe body that he was an expert in horsemanship.

The object of this expedition was to learn the location of a certain body of mutineers who had grown formidable enough to be called revolutionists. Within the last week, the enemy had been reinforced and led by a very capable man, and things were looking stormy.

After having ridden for about three miles, they followed a much less frequented road, and the intervals between conversation became longer, each member of the grim little party became more stern, for they were in the enemy's country. The road which they had been following came abruptly to a stop, a wall having recently been constructed across. Examination revealed a narrow path leading to the right, which they immediately took, although having but a slight idea of their whereabouts. After they had gone barely

a quarter of a mile, the trail led into a field of sugar cane rising up to the riders' heads. "A bad place for an ambush," thought San Paulo.

He thought he saw a few canes quiver or slightly move as he passed by, but he laughed and called himself a fool for letting his imagination play with him. He nevertheless set a little faster pace through the field.

From the rear, a cry of diabolic vengeance pierced the silence which had surrounded them. Paulo grew pale. There was no chance of retracing their way, for they were being pursued. They tore through the field; San Paulo forged ahead of his companions. Not a hundred yards in the rear, four puffing little Cuban ponies, mounted by rebels, were closely chasing him.

An opening was near. San Paulo would escape. The revos were clever, for a barbed wire fence at least ten feet high stretched before him, a tempting jump. He thought he heard more rebels. The last hope—to jump. He spurred his horse on, and cleared the fence, but his steed fell injured beneath him. San Paulo raised himself up from the ground only to be confronted by the revolutionists, whose eyes were gleaming with intensedelight at the success of their devilish trap. Paulo cursed.

"Surrender!"

"Spank," sounded Paulo's rifle and a pony crumpled up, leaving his rider stretched senseless upon the ground. Paulo's black eyes flashed fire now, as his ancestors' eyes probably did when fighting the Moors in Spain.

Now up from the rear came San Paulo's companions; but they were easily checked by the fire of the rebels. San Paulo fought like a mad man as he braced himself against a tree. Twice he was hit, but still he stood defiantly. Then with one mighty heave and gasp, he threw his rifle from him and shouted faintly, "Now kill me!"

One cowardly brute fiendishly raised his musket and fired, the missile hitting San Paulo's breast as he was sinking to the ground from pure exhaustion. The force of the bullet stopped his falling momentarily; the expression on his face was a mixture of scorn and reproach as he fell.

San Paulo died fighting for his adopted cause as he had sworn to do ten years before. F. D., '14.

A Little Goose Rhyme

TEN little Freshmen, all in a line,
One got homesick, and then there were nine.
Nine little Freshmen, coming in late;
One got a lecture, and then there were eight!
Eight little Freshmen, seeking room eleven,
One got lost, and then there were seven!
Seven little Freshmen, marking on the bricks,
One left his initials, and then there were six!
Six little Freshmen thought school one big "Strive,"
One broke down, and then there were five!
Five little Freshmen, slamming every door,
The faculty got nervous, and then there were four!
Four little Freshmen, eating 'neath a tree,
One left his lunch there, and then there were three!
Three little Freshmen, all their worry through?
One flunked his Midyears, and then there were two!
Two little Freshmen, thinking High all fun,
One passed a love-note and then there was one!
One little Freshman, stamping through the hall,
Teacher came out, and then none at all!

D. F. H., '12

Almost Late

IF there's anyone in all this town
Who has never been almost late,
Dame Fortune truly doesn't frown
On him, at any rate.
Oh, who, pray tell, from out his dreams
Has not heard the whistle blow,
When he is so sleepy and tired, it seems
That to school he can not go?
He thinks, "Just five minutes more I'll rest:
There surely will be time;
If I hurry up in getting dressed,
I'll get there on the chime. '
The short five minutes soon are ten—
He wakes up with a start ;
He tugs at his boots, he says - - - ahem!
As he wrestles with his part.
He grabs his books, flies down the stairs;
For breakfast he dares not stop ;
A piece of bread—then off he tears,
And runs till he's ready to drop.
He hears the bell as he nears the street
That leads up to the school ;
Despair lends quickness to his feet
As he thinks of that awful rule :
That he must write a three-page theme
Should he arrive too late.
He pushes his strength to the last extreme
And gets in—at half-past eight!

M. F., '13.

"Mickey"

ALGERNON FITZSIMMONS O'REILLY, commonly known as "Mickey," had aspirations. The most potent, burning one was the timid hope that he, "Mickey" O'Reilly, might some day be adopted into an acrobatic "family" and go swinging and circling through the empty spaces under the "big top." This ambition was not even checked by the fall of Pedro from a broken swing about a year after "Mickey" had joined his fortunes with those of the circus. Now Pedro, let it be added, was the star performer of the troupe, and "Mickey" will remember to his dying day the awful silence that reigned as the hopelessly crippled man was borne from the hushed tent. But "Mickey," blessed with that elastic imagination of youth, soon shook off the numbing effect of the accident and again reiterated his detemination to become an acrobat.

His chief duties were, at the age of sixteen, to help the "prop" men when they set up or took down the nets for the acrobats, and to run minor errands throughout the entire circus.

Duties done, it was his chief pleasure to watch the swallow-like flight of the pink-garbed figures through the air, fascinated and enthralled by it all. He was always at hand when the final "thriller" came, the so called "leap of death," in which the picked acrobat, at a given signal let go of his tiny swing, seventy-five feet above the net, and went hurtling and somersaulting through space down into the diminutive net far below.

Now one particular day, just before the final "stunt," the net adjoining to the aforesaid jumper's net had not been removed according to schedule. Under the liberal flow of the ringmaster's low-toned profanity, the workers struggled desperately to lower it. "Mickey" had succeeded in loosening his side of the net, by unhitching the supporting rope, which he idly held in his hand while watching the acrobat start his "thriller." As the pink body left the swing, a bolt holding the swing broke, and the acrobat began to curve outward toward the semi-loosened net. With a shrill scream of horror, "Mickey" braced himself against the pull of the net and tugged blindly at the rope waiting for the shock. When the shock came, the flying body collapsed the net, and "Mickey" holding grimly to the rope was hustled through the air, but not before his light weight had broken the shock for the performer. When our hero had "come to" the shaken but unhurt acrobat whispered something in his ear which caused a wide grin to overspread his freckled countenance. I know not what it was, but a short time ago, I saw "Mickey" gaily disporting himself on the lower rings of the big tent. R. Y. '13.

As a Freshman Thinks

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The rule of three perplexes me,
But High School drives me mad!

Friday Morning Talks

The girls enjoyed a very instructive talk Friday, October 13. Miss Parsons, of the Massachusetts General Hospital, spoke to them about the opportunities open to all graduates of any good training school for nurses. She also innumerated some of the subjects which it is well for a girl to take up if she intends to enter one of these schools. The most important that she mentioned were Latin, physics, chemistry, and domestic science.

We received a holiday Friday, November 3, much to the regret of the whole student body. This great calamity was due to the fact that the Norfolk County Teachers' Convention took place on that day. Therefore, the usual weekly assembly in the hall came on Thursday. Mr. Hitchcock spoke of the great benefits derived from a membership in the debating clubs. He introduced Thurston Clarke, '12, president of the B. H. S. Debating Club, who briefly outlined the work of the club in the past and some very excellent plans for the future. He then expressed a desire that all boys should become members. Miss Mary Morris, '12, president of the Girls' Debating Club, gave an enthusiastic account of the pleasures and practical gains received from debating, and in her turn, urged

all girls to belong. Both speakers expressed their ideas with remarkable clearness and were a credit to their clubs.

On Friday, November 17, the high school enjoyed a morning talk. Mr. Strickland, manager of Shepard & Norwell Co., spoke to the assembly in a most interesting manner on what the commercial world expects of a young person just entering business. Among the various qualities that he mentioned were honesty, application, a desire to work, and the ability to persevere. He impressed upon our minds the necessity for these by several interesting instances. He also stated that although a good education is a desirable asset, still, the only, absolutely necessary requirements are a good handwriting, correct spelling, and accuracy in arithmetic. He closed his speech by the sound advice that it is well for us to apply ourselves in school, in order to prepare for a business life in the future, where lazy, unpainstaking people have no place.

The Girls' Debating Club

The first meeting of the Girls' Debating Club took place Tuesday, November 7, at three o'clock. There were about ninety girls present, one of the largest audiences that the club has ever enjoyed. Before the regular debate, there was a good deal of business to be transacted. Florence Eisenhardt, '12, read the minutes of the last meeting in June, and also the constitution, for the benefit of the new members. This was followed by an address of welcome from Mary Morris, '12. In closing her speech she read a letter written to the club by Rachael Albee, '11, the ex-president. Both Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Chisholm gave the club some very helpful suggestions and clearly showed that every girl should join this institution for her own good. Finally, Lillian Williamson, '12, was elected as the third member of the Rhetorical Committee, to take the place of Edith Munroe, ex-'14. Following these preliminaries came the debate. The subject was: "Resolved: That, women should follow the fash-

ions." Ruth Hudnut and Lillian Williamson, '12, upheld the affirmative, their chief arguments being that it is one of women's chief duties to look attractive, that following the fashion keeps the money in circulation, that it broadens a woman, and that if women did not follow the fashion, they would have to make their own clothes. Eleanor Allen, '12, and Madeline Hunt, '13, of the negative, replied, with spirit, that following the fashions is a waste of time and expense, that it is injurious to health, encourages a person to be self-conconscious, and necessitates great inconvenience. The speaking from the floor was most convincing on the part of Helen Hastings, Florence Eisenhardt, Florine Williamson, Mildred Southwick, Nellie Woodward, Mary Warren, Evelyn Fisher, and Beatrice Allen. Eleanor Allen took up the negative rebuttal and Ruth Hudnut the affirmative. The vote of the house supported the negative; and also Miss Churchill, the judge, gave the decision to that side.

The B. H. S. Debating Club has challenged the Girls' Debating Club to a debate to occur some time soon. The officers of the club are busily conferring as to subject, number of speakers, etc.

The second debate of the Girls' Debating Club comes November 21. The question for debate reads: "Resolved: That vivisection is justifiable." Alice Stewart and Margaret Plimpton are on the affirmative, and Helen Husted and Alice Burdett are on the negative. All members are urged to attend.

The B. H. S. Debating Club

The first debate of the Boys' Debating Club was held in Shailer Hall, Thursday, November 9. A very enjoyable musical entertainment was furnished by the Mandolin Club. It played the "Evening Chimes," by J. H. Rollinson and the "Moose March," by P. Hans Flath. Both pieces were remarkably well rendered. After this came the debate. The question was, "Resolved: That reciprocity would be a mutual advantage to both the United States and Canada."

The affirmative was supported by Nordell and Derr, while the negative was represented by Clarke and Spitz. On the affirmative Derr and Nordell stated that Canada refused reciprocity to prove her loyalty to England; that there are as many reasons for reciprocity between Canada and the United States as there are for it among the different states. Our government abolished reciprocity at the time of the Civil War because Great Britain sympathized with the South. They also said that the existing barriers between Canada and our country were at present both unnatural and artificial. On the negative, Clarke and Spitz proved by statistics that in the past the United States lost by the adoption of reciprocity and gained without it. They stated that fishing, lumbering, and agriculture would be threatened, as the Canadians could sell much cheaper than the Americans. The debate then being thrown open to the house, Stevens, Kramer and Hussey participated. In the rebuttal Clarke proved that the Americans raised more wheat than they could use, and therefore Canada would get better prices by selling wheat to other nations who needed it. Derr supported the affirmative and stated that the negative seemed to be wandering away from the subject. He said that his opponents were not debating on reciprocity, but on free trade, which was not the question for debate. Miss Lewis in a very able criticism said that she liked the self-reliant qualities of the speakers, and that their preparation was a vast improvement over those of other debates. She suggested the use of simple words and also slower delivery. She then criticised the attitude of the audience and said that they should be more sympathetic and attentive to the speaker. Mr. Hitchcock as judge indorsed the criticism of Miss Lewis, and stated that it was an excellent debate, but it was a little too technical and contained an over abundance of statistics. He gave the decision in favor of the affirmative. Then a vote of the house was taken and two thirds of the entire body supported his decision. A business meeting was conducted directly after the debate and it was decided to challenge the girls to a contest. President Clarke announced that a triangular

league contest between Somerville, Newton and Brookline would take place the last of February.

The next debate will come on Thursday, December 7. "Resolved, That Roosevelt was justified in his method of gaining the Panama Zone." Robert Paine and Arvin Case will support the affirmative, and Raymond Bemis and Hoyt Sherman will represent the negative.

The competition for a stirring song to be sung at the football games closed Wednesday, November 1. The winner, Russell A. Williams, '12, wrote "Our Football Team So Grand." The two next best were by Miss Helen Husted, '12, and J. Maxwell Crory, '12.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM SO GRAND

(Sung to the tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band")

Come on and see, come on and see,
Our football team so grand,
Come on and see, come on and see,
It's the best team in the land.
They can march right down the field as you've never seen before.
Every time they have the ball, just watch out for a score.
We've got the best team in the league.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
We're going to win, we're going to win,
Another banner for our hall.
We're going to win, we're going to win,
The Cambridge Latin game and all,
And if you want to see the Newton boys go home, de-feated,
Come on and see, come on and see,
Our football team so grand.

A Vocational Committee has been formed of the following members of the faculty: Mr. Packard, chairman; Mr. Bridgeham, Miss Stone, Miss Young, Miss Smith and Miss Russell. This com-

mittee has been chosen to look into the commercial, industrial and art worlds, in order that they may be able to advise a pupil in selecting a vocation. They will be able to tell a person just what advancement and financial remuneration, he or she may expect in a particular field.

Each teacher has been assigned certain branches to investigate. Miss Stone will be a book of information on design, Miss Young on business, Miss Smith on domestic science institutions, and Miss Russell on everything pertaining to a clerk, bookkeeper, secretary, etc. The little room off the art room, once used by Miss Weir and Miss Stone, will be given over to the use of the committee as an office, and any student wishing to consult a vocation expert may do so in this room. Books on the subject will be collected and placed there also. This is one of the most welcome and helpful committees ever formed.

The Misses Southwick gave a very charming party to their friends on Saturday evening, October 28, in celebration of the mystic Hallowe'en. Those who attended know the weird rites that took place and even the passers-by caught glimpses of ghostly figures silhouetted on the window shades.

Marjorie Owen, '15, entertained several of her friends, among them many high school pupils, with a Hallowe'en party, Tuesday evening, October 31. The guests had a very enjoyable time. Most of the evening was spent in dancing.

Janet Dexter, '13, gave a very enjoyable party at her home on Tuesday, October 31. There were about twelve present, both girls and boys. The evening was spent in playing games and dancing.

Estelle Krieger, '14, gave a "spider web" party to her friends on the evening of her birthday, October 28. About six couples were present and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Several of the high school pupils attended a Hallowe'en party on Tuesday evening, October 31, given by Madeline Read, '15, and

Thelma Hall, at the Coolidge. Everybody who attended had a "wonderful" time.

Friday, November 3, at the game between Brookline and Salem, the girls gave a candy sale for the benefit of the Athletic Association. They were patronized not only by the high school pupils, but by many outsiders, who are interested in our school athletics. The Juniors came off with flying colors, making $17. The entire amount made by all the classes was $43. The committee in charge of the affair was made up of the following: Seniors—Mary Morris, Marjory Ward and Ruth Hudnut; Juniors—Dorothy Rhodes, Madeline Hunt and Elizabeth Macnaughton; Sophomores—Estelle Krieger, Phyllis Potter, and Cora Strickland; Freshmen—Marion Stead, Dorothy Wiggin, Margaret Daniels.

The annual reception of the Sophomore class to the Freshmen took place in Shailer Hall, Friday afternoon, October 28. The reception was opened by a speech of welcome from President Hunneman of the Sophomore class. President Craig of the Freshmen class answered it by a well-delivered speech of thanks. Mr. Hitchcock was then called upon to give the assembly a short talk, which was both humorous and interesting. The Mandolin Club rendered a very charming selection, the "Moose March," which was heartily applauded. This was followed by Mildred Southwick's two excellent readings, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" and the "Judgment Day." Raymond Bemis kept the audience constantly guessing by his clever sleight-of-hand tricks. This part of the entertainment finished, the hall was cleared and all joined in dancing until six o'clock. The music was furnished by Sarah Tappan, ex-'14.

The receiving committee were Cora Strickland, Alice Burdett, Margaret Wesner, Phyllis Underwood, and Carmen Harris. The girl floaters, whose duty it was to see that everyone was introduced, were Mary Knowles, Margaret Tuttle, Eleanor Carlisle, Rosamond

Flanders, Dorothy Amsden, Catherine Andrews, Madeline Trull, Marie Williams, and Janet Dexter. The ushers, who contributed greatly to the affair, were Howard, Cooley, O'Conner, Hutchinson, Wirt, Salbut, Newton, Kerr, Whitney, and Hope.

The Senior social committee has been chosen, and the members are as follows: Charles Wyman, chairman; Florine Williamson, Cornelia Mossman, Carl Thielscher and Adolph Becker.

The Senior girls are striving to establish two basket ball teams of picked players. They seem to be well on the road to success. All girls should take an interest in this movement, as there is little or no athletics in the school for girls.

The "Brookline Chronicle" has started a reporters' staff at the high school consisting of Radcliffe Stevens, Ross Berkowitz, Nordell, Bentley, Little, Rowlett, Max Crory and Dowsley. Several more may be added to the list.

Le Cercle Gaulois met Wednesday, Octiber 25, and elected the following officers: George Hussey, president; Edith Faxon, vice-president; Kemerton Dean, treasurer, and Elizabeth Bouvé, secretary. Mr. Brooks is director. Later, owing to the resignation of Hussey, Russell Williams was elected president.

Everyone is showing a great deal more of school spirit this year than has been seen for some time. Cyril Reynolds organized a brass band to play during the league games. It was composed of Reynolds, director; George O'Day, John Hickey, Charles Daley, Robert Capron, cornets; Thomas Kendrick, Frank Kelleher, trombones; John Hope, bass drum; Maurice Wit, snare drum; Maxwell Crory aided a great deal by accompanying them on the piano during rehearsals. It was an immense success.

The Tale of a Coat

Oh, say, have you seen F-m-n S-t's polo coat?
It's the cunningest thing, I declare;
He probably spent out a five pound note
To shelter his lungs from the air.

For as you must know, young S-t caught a cold,
Which made him so terribly sick,
That he thought it was wise himself to enfold
After that, in a coat that was thick.

It's a pepper and salt, double-breasted at that,
With a neat little belt round the waist,
And when F-m-n dons his best Sunday hat,
He surely is dressed in good taste!

Mr. H. says that the debating clubs teach one to speak on his feet. Quite an interesting subject!

A broad belt covereth a multitude of pins.

S—z and W—s were having an animated discussion while walking down Harvard Street.

Said S—z, "Well, I'll bet you half a dollar—" when he was interrupted by the approach of two policemen.

"Hey there," said one, "if you don't cut that out I'll run you in for betting on the sidewalk."

"Nothing doing," answered W—s. "We were betting on the Yale game, not the sidewalk."

C—e flunked a Latin test because he didn't know the verb "to must." Sad Case!

Miss L.—"D-ll-n, decline the third masculine singular pronoun."
D.—"He, she, it."

Mr. C.—"What is your authority for that statement?"
Y—g.—"Oh, u-ah, 'comprehendo,' I guess."
Mr. C.—"I guess it's 'non comprehendo' in your case."

Mac—n tells us that parallel lines never meet until they come together.

Miss M.—"Now if anyone hands in a name again without a paper, I'll put it right in the waste-basket."

In IV English we learn that the horse is one of the greatest inventions of man.

It's a strange thing that although "A" is the highest mark, most fellows would prefer to get their "B."

D-ll-n (struggling through fractions in Room 1).—"I don't quite understand when you cancel the upstairs and when you cancel the downstairs."

Miss L.—"We cancel everything upstairs when we are in this room."

We learn from II History that a governor was elected with two bodies; in II Latin, Miss J-hn-n speaks of Creüsa "with her eyes full of tears in the other hand;" while some one in I German tells us that "they hung their long gray beards on their girdles." What chances Barnum missed!

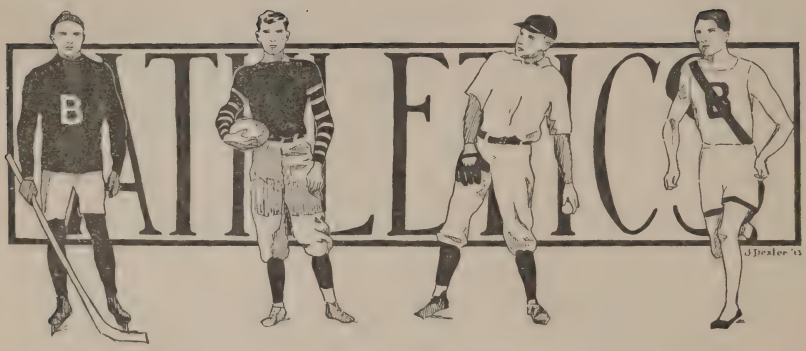
There is a young fellow named Jack,
Who for Brookline plays right half-back;
If he did Latin as fine
As he smashed Newton's line,
He surely would be quite a crack.

II History.—"His name was Guy something."

Miss C.—"Yes, there were quite a number of guys in the crusades."

Some Freshmen pairs
Went up the stairs
To find Room Four-and-Twenty,
One boy fell down,
And bumped his crown,
And fell down flights a plenty.

When on firm ground,
He looked around,
And found quite accidentally,
The room he'd sought,
With all his thought,
But to no purpose mentally!



Not this year. There seemed to be a "Jinx" with us during those games with Newton and Cambridge. The defeat by Newton is far easier to swallow than that 0—0 game with Cambridge. Just about twice we had the ball eight yards from their goal, and three rushes to carry it over. Three times more we were on their twelve-yard line. It was merely a repetition of the Mechanic Arts game and the Newton game. We had no plays which would carry the ball across the line when within our opponent's fifteen-yard line. However, as this season has turned out disastrously as far as winning the championship goes, the less said about football, from now on, the better. We all agree that each man on the team did his best to bring victory to the school. More than that is impossible.

As soon as Thanksgiving is past, let every track aspirant turn out, for the indoor track season is almost upon us. You fellows who want to win your "B" this season on the track must start now. If you have not run cross-country this fall, get your wind in condition by daily work on the track in the gym. Every opportunity is offered the boys of this school in the line of athletics, the gymnasium, shower bath, and coach. There is no reason why we should not turn out an excellent track-team. Our material is fair this year although we are greatly weakened by the graduation of Stone, Capper, and

Shedden, all point-winners last season. However, if everyone gets to work at once, champions can be formed out of raw recruits. Here's wishing Captain Nordell lots of luck.

BROOKLINE 13; WALTHAM 6

On Saturday, October 28, our team journeyed to Waltham, and there, on Waltham's new field, defeated the boys from the "Watch City" in a game full of dazzling plays. At first, it looked like a walk-away for Waltham, as they scored a few minutes after the game started. After that, however, our line was like a stone-wall. Our greatest ground-gaining play was the forward pass over the scrimmage line. This play netted us long gains and was successful many times. Captain Anderson, Walizer, Kelleher, and Mason were the stars of the game, the latter running the team with the ability of an inter-scholastic quarter.

The score—B. H. S. 13; W. H. S. 6. Touchdowns—Pendlebury, Kelleher, Mason. Goals from touchdown—Fagan, Anderson. Referee—Hoey. Umpire—Moore. Field Judge—Mains. Linesman—Handrahan. Time—Two 12 and two 10 minute periods. Attendance—2,200.

BROOKLINE 23; SALEM 0

As the girls had to make candy in the morning of Friday, November 3, (???), Mr. Hitchcock informed us that there would be no school on that day. As a result, everyone was feeling good, and a great crowd turned out to see the game. Salem players centered their attention on the fair dispensers of candy who were tending their tables on the banking of Grigg's field. The result is shown by the score. However, Brookline played great football and was, at no time, in danger of being scored on. In this game also, we showed our mastery of the forward pass.

BROOKLINE 5; MECHANIC ARTS 6

On Wednesday, November 8, Brookline was defeated in a hard game with Mechanic Arts High of Boston. Mechanics fumbled on the kick-off, Brookline recovered the ball, and on four rushes carried the ball over for a score. Although the ball was directly in front of the goal-posts, Anderson failed to kick a goal. This spelled defeat for us, as later in the game, Fillebrown passed the ball over Anderson's head on our thirty-yard line. A Mechanics man fell on the ball. A series of well-directed rushes and two startling quarter-back runs by Mooney placed the ball behind our goal. A goal was kicked and the score was 6—5 against us. Three times we rushed the ball to the Boston team's ten-yard line during the remaining time. However, we could not score and Anderson's attempt at a field goal went wide. The game ended with the ball at midfield.

BROOKLINE 0; NEWTON 3

Our team put up a great fight but lost. It was only a drop kick that turned the trick, and most of us did not know what had happened until it was all over. It was a beautiful kick, however, and we will all give Whitney credit for what he did. Brookline supporters showed great spirit. At 2.45 our section of the stands was crowded and our band was seated, ready to open the afternoon's amusement with "Alexander's Rag-time Band." Everyone joined in singing the words adapted to the song; and as the teams appeared, a roar took the place of words. A short, snappy practice for ten minutes and the game was on. It did not take long to see that the two teams were evenly matched; but Newton presented a stronger defense, and this, with our fumbling at critical moments, was the cause of our defeat.

In the first period we advanced the ball to Newton's twenty-five-yard line. Here Mason fumbled, and Tucker of Newton recovered the ball. The ball was in the middle of the field at the end of the period. In the second period Brookline worked several for-

ward passes successfully, and, at one time, advanced the ball to the Orange and Black's twenty-four-yard line. Here we were held for downs. Whitney punted out of danger. A punting duel followed. Whitney punted in grand style, most of his kicks outdistancing those of Anderson. However, neither team's goal was threatened in this period. It happened in the third period. Brookline kicked off to Newton. After several rushes, it was our ball at midfield. Several punts followed and one of these Whitney ran back thirty yards to our thirty-five-yard line. Newton failed to gain in two rushes. On the third down, Whitney dropped back of the line, the ball was snapped back, shoe struck ball and—Newton 3—Brookline 0. A few minutes later, Anderson missed a place kick from the twenty-yard line.

We almost "came back" in the last quarter. Kelleher, always playing a star game, tore off several long runs, almost getting free on one of them. The referee's ruling was poor on one of Jack's runs as he claimed Jack stepped outside the line. The umpire said the play was all right, but the referee would not submit. We threw several scares into the Newton crowd, working the ball to their twenty-five-yard line by a forward pass, Anderson to Dusossoit. Here, Gleason was sent in to try a field goal. The ball fell short of the goal-posts. Again Newton punted away from its goal. Time ended soon after, with Newton in possession of the ball on its own nine-yard line. The summary and line-up:

B. H. S.	N. H. S.
Becker, re	re (Murphy) McNeill
Anderson, rt (Capt.)	rt Brady
Dexter, rg	rg Rouquemore
Fillebrown, c	c Clark
Denning (McNeill), lg	lg (Cullen) Murray
Macnaughton, lt	lt Perry
Dusossoit (Gleason), le	le McNeill (Capt.)
Mason, qb	qb Hyatt
Kelleher, rhb	rhb (McAllister) Tucker
Thielscher, lhb	lhb (VanBaskeit) Blue
Walizer (Schroeder), fb	fb Whitney

Score—Newton High 3; Brookline High 0. Goal from field—Whitney. Umpire—Cannell. Referee—Hoey. Field Judge—Moore. Head linesman—Long. Linesmen—Morse, Jones. Time—Four 15-min. periods. Attendance—1,000. (The rest were at the Carlisle-Harvard game).

BROOKLINE 0; CAMBRIDGE 0

On Friday, November 17, Brookline was put out of the race for champions of the Prep. League by Cambridge Latin. We were not defeated, neither team being able to score. However, as we had suffered defeat at the hands of Newton, we no longer had any chance to win the banner. The game was held at Claflin field, Newtonville. The field was a quagmire as a result of the frost in the ground, and good playing was rendered impossible. As in the Newton game, we threatened to score early in the game. Rushing the ball from midfield, we advanced to the Cambridge fifteen-yard line. Here we were held for downs, and Cambridge punted out of danger. In the second period, Brookline opened up. A series of forward passes dazzled the Cantabs, and once again it was Brookline's ball on the opponent's fifteen-yard line. We were unable to gain through the Cambridge line, however, and lost the ball. During this period, Cambridge never endangered our goal. In the third period Kelleher tore off two end runs that were beautiful. As we were unable to penetrate the opposing line, Kelleher attempted a drop kick. The ball fell short of the posts. Then Cambridge, from their twenty-five-yard line, rushed the ball down to midfield. Here they lost the ball to us on downs. In the final quarter, using the one ground-gaining play we possessed, the forward pass, the ball was rushed to Cambridge's eight-yard line. Mason yelled "Kick formation, me back, Kid," then attempted a drop kick which merely skipped over the ground. This was our last chance to score. The period ended with the ball in our possession on the Cambridge twenty-five-yard line.

The line-up:

B. H. S.			C. H. & L. S.		
PLAYER	WT.	HT.	PLAYER	WT.	HT.
Dusossoit, le	142	5.9	Green, re	150	5.5
Macnaughton, lt	160	5.10	Harrington, rt	160	5.11
McNeill, lg	158	5.7	Cowan, rg	180	5.10
Fillebrown, c	156	5.7	Stevens, c	150	5.8
Dexter, rg	165	5.11	Adams, lg	160	6.0
Capt. Anderson, rt	155	5.8	Wells, lt	183	5.6
Becker, re	157	5.5	Tuttle, le	140	5.5
Mason, qb	153	5.4	Dee, qb	120	5.3
Thielscher, lhb	165	5.8	O'Connor, rhb	158	5.7
Kelleher, rhb	140	5.7	Bradley, lhb	155	5.4
Walizer, fb	157	5.8	Tunber, fb	160	5.8
SUBS			SUBS		
Johnson, e	135	5.6	Sands, e	134	5.4
Bentley, t	150	5.8	Sheehan, t	160	5.11
Schroeder, fb	165	5.8	Scranton, hb	150	5.4
			Putnam, g	155	5.10

Tennis

This fall, as in previous years, the tennis tournament was held. There were about thirty-five entries, including singles and doubles. A great surprise was sprung when Case and Guimaræs were defeated by Lyman and Talbot. After the preliminary matches were played, there remained for doubles, Capt. Manning and Williams against Lyman and Talbot. In singles, Case, Capt. Manning, and Williams will fight it out for the gold medal. These matches will be put off until next spring, the condition of the courts making it impossible to play at so late a season. Ferguson has been made manager of the team.

Here and There in Athletics

At the Newton game: "Some band and rooters that we've got." At the Cambridge game: "What's the matter with that band of ours, and why don't the fellows cheer?" The Newton victory took the heart out of us.

Eric Stone, ex-'11, finished fifth for the Harvard Freshmen in the cross-country run against Yale at New Haven.

Without a doubt, Brookline has mastered the forward pass as well as any local high school. The most successful combination was Anderson to Mason or Kelleher. Most of the ground gained in the Cambridge game was as a result of forward passes.

The Journal cross-country run was held on Friday, November 24. Contrary to past years, we did not enter a team. Most of the fellows engaged in this sport are down in studies.

The official photographer for the Sagamore is Eralsey C. Ferguson, 1912.

B. H. S. was not represented on the Harvard Freshman football team. Perhaps, with some of our graduates, the Harvard youngsters could have defeated the Yale Freshies.

The new "B" men for football are: Macnaughton, '12; McNeill, '12; Johnson, '13; Dusossoit, '14; Becker, '12; Dexter, '13.

The Athletic Association, through the Sagamore, extends a vote of thanks to Miss Young and Miss Davison for their work in turning out the football songs.

On Tuesday, November 21, at Grigg's field, the Brookline Sophs. overwhelmed the Newton Sophs. by a score of 33—0. Dowsley's line plunging was a feature. Anyhow, we now have one Newton scalp.

All come out for track;
Of men there is a lack.
A journey out to Newton,
And we'll have our banner back.

Alumni Notes

'97. Mr. and Mrs. E. Akin Starks (Mary Seely) are receiving congratulations on the birth of twins, a boy and girl, born October 4, 1911.

'05. Irene Spitz is going to art school this winter to study interior decorating.

'05. Marjory Henry has been selected out of many applicants as instructor of French at the head of the department in Miss Paul's private preparatory school in Summit, N. J. Miss Henry graduated from Smith and then spent a year in France, where she devoted herself to the study of the French language.

'05. Mabel L. Stearns and Lowell Dexter MacNutt were married October 21, 1911, at All Saints' Church, Brookline.

'05. The marriage of Annie Whitmore and George B. Caldwell was solemnized September 20.

'06. Mabel Cushing and Ralph Marshal were married in Centerville, Mass., August 14, 1911.

'06. Morris Roberts is at work in a shoe manufacturing company. He is also organist and choir-master at Wakefield.

'06. Dick Floyd, who made such a fine record at Harvard during the past four years, spent the entire summer abroad as manager of the combined Harvard-Yale track team, which competed against Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Dick, who was said to be the most popular man in his class, obtained one of the highest honors

possible, when out of thirty candidates he received the greatest number of votes for chairman of the Class Day Committee, and thus had full charge of all the Class Day festivities. During the past year, he was manager of the varsity cross-country and track teams, and of the great Intercollegiate meet, said to be the finest in history. At Harvard he has been a member of all the best clubs and societies, and incidentally president of the University Christian Association, the B. H. S. Club and other organizations.

Ex-'07. Paul Perkins is in the Harvard Law School.

'07. Carl Whittier has entered the graduate school of business administration at Cambridge.

'07. Helen Wright, Joyce Knowlton and Ruth Faxon ran a camp for girls at Bridgeton, Maine, during July and August. Helen Wright and Ruth Faxon were also bridesmaids at Gladys Wells' wedding, which took place September 29, 1911.

'07. George Tredwell has returned to Amherst to take a post-graduate course. As he has not yet taken his degree he will again be eligible for the track team on which he is a tower of strength.

'08. Hannah Shepard is a Junior at Simmons, and is taking a course in domestic science there.

'08. Ralph Hammer is in the engineering business in New York.

'09. Eugene Carver is now a member of the rifle team of Co. C, First Corps of Cadets, M. V. M.

'09. Irvine Elliot, who dropped out of Amherst last June, expects to return in February and continue his studies.

'09. Edward Feely has left Tufts and is going to Harvard this year instead.

'10. Irma Waterhouse has been chosen Sophomore member of the Hellenic Council at Vassar.

'10. Sydney Jalkut has left Columbia after a most successful year at that college, and is at present studying in a New York law office.

'10. Frances McCarthy is attending Bryant and Stratton's.

'10. Cummer Talbot will attend Burdett's College for a short period this fall, and then go into business.

'10. Marjorie Parker is attending B. U. and is taking a course at the Faelton Pianoforte School.

'11. Aida Spencer is attending Miss Wheelock's kindergarten school.

'11. Mildred Morse entered Boston University this fall.

'11. Florence Belyea is in the Freshman class at Tufts' Dental College.

'11. Ruth Cox is in Wellesley and Emeline is going to Radcliffe.

'11. "Dubb" Rowan has spent a most enjoyable summer traveling in Europe.

'11. Dorothy Rogers will study music at the New England Conservatory of Music this winter.

'11. Harriet Newton is going to Simmons this winter.

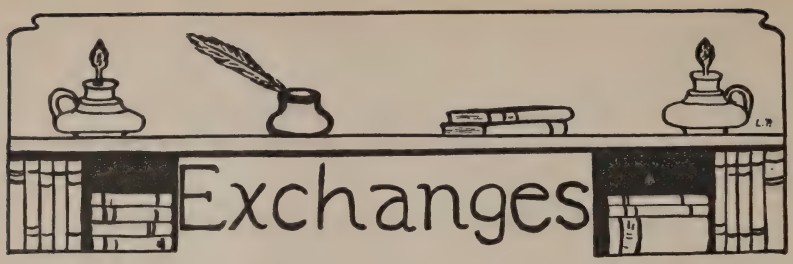
Ex-'12. Willard Robinson entered Dartmouth this fall.

Ex-'12. Elmer Newton succeeded in passing his exams. for Harvard, and he is now enrolled in the class of 1915.

Ex-'12. Charles Eglee has entered Stone School and has been playing on the football team this fall.

Ex-'14. Emerson Wood is attending the Berkeley Preparatory School.

Ex-'14. Donald Hobart is also at the Berkeley Prep.



The Sagamore is glad to acknowledge an increased number of exchanges this month and hopes to welcome even more in the weeks to come. We wish to add that the Sagamore has decided to limit its exchanges to high school and college preparatory papers, as we feel incompetent to criticise papers of higher institutions.

"The Pinkerton Critic," Derry, N. H.—The story, "Bill o' the Marsh," is interesting and original in its plot, but the paper as a whole is far too serious and would be much improved by jokes and one or two funny stories to brighten it. The lettering on the cover is not clear.

"Blue and White," Revere, Mass.—More stories are desirable and cuts at the headings of departments would add much to the appearance of the paper.

"The High School Herald."—Your articles regarding the choosing of a vocation will undoubtedly be of great assistance to the students. The exchange column deserves credit.

"School Life" Melrose, Mass.—The Personals in your paper are unusually good, but there is a great lack of stories.

"The Vexillum," Volkman School, Boston.—The Vexillum is one of our best exchanges. The cut for your editorials is well done, and the literary material is good. The "Law Student" is especially clever.

"John Marshall Record," Richmond, Va.—Your magazine is to be highly commended for its extensive supply of stories, several of which are excellent. Your jokes as a whole seem far removed from school. Can't you be funny *in* school, too?

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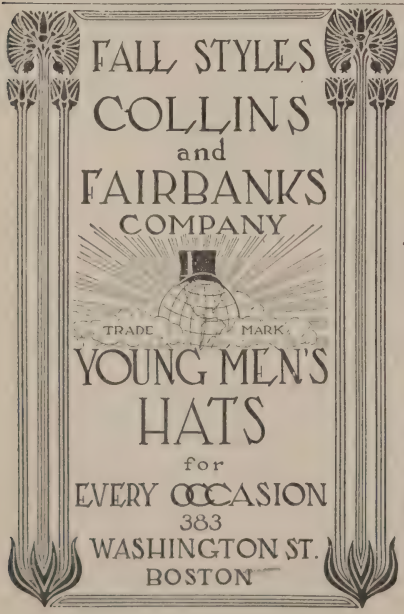

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Volume 18 JANUARY, 1912 Number 3

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TO THE INTERESTS OF THE

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XVIII JANUARY, 1912 NUMBER 3

Editorials

In behalf of The Sagamore, we wish to thank the school for its kind and helpful criticisms in regard to the various departments of the magazine. That every member of the student body was interested and in all cases pleased with our work brings to us the welcome news that our efforts to edit a paper which shall please everyone, from the gravest of seniors to the freshest of freshmen, met with the approval of the only people whom we endeavor to entertain and benefit. In every instance, the criticsims were given to advance and not hinder the onward march of The Sagamore. Through the kindness and co-operation of the instructors in the English department, many valuable suggestions were received which would, otherwise, never have reached the place where they could accomplish the most good. The results of these ideas in connection with the improvement of each department have already been seen in the December issue. It is true that many criticisms could not be used because of existing circumstances, of which there are many; but, as a whole, the suggestions were considered and accepted. Hereafter, the last article in the editorial column will be written by some member of the school other than the editor. It is thought that a greater breadth of opinion will be given if the ideas of more than one person are put into print.

Unfortunately, too many of us students believe too implicitly in that proverb: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This year, more than any other, the supply of D's has been over-abundant. The call of social and athletic interests has been far greater than that of study. As we all know, the purpose of the school is to fit us to become successful men and women, men and women who shall be a credit to ourselves, to our parents, to our state, and to our country. Is it not fair to waste the opportunities which the school offers? Is it fair to ourselves? Is it just that you, athlete, should weaken your team because you fail to pass mathematics? There are some excusable cases. A person who is naturally stupid may be pardoned for his failure, but a boy or girl with average intelligence has no right to become deficient in studies. It would be much wiser to follow the proverb: "All play and no work makes a boy or girl a shirk." We do not advise anyone to become a grind, but we do mean, have grit enough to buckle down to studying, once in a while, at least.

Picture an imposing building, a king's palace, if you will, a wide stretch of green lawn, beautiful trees, and all the accompaniments that go to make up a delightful spot, but—on the lawn, under the trees, among the shrubs, papers, old boxes, bits of garbage, and other disfiguring objects. A beautiful sight, is it not? Does this sound at all natural, readers? Could we think of a similar sight, nearer home, perhaps? Must the pupils of one of the best high schools in the country be likened to a forest of monkeys, who scatter cocoanuts broadcast regardless of looks, or the welfare of the passerby? Must high school banana peels menace the lives of passing pedestrians, or high school lunch wrappings offend the eye of the self-respecting citizen? I say no! There is a place for everything, waste material included. Let that place be found and used.

F. E. H., '12.

The Return

"ANY mail for us today, Mr. North?" asked Grandpa and Grandma Saunders.

"Yes," replied the postmaster, unexpectedly, for the good folks had been coming to the post office for the last thirty-five years, without receiving a letter. As quickly as his weakened steps would take him, Grandpa Saunders hurried to the little window.

"Make haste, Father," exclaimed Grandma Saunders, her face lighting up, "It may be a letter from our Jimmie boy." The old man's fingers, trembling with excitement, could scarcely open the envelope. Finally the great deed was accomplished. Then his face fell.

"It is only a circular, Mother, but never mind, there will be a letter tomorrow." Thus speaking, he linked his arm confidently in her arm, and the pair pattered down the dusty roads to a little cottage by the ocean.

"Yep," drawled Caspar North, turning to the summer visitor who had inquired about the old couple. "Every day, rain or shine, Grandpa and Grandma Saunders come to the post office after mail. Of course you've heard the reason why? No? Well, I guess that I can tell you as well as anyone else, insomuch I've lived here all my life.

"Grandpa Saunders was a ship builder, and a good one. He and Grandma Saunders have lived in that little honeysuckled cottage over there, ever since the United States condescended to give us a post office. They had one child, a son Jimmie, as bad a devil as there was outside of ——, where devils belong. Nobody was able to find out where Jimmie got his streak of cussedness, for the Saunders have always been first citizens

of Whitford. People didn't say much at first, just a'cause his name was Saunders. But things went from worse to worst, until even his folks knew that his presence wasn't wanted in town. It's funny but they loved him all the more, especially his mother. She'd speak to him gentle like, and he'd promise to behave; but he just couldn't. Finally, he was told to clear out, and knowing the people were in earnest, he signed up on the Trinidad, after letting the people know what he thought of them. That was thirty-five years ago. Ever since, Grandpa and Grandma Saunders have waited to hear from him. They're getting old now, not as spry as they used to be, and they think of nothing but Jimmie. It just seems as if that's what they're living for, to hear from or see Jimmie. The worst or best of it is, that Jimmie is dead, for the Trinidad foundered off the Cape on her return trip and nobody knows whether anyone was saved or not. But they won't give up hoping. Every night Grandma Saunders prays for Jimmie's return. If Jimmie was a good lad he most likely sank, but the bad ones have a powerful sad habit of turning up again. And that's the whole story."

"Very interesting," said the summer visitor, stifling a yawn. "Very interesting indeed."

The next day the Atlantic fog swept in upon the coast. All that day and night, the bell buoys sounded hoarsely in the throat of the fog. Except for their incessant ringing, all was still. As the tide heaved and ebbed, the moaning of the breakers on the Shoals could be heard from the shore. As the mist rose and fell on the waters, the waves could be seen dashing themselves on the black-fanged rocks. Off to the eastward, a dim shadow appeared through the coat of the fog. Nearer and nearer it came, until the watchers on the beach saw a dismasted ship rolling through the troughs of the sea.

The life boats had been launched as soon as the wallowing brig had been seen. But the fog had done its work well. Before the life boats could be brought into use, the brig poised for a moment on the crest of a giant wave, and then plunged down crashing on the shoals. The life boats did their best, but the rescued numbered only three. The rest were lost, swallowed in the vast mouth of the ocean.

The three sailors, picked up unconscious, were brought to the shore, where willing hands hustled them into warm blankets. One of the seamen, a boy of about twenty years, was taken to the home of the Saunders', which lay on the edge of the beach. The moment Grandma Saunders saw him she kissed him again and again, exclaiming all the while, "Jimmie, my boy, Jimmie."

* * * * * *

"But how is that Jimmie?" asked the summer visitor next week. Jimmie, their Jimmie must be all of sixty years old if he's alive."

"Well," replied the postmaster, "He isn't really their Jimmie, but what's the difference? He's a whole sight better than Jimmie ever even thought of being. If the Saunders' saw an old man who looked like Jimmie would have looked, they wouldn't recognize him. Jimmie, as he was when he went away, is what they have always expected. Now they have found some one to be a comfort to them. Their minds are weak now, they think it's Jimmie, a better Jimmie who has returned. They will think of him as their boy. It would hurt them if they found out that it was not their boy. He knows that he owes his life to the nursing of Grandma Saunders, so he is willing to stay with them to the end. Nothing is too good for Jimmie, nor have the old folks been so happy in years. You have seen how proudly they show off their Jimmie to all neighbors. And God have mercy on the person who tells them that he isn't Jimmie, for the people of Whitford won't have any."

J. H. S., '13.

The Bronco's Last Fight

Wild as the air he breathed, and swift as the wind was the bronco. He was known to all the ranchers of the neighborhood, although they had only seen him at a distance, as a great chestnut beast, with a coat shining like satin under the sun's rays and fiery nostrils, that snorted in disgust at civilization. His proud neck was arched with the very air of freedom, and his long, graceful tail swept the ground behind him. As I have said, he was known to all the ranchers, and each and everyone had vainly tried to capture him. It was almost a game to him for he could so easily elude them, and he really enjoyed showing himself at a distance just to watch their excitement. A regular little colony of horses followed his lead and were the wildest bunch in the whole western country. His own mate was a beautiful little thoroughbred whom he had lured from her peaceful home one fine day, and whom he now worshiped with all the fiery blood of his passionate nature.

One day into the group of ranchers a man came, a tall, upright, cruel man, with a straight eye and sure hand. He came to catch the chestnut beauty. Will he succeed? The ranchers who have already tried say "yes," for there is a quiet determination in his eye that brooks no defeat. He went about his business in an entirely different manner from that of the others. He first took long walks over the plains, and often he saw the bronco standing at a distance and watching him closely. He also saw a little white horse who was always near the fiery steed, and to whom the latter was continually turning as if to make remarks about their human observer.

After several weeks of quiet watching, the stranger began his campaign. This was nothing more nor less than the capturing of the little white mare. It was easily accomplished one day, when she had wandered a short distance from the others. She was led home

with hardly a struggle, for as you will remember she had once been in captivity.

This event, unimportant as it appears here, made a great disturbance among the band of horses. For a few days the bronco seemed to have disappeared from their midst; but he came back, with haggard determination written in his gleaming eye.

That night around the corral where the mare was kept, dainty hoof marks were seen. The man knew only too well whose marks they were. The second night the same thing happened; and on the third the man was there, mounted on the swiftest horse owned by the ranchers, lasso in hand. Slowly and hesitatingly, a dark form appeared in the gloaming; it paused, sniffed the breeze, and then approached still nearer. The wind, nature's warning, had failed to carry the scent of man to its quivering nostrils. It is the bronco, come to hunt for his mate. He came still nearer; and then, seeing the waiting rider, he turned and galloped like the wind. Too late, oh bronco! a hand surer than death has thrown that fatal rope.

He is caught, but is not to be pulled to the ground. He rears himself, madly foaming at the mouth and wildly snorting. In vain, he cannot free himself. Again he strives, and yet again! Now he gallops forward in terror, only to be pulled back; and now he rolls upon the ground. His foam is flecked with blood, his breath comes in great gasps; but still he struggles on. With one last, mighty effort, in which his wild heart throbs madly for liberty, he falls! The man rides up to find him dead!

"Oh, bronco, thou wert made for liberty!" he sighs, half regretful of the victory he has won. R. H., '12.

The Grind

Everyone of the young people camping on the west shore of Neshobe Lake was having a perfectly glorious time, except Mr. Francis Worthington Thayer. This poor youth was having a miserable time, for the very deplorable reason that he was known to be a "book-worm" and a "grind." Because he had studied hard at High School, had not participated in athletics, and had taken all the honors at graduation, the boys disliked him. Because he had never been known to take a girl to any of the High School dances, and did not appear to be deeply interested in their sex, the girls disliked him.

When about thirty of the boys and girls who had just graduated decided to go camping together on Neshobe Lake, Francis was included in the party merely because he had agreed to tutor two of the boys who had flunked Latin. Now it was late July, and he had not had one perfectly happy day at camp. Somehow he often found himself left out of the jolly tramps through the surrounding country, the picnics, the drives, and the canoeing trips, and he was obliged to remain sadly at home with no companion save the big Newfoundland dog which belonged to the owner of the camp. The other boys and even his own brother Jack, assured themselves and each other and the girls and chaperons that Francis would never enjoy these pleasure parties, but would much rather be left at camp to bury himself in a book for the afternoon. They never consulted Francis on the matter.

On these occasions he would take a novel and his fish-rod and row off to some sequestered nook, where he would fish and read, or brood over his companions' neglect of him. Why did the boys treat him as if he were merely a child of ten years? and why did the girls act so coldly toward him, or speak sarcastically every time they happened to meet him? Bob and Dick had not studied any Latin for a week, and he had been obliged to give up the lessons which had been such a bore to the pupils, and such a trial to the

tutor. He had three times asked Marjory Talbot to go canoeing with him, and she had merely answered, "I'll see." What was the reason, and what could he do to change their attitude toward him?

One afternoon the campers—except Francis, of course—had returned from a long drive, and were seated out under the pines by the lake shore. The principal subject of conversation was the great lack of rain lately. For days and days there had not been a single drop of rainfall. The woods were exceedingly dry, and pine needles and dead leaves crackled when trod upon. The ferns were drooping, and the moss, usually such a rich, dark-green shade, and so springy underfoot, was a dusty, grayish color, and crumbled at the slightest touch. The roads in all the country about were thickly laid with slate dust, which made driving almost unbearable. Flowers, berries, and crops were withering away; the farmers were distracted. Mr. Jenks, the owner of the camp, had instructed them all not to drop any matches or leave any camp fires in the woods, because of the great danger of forest fires. Though they had carefully obeyed, the seriousness of the danger had not really penetrated their minds.

Suddenly, as they talked, the quiet of the lake and woods was broken by the sharp, quick creak of oar-locks, as of someone rowing very fast.

"Wonder who it is," Jack drawled out. "Can't be Franky. He'd never row at that pace with a book on his lap."

But in a moment the boat came into view, and they heard Francis' voice calling sharply and anxiously. Something in his tone made his brother and a few other fellows hasten down to the wharf. His only words were, "There's a fire back on the hill. Saw it from the lake. Get the water pails and fill 'em. Quick!"

These procured, he started hastily off up the road, with all but three of the boys at his heels, and soon they disappeared from the sight of the girls and the three lazy youths who remained in camp.

The smoke soon began to come down through the thick growth with its odor of freshly burning wood and brush. Those left on the

lake shore could smell it strongly and see it on the sunbeams which found their way between the leaves of the trees. Two hours passed. As none of the boys had returned, the curiosity of the girls began to turn to alarm. Two of the chaperons had joined them by this time, and looked anxious when they heard of the departure of the boys to fight the fire. The three fellows in camp were just starting out to hunt up their friends and bring any news back to the girls, when the others appeared, coming down the road. When they arrived they were black with smoke and reeking with perspiration, and their clothes were badly torn. Tom Horton undertook the explaining for the crowd.

"Jack and Charlie and Francis have gone 'round by way of the farm house to get the milk. No, we haven't put the fire out, but we've had enough of it. Jiminy, but we had to work! Franky wouldn't let a feller rest a minute. We had to take hemlock boughs, and wet 'em in the pails, and then beat the ground with 'em where it was burning. We couldn't put it out. All we could do was keep it from spreading in this direction. Franky was mad when we quit, but we were just about petered out. The wind's the other way, so it can't get down here tonight. If it hasn't stopped by tomorrow, we'll go up and get the quarrymen to fight it. How'd it start? Picknickers from Poultney left a fire I guess. We found their lunch boxes and papers. Come on, fellers, we'll take a dip in the lake. The others'll be here soon."

Just at that moment, however, Jack and Charlie arrived by another path, laden with milk pails. But no Francis.

"Where's Francis?" called Tom. "Left him to read by the wayside?"

"Frank?" Jack stopped short. "Didn't he come down with you? I told him to."

"No, we thought he went off with you two."

Jack turned pale. "He's left up there alone, and he was all tuckered out when we left him. Come on, some of you fellows,

we've got to go find him. You girls get his bed and hot water and things ready, so if———" He did not finish his sentence, but all understood, and the boys hurried off. When, with their hearts filled with misgiving as to the whereabouts of Frank, they neared the scene of the fire, the smoke filled their eyes and noses, and they were breathless from hasty climbing.

"Frank!" It was Jack calling, and his voice sounded hoarse and strange. No answer. Their hearts sank, but they hurried on.

In a monment Jack called again, "Frank!" Still no response. They could hear nothing but the distant crackling of flames, and the falling of a tree.

Now they had reached the brow of the hill; and as the whole burned and burning expanse came to view, at a given signal, all shouted the name of their missing comrade. For one awful memorable second there was silence; then a feeble cry of "Here" reached their tense, straining ears. Joyfully Jack darted forward, ahead of his friends, and rushed in the direction of the sound. He came suddenly upon his brother leaning against a tree, his face as white as chalk where it was not covered with soot, his eyes closed, his clothes torn and hanging in shreds, and his arms and hands bruised and bleeding.

"Frank, old boy! Thank God, you're safe!" Jack cried. Frank opened his eyes and gazed strangely at his brother.

"Jack," he gasped hoarsely, "guess I'll have to stop now. Can't put it out. I've tried, Jack, I've tried. I can't do it alone." And he fainted into Jack's arms.

Tenderly and carefully they carried him home; and gently they laid him down on his cot. After half an hour's work over him, he was resting comfortably, and able to answer the anxious inquiries of his brother.

In the middle of the night, Jackawoke from troublesome dreams to hear the steadily increasing patter of rain upon the canvas roof. He reached over and touched Frank.

"Do you hear that, old boy?"

"Yes, Jack, we're safe."

"We sure are," Jack assented joyfully. Then in a few moments more, "Frank."

"Yes?"

"Last I saw of Bob and Dick they were poring over their Virgils, studying for dear life."

Frank smiled in the darkness.

Then Jack's voice again. "Gee, but I'm glad it is raining, not only on account of the fire, but it will lay the dust for the drive to Bennington, day after tomorrow. Say, but you'll enjoy that trip. Bennington's such a historic place. And, oh say, Frank, Marjory asked me to tell you she'd go canoeing with you tomorrow if you felt all right."

D. G. C., '13.

We are marching on toward mid-year's,
Marching in a solemn file;
For, when thinking of what's coming,
Not a pupil cares to smile.

We are marching toward confusion,
When those simple tests we see.
Brains will whirl, though not with knowledge,
But with plain stupidity.

O the pupils who have bluffed it!
How they shudder and recoil;
How they wish that they had studied,
When they had the chance to toil.

And those simple little freshmen,
How their frightened hearts stand still,
Though they're often up to midnight,
Working with a royal will.

Yes, we're marching on toward midyear's,
On we go, let others jeer,
In our brains is wild confusion,
In our hearts a healthy fear.

M. H., '15.

The Rule of Three

It was a cold, bleak day in late autumn and a chilling east wind was whistling and howling around the girders of the half-finished sky-scraper. On the top floor of the skeleton-like steel structure, worked Carl and Hans Johanson, two six-foot, strapping Swedes. Below their eyes lay a marvelous panorama, New York City and its surroundings. Looking to the east, they could see the East River and Long Island City; to the south, Brooklyn and Governor's Island; to the west, the Hudson and Jersey City, and to the north, the city itself—ever new, ever changing, and ever wonderful—the heart and brains of the United States. Far below them in the streets, they could see the people, a swarming, seething, swaying mass of hurry-stricken humanity. Up where they were, hundreds of feet above the street level, the noises of the street became only a continual hum and buzz, which was nearly drowned out by the noises of the sky-scraper. For the sky-scraper, when under construction, has noises of its own, loud, many, and varied; the infernal clanging of the electric hammers as the steel girders are rapidly riveted into place with red-hot rivets, the creaking and squeaking of the derricks with their numerous cables and pulleys, the hissing and puffing of the donkey-engines, and the hoarse shouts of the men. It was a weird and wonderful spectacle—the building of this almost superhuman work by puny man.

The morning had been an eventful one. One man had fallen from the fortieth story to the masonry below, on the thirtieth, and had been instantly killed. Another had fallen two stories, down to some scaffolding, and had broken an arm and several ribs. The Johanson brothers, whom our tale concerns, did not, however, seem to be greatly affected by these disasters, for they ran about on the girders like monkeys, not a whit disturbed, and performed their customary dare-devil feats which never failed to arouse the admiration of the other men.

But at the close of the noon hour, a sudden thought struck Carl; turning to his brother, he said, in a queer dialect which I shall not attempt to reproduce:

"Say, Hans, there've been two accidents this morning. Another is due. You know the Rule of Three. We'd best be more careful this afternoon."

"That's right," Hans replied. "I hadn't thought of that. We'll cut out the funny stuff and stick together this afternoon."

This conversation was caused by the belief, common over all Sweden, that disasters always come in threes. Accordingly the brothers worked together as much as they could and performed no more daring tricks. They were, although somewhat reckless, skilled workmen; and as the foreman said, "That Johanson pair is worth any four other men."

Late in the afternoon Hans was ordered down to the floor below his brother, and Carl was left alone, getting some outside girders in place, ready for the riveters. A girder had been lowered to him to be swung into place and he leaned out to pull it in. He leaned a little too far, lost his balance, and, uttering a cry of dismay, fell. Hans who happened to be working directly beneath his brother, and who was keeping a rather watchful eye on him, saw him lose his balance. Quicker than a flash he leaned out, holding on to an upright girder with one hand and foot, caught his brother with the other arm as he fell, and swept him in. Carl was too overcome and terrified to say a word; but his brother was heard to murmur, brokenly:

"We've broken the Rule, thank God!" E. T. C., '12.

While the Candle Burns

Making Cake

Cake is, to a great degree, like people. It has, though this may seem absurd at first, many human elements. There are good people, bad people, and indifferent people. There is good cake, bad cake, and indifferent cake. I shall consider chiefly good cake.

In the beginning it must have a good foundation. Often, though not always, a bad beginning leads to a bad ending. What could be better than butter and sugar? If we mortals did not have a pretty good supply of grease, this would soon become a dry old world, and our machinery would get pretty much worn and rusty. As for sugar—can you picture a man without an ounce of sweetness in him? A sour, crabbed-looking individual he would be, would he not? The next ingredient is eggs. These are to enrich the cake and must be well beaten. Richness in lumps is as bad as a person with an erratic nature. You never know what you are going to strike next. Then come milk and flour added alternately. The first, the milk of human kindness, and the flour for self-restraint and self-government. It would be a slippery cake with no flour to give it character and firmness; and it is a weak individual who has not the proper amount of self-control. This next is, perhaps, the most important of all, baking-powder. It is a poor cake that has no rising. The baking-powder spirit is an excellent one to have. He who has not push enough to rise above his misfortunes, to rise evet to higher things, will fall ignominiously—like a cake without baking-powder. And last, but not least, is salt. Everything is better for a pinch of salt. Salt is to cake what humor is to man. Many a sorry situation has been saved by a sense of humor, and unfortunate is the man who does not possess a small share of it.

If these directions are followed, success is assured provided the oven is good. The making of a cake is in the baking, they say. The making of a man is in his choice in the oven of life. Choose wisely and well, for a man, like a cake, cannot be rebaked.

F. E. H., '12.

Song of the Bell

How dismally thou soundest in the morn!
Thy ting-gle-ling-ling, most forlorn,
Strikes through our slumber and disturbs
Our dreams of Math., and German verbs.
At thy sweet summons, eagerly we rush
To don the festive garb of day;
So eager that we crowd the dark hallway,
And thickly round the white tubs push.
Oft doth thy voice,
Bid us rejoice,
When rolls around the empty noon;
Sounds then the clink of glass and spoon
In merry tune.
At eve thou callest, when the day is done,
To meet again o'er cups and bun,
To listen—O ye gods!—to wits
Still telling o'er their ancient bits
Of fun.
Yet, bell that marks the passing day,
And biddeth the hours flit away,
Ring out thy summons through the open door,
For us, ere long, thy voice shall call no more!

W. H. N., '12.

Teachers

In approaching this rather delicate subject, I want to say that teachers, like most other human beings, are as different as—as, well, as our class is different from the rest of the classes. By this I mean to say that teachers are not all cut out the same, like so many cookies, but that there are stupid ones, trying-to-be-funny ones, cross ones and finally the ones who have the power of making you learn and, at the same time, know how to laugh. The stupid kind are those who lack enthusiasm in their subject and therefore fail absolutely to interest the class. The trying-to-be-funny ones are really pathetic. They use the brain matter which should be expended on the lesson to make up jokes at which the class only feebly smiles. The cross ones are too sad a subject to discuss, so I shall simply skip them. The last kind is very scarce, but fortunately this school is blessed with many. They make you inhale knowledge when you don't know you're doing it, and after a sufficient draught, make you laugh. Thus you see teachers differ almost as greatly as we do.

M. H., '13.

"Bill's Whopper"

"Since all you fellers 'a' been swapping whoppers, I think it's about time I was telling my most hair-raising adventure. This happened out in the Apache country where I'd been prospectin' some time. I'd kept pretty shy of the Indians and hadn't bothered 'em any, for I knew they was kinder mad. But I be rattle-strapped, if one day I didn't see a bunch of 'em followin' me; an' I could tell by their actions they wasn't any too friendly, an' as I was out there all alone I thinks I'd better be gettin' to some friends.

"There warn't a house for miles, so I decided to run for some hills I saw in the distance, in hopes I'd run across a house or two on th'other side. So's I picks up my traps and moves; I could see

the Red Devils a followin' me. They didn't take no pains in hidin' themselves, for they knew they'd get me some time. I traveled as fast as I could, and at last I got to the hills and found a gorge going right straight through. It had been dug out by the water and the sides were slippery and straight up and down. I got about half way through and then I heard them Indians ahead of me. They'd trapped me pretty neat. I couldn't get out to save my life—which I wanted to."

The speaker stopped and smoked his pipe in silence. At last one more inquisitive than the others spoke up:

"Well, what happened? Didn't you escape?"

"Escape! No. How could I? They killed me."

E. C. F., '12.

Oh say, have you noticed that cute Junior's smile?
It's the cunningest thing, I declare;
It begins in his eyes and it's sure to beguile
And soften the stoniest stare.

Little wrinkles appear along side of his nose,
They lead to a dimple so sweet,
His smooth cheeks take on a deep color of rose,—
To see that in a boy is a treat.

His curving red lips slowly upwardly go
Disclosing his bright sparkling teeth,
Whose whiteness, I vow, might shame the new snow
Lying pure, the bright heavens beneath.

I have called it a smile, but it's really a grin;
And its different from others, I see.
The most pleasing quality in it, has been
In the fact that he smiles just at me!

XX., '13.

The Debating Clubs

On Tuesday, December 19, the debate between the boys and the girls took place. The question for debate read: "Resolved: That capital punishment should be superseded by life imprisonment." Florence Eisenhardt and Helen Hastings upheld the affirmative, while Louis Little and Fred Hussey supported the negative. Both sides showed much preparation, and the delivery of both boys and girls was splendid. The girls stated that capital punishment should be superseded by life imprisonment because the state sets an example for murder by taking a human life; capital punishment leaves no room for reformation where fresh evidence shows a man has been unjustly condemned, if it does not serve as a deterrent; and, finally, it is not satisfactory from the standpoint of severity and justice. The boys opposed these arguments by saying that capital punishment is efficient, while life imprisonment is inefficient; that, although capital punishment was done away with in many states and in several countries, in nearly all cases it had to be re-established as the only means of properly punishing crimes; finally, death by capital punishment is instantaneous and the execution is

entirely private. There was but a short time to speak from the floor, but the participants were most enthusiastic. Those who took part were Mary Morris, Freeman Swett, Stuart Kaiser, Eleanor Allen, and Horace Bickford. The judges were Miss Macskimmon, principal of the Pierce School; Mr. Taylor, principal of the Devotion School, and Mr. Morse, principal of the Revere High School. Two of the judges voted for the boys and one for the girls. Thus amidst great rejoicing on the part of the masculine half of the audience, the victory went to the former. Mr. Hitchcock presided at the meeting.

The Girls' Debating Club

On Tuesday, November 28, the Girls' Debating Club held its second debate. Before the regular debate. it was decided by a unanimous vote that the Rhetorial Committee choose the speakers, instead of selecting them by lot, with the modification that no speaker be chosen twice in one year and that the sides be evenly matched. After this was agreed upon, Mildred Southwick recited to the club the beautiful piece, "The Swiss Good-night," by George Griffith. It was very well rendered and received hearty applause. Following these preliminaries, came the regular debate. The question reading, "Resolved: That vivisection is justiable." The speakers on the affirmative were Margaret Plimpton and Alice Steward. Those on the negative were Helen Hastings and Alice Burdett. The former supported their side by the following points: that vivisection is necessary to social welfare, that it saves human life, that man's duty to man is greater than his duty to beasts, that it advances science and, finally, that it is not cruel to the animals. The latter answered these arguments by saying that vivisection creates brutality in those who perform the experiments, the results are not worth the experiments, that it is harmful to the animals on whom the experiments are made and that there are other and

better ways of obtaining the same results. The debate then being thrown open to the house, Marjorie Eastman, Muriel Hudnut, Evelyn Fisher, Mildred Southwick, Lillian Williamson, Tsuya Matsuki, Marjorie North, Marian O'Connor, Dorothy Foster, Dorothy Lindsey and Ruth Hudnut participated. The vote of the house supported the affirmative, and Mr. Case, who kindly acted as judge, also gave his decision to that side. Miss Lewis gave some very helpful criticisms. She advised the speaker to be more logical, to deal with facts rather than to appeal to the sympathies, to show less personal feeling, and to be more parliamentary.

The question for the next debate reads, "Resolved: That, secret societies for girls are detrimental for the High School." The speakers on the affirmative are Esther Albee and Marjorie North. The negative is upheld by Doris Halman and Tsuya Matsuki.

The B. H. S. Debating Club

The question for the debate on November 23 read: "The certificate plan of admission to college is preferable to that of entrance examinations." Swett and Potter upheld the affirmative, while McLaughlin and Kramer valiantly defended the negative. Swett, in his usual convincing arguments and voice, first took the floor for the affirmative, followed by McLaughlin of the negative. Potter, who has had but this one debate, made one of the finest debates heard this year. Kramer then spoke for the negative. The debate being thrown open to the house, Derr, Wyman, Dillon, Sherman and E. Dewey participated. Mr. Case, as judge, gave his decision to the affirmative. The house supported the decision. Miss Churchill won the hearts of the members of the club by her kind and helpful criticism.

On December 7, Paine and Da Eva debated against Bemis and Sherman. The question was, "Resolved: That Roosevelt was justified in his method of gaining the Panama Canal Zone." The affirm-

ative, because of its facts and logical reasoning, was given the decision by Mr. Chisholm, who acted as judge. The speakers from the floor were Dillon, McLaughlin, Hussey, Kaiser, and Ferguson. The young discussion between Hussey and Dillon was one of the features of the day. Miss Liden made several excellent criticisms regarding the enunciation of the speakers' words. The speakers chosen for the interscholastic debates by the Rhetorical Committee are Clark and Ferguson of 1912, and Swett, Paine, Derr, and Spitz of 1913. The question is, "Resolved: That the present plans looking to the general abolition of war between nations by arbitration is impracticable." One team of three speakers will uphold the affirmative and the other team will defend the negative.

Latest News from the Front

Brookline High School as usual. On the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of November, the competitive examinations for the appointments to West Point and Annapolis from the 12th Congressional district were held at Newton High School, Newtonville, of which town Congressman John W. Weeks is a resident. There were to be two principals to the naval academy and three alternates for each principal. For the military academy, there was to be but one principal and three alternates. George Hussey, 1912, won one of the appointments to Annapolis, while Roland Shugg, 1913, gained the appointment to West Point.

These two boys are a credit to our school, to their friends, and to themselves. Always modest and unassuming, their true worth was shown when, in competition with many other boys from the 12th Congressional district, they carried off the two appointments to our great government schools. Speaking for the whole school, and for the whole town, which has cause to be proud of its school and its scholars. The Sagamore wishes George Hussey and Roland Shugg the best of success in their undertaking.

Wanted—By The Sagamore Board, two November, fifteen December, and two November (1910) Sagamores. Those who will kindly sell these issues, see Holland, in room seven.

On Friday morning, December 8, the school had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Marguerite Turner '07, sing. Miss Turner has been studying music for the past two years, and her voice amply rewards the efforts she has spent upon it. She sang several French songs, an aria from Madame Butterfly, "Jerusalem," from the trio of St. Paul, the "English Moss Song," "April Morn," and "Cherry Ripe," an old English ballad. Mrs. Turner played her accompaniments and Helen Hastings, '12, had the great honor of turning the music.

On Friday, December 15, the school was highly entertained by hearing Dr. Butters of Newton speak. He began his talk with the startling statement that it is our business to do impossible things, or at least to attempt difficult things even if it seems impossible to succeed. He said that to obtain a thorough education was very hard for some people, the dull pupil or the person with neither money nor family back of him. He proved, however, by several illustrations that an education is impossible for no one. Again, he said that it was a hard thing to overcome difficulties, but after he told the wonderful story of Helen Kellar, there was no one but was spurred on to greater deeds. He ended, finally, with the statement that if we are honest with ourselves and our work, use whatever genius we possess, stick to our work through thick and thin, there is no limit to what we can accomplish.

On Monday, November 27, I English A had the privilege of hearing Mr. Morris, editor of the Christian Science Monitor speak on Editorialism. Among other things, he enumerated the essentials of an ideal editorial. First, he said that accuracy as to facts was necessary; then fairness in stating an opponent's point of view; next, breadth of sympathy and more than one opinion; finally,

clearness, orderly development of thought, forceful conclusion, and a summing up of the whole matter. Modern editors seem to give the majority of their time to politics and commercial and economic questions. Mr. Morris said that it would be well if some space were given to the realms of art, education, social science, and foreign affairs. He said that the editor of the present day is not interested in a large enough field and does not employ subordinate editors competent for the vital questions of everyday life. He also stated his disapproval of the manner in which several Boston newspapers fill up their editorial pages with cheap jokes and such trash, thereby cutting down their editorials to mere statements. Finally, he said that he was much pleased to see the way our High School encourages the practice of editorial writing, and the excellent training our boys and girls receive here before they go forth to conquer the more difficult problems that await them.

The first regular meeting of La Circle Gaulois was held on Friday, November 24, with about forty girls and boys present. After general introductions and greetings, President Williams made a clever address of welcome in the French tongue. Mr. Brooks then read the constitution. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in playing interesting French games and in eating the delicious refreshments provided by Edith Faxon and "Betty" Bouvé.

The second meeting of La Circle Gaulois was held Friday, December 15. The meeting was spent in playing an exciting game known in France as La Toile d'Araignée, which, for the benefit of those who do not take French, means "The Spider's Web." Various colored balls of string were tied to the steam pipes in the reception room and then were untwined and caught around every conceivable object in the teachers' room, the office, the reception room, and the library. Each person had to follow his or her string to its final resting place, where, to the great joy of those present, a very small stocking filled with Christmas candy was hidden.

Sh! There may be "ein deutscher Verein." Here's hoping.

The special chorus, which has been training under Mr. Cole for so long, held a conspicuous part at the exercises for the dedication of the Michael Driscoll School. It gave several well rendered selections and contributed greatly to the evening's entertainment. Among the several well-known speakers present was Hon. George H. Martin, who spoke on the subject of Education. His speech was shortly followed by that of Mr. Michael Driscoll, who expressed his apreciation to the members of the School Board for the honor shown him.

The members of B. H. S. should all be glad to know that Miss Donna George, ex-'12, is making a name for herself as a solo dancer in the select circles of Boston. She gave her first large entertainment at Whitney Hall, Tuesday, December 12. A large audience attended and all were delighted with the grace and skill she displayed. Marjory Ward, '12, played her accompaniments.

The Senior Social proved to be a great success this year, even surpassing last year's entertainment. The Mandolin Club was the first to appear with "The Moose March." Then followed "Evening Chimes," "A Medley," and a solo by Arvin Case, '13. The folk dancing under the direction of Miss Barnes was a novelty and was highly appreciated. The girls who took part in the dancing were Esther Albee, Sara Snell, Nellie Woodward, Lillian Williamson, Esther Richardson, Margaret Plimpton, Helena Von Ladau, Sabina Gibbons, Anne Gibbons, Marie Kelly, Elise Kraft, Frances Hall, Eleanor Williams, and Helen Hastings. Miss Marie Hastings accompanied on the piano. Marion Feely, ex-'12, sang two beautiful songs, "Love Is the Wind" and "Passing By." Florine Williamson was the accompanist. Then came the great success of the evening, the playlet "Back Fires" by Edwin Smith, '11.

The cast (in order of appearance)—

Mrs. Green ..... Mary Morris
Helen (Ted's fiancée) ..... Florence Eisenhardt
James (butler) ..... Thurston Clark
Mr. Green ..... Egbert Jenkenson
Captain Lansing ..... Schuyler Dillon
Mabel Mullen ..... Edith Faxon
Oswald Reginald Brown ..... Stewart Rowlett
"Ted" Green ..... Kemerton Dean

After everybody ceased laughing over the playlet, the chairs were cleared away and all joined in dancing until the mystic midnight hour. The Senior Social Committee should receive the greatest of praise for the time and work which was spent to make the social the best ever.

On Thursday, December 21, the German party took place. The hall was beautifully trimmed with pine boughs; and a large Christmas tree, brilliantly lighted, held a prominent place in the festive decorations. The entertainment opened with the singing of German songs by all present. This was followed by two violin solos by Arvin Case, "Traumerei" and "Beautiful Lady." He was accompanied by Edward Goodnow. Next, several of the boys gathered about the piano and gave the hearty "Stein Song," and then Mr. Broks distributed to each person a Christmas present in remembrance of his good time. After everyone had opened the gifts and sufficiently exclaimed over them, Mr. Brooks sang several well-known popular songs in German. The first was a parody on "Beautiful Lady," the next "School Days," then, "Everybody Works but Father," and, finally, "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark." The rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing. It is needless to say that everyone had a very enjoyable time.

I Wonder!

Who tells us much about the Rhine,
Of maidens fair and castles fine,
Who makes us chant "du, deiner, dein?" I wonder!

Whose interest 's the Shakespearian stage?
Who freezes up and glares with rage
At one mistake on a written page? I wonder!

Who tells us old Assyria's doom?
Whose maps too often seal our doom,
So that we wish them in the tomb? I wonder!

Who makes us say "Que voulez-vous"?
Who gets into an awful stew
Because our accent isn't true? I wonder!

Who knows all Cæsar's great campaigns?
And flunking us who haven't brains,
Gives Cicero to the remains? I wonder!

The rest are likely just as bad,
But they're the ones we've never had.
As 'tis, sometimes we're nearly mad. No wonder!

Sw-tt (translating Latin)—"Alas, I am alive." The Sagamore extends its deepest sympathy.

Miss A.—"B-m-s, you mustn't call me 'dir'."

L-hr-ger.—"Hey, C-r-y, where are you going?"
C-r-y.—"There's a cat caught in the fence and I'm going to let it out."
L-hr-ger—"Aw, for cat's sake come on."
C-r-y.—"That's what I'm going for."

A Freshie is green on the surface,
A Sophomore's polished a bit,
A Junior is there when there's fun in the air,
And a Senior is simply IT.

Miss C.—"When did the French claim this territory?"
Miss D-m-n.—"Not until today's lesson."

A choice bit of Freshman English—"When the conductor has finally succeeded in collecting all the fairs (!), he wipes the swett (!!) from his brow."

Mr. C.—"No, that's not right. I could draw line A B a thousand million miles long."
Future attorney in the rear of room—"I challenge that statement."

M-s-n (hunting for shorthand sign on blackboard)—"Miss Y, where is honey?"

S-z invents a new mathematical term "denumerator." Not to be outdone, K-r follows suit a little later with "nominater."

Miss B.—"You three girls don't make a very comfortable looking quartet."

Heard in a recent debate—"No foreign power made them put back Greece with Turkey."

B-k-z.—"I can't take gym today. There's something the matter with my knee."
Mr. C.—"What's the trouble with it?"
B.—"I don't know, but somebody sat on it last night."

Mr. C.—"I don't know what an improper expression is in algebra, but in English."

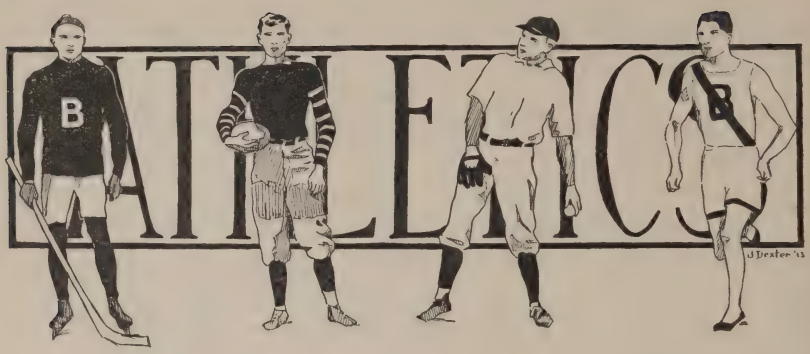
S-gg.—"Homologous angles of equal triangles are equal."
Miss L.—"What shorter word can you use?"
S-gg.—"Corresponding."

"O, mother, prithee name to me those lordly forms, I pray,
Now strutting up and down the halls in such a proudish way."
"My child, those are the Seniors! but speak with bated breath,
For should they hear thy idle talk, thy portion might be death."

"O, mother, are they very rich? and do they own it all,
The Freshmen and the Sophomores, the teachers and the hall?"
"O no, my child, of course they don't, for surely no man could;
But yet, my love, they think they do, and that is just as good."

"O, mother, if I work real hard and try to do my best,
Might I some day become like them and in such fame be dresst?"
"My child, I dare not look so high; but try to be content
With climbing to a lesser height, why—be the President."

M. N., '12.



Now that the winter months are upon us, it is time for the fellows to get busy on the track and ice. Captain Kelly of the hockey team has issued a call for candidates and ice. He has the candidates but up to the time of going to print, the ice had not put in an appearance. The hockey team this year will be built around Anderson, Kelly, and Rowe, these three being the only regulars left from last year's team. There is good material in the school and if the fellows stay up in studies, a successful season may be looked for.

The locker room is beginning to take on an appearance of activity almost every day at one-thirty. The thud of spiked shoes on the board track is a familiar sound and already the odor of liniment is quite prevalent. The first meet will probably be held some time in January.

On December 5, "Trainer" Carrell called out the "gym" team. This year this acrobatic aggregation intends to get off some hair-raising stunts. Among the candidates for the team are several members of Barnum and Baily's Circus, including the Nixon Bros.; Caproni, the Macaroni-Eater; McNaughton, the man who is stronger than Sandow; Dillon, recently with the "Fortune Hunter;" Dusossoit, and Jouanette.

Here and There in Athletics

Stewart Rowlett, '12, has been elected manager of the track team. Reynold, '13, is assistant manager.

Francis Hann, ex-'11, is captain of the Tech Freshman track team.

Brookline received about four hundred dollars from the Thanksgiving game with Newton. The league games brought us a total of one hundred and sixty-one dollars. This was one of the most successful football seasons in the history of the school.

"Jack" Kelleher was picked for half-back on the Interscholastic football team by the Globe, Herald, Traveler, Record, Post and Journal. The American was the only paper which did not give him the position. For the second team, Fillebrown was the logical choice for center, while Dexter and Macnaughton were given honorable mention.

An independent rifle team has been formed, captained by "Bill" Chandler. Stevens is manager. This team was defeated by Harvard a couple of weeks ago.

Edwin Newton, '14, was elected manager of the hockey team, and Felix Dowsley, '14, assistant manager of the baseball team.

An indoor-track meet with Roxbury Latin School will probably take place the latter part of January. Manager Rowlett is also trying to arrange a meet with Noble and Greenough.

Somerville and Waltham now have new enclosed athletic fields.

Malden is to have one by next season. Is Brookline next?

Alumni Notes

'06. Effie Lewis, who has been acting in Chicago, has recently been married to Eugene Merrill, the manager of the theatre.

'06. The engagement of Miss Gertrude Porter to Mr. Scofield of Dalton, Mass., has been announced.

Ex-'07. Dan Sharp is working for the Standard Oil Co. in Chefoo, China.

'07. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Mason have announced the engagement of their daughter Dorothea to Mr. William Daniels.

'07. Joyce Knowlton is taking the secretarial course at Simmons.

'07. Helen Slagle is attending the Garland Training School.

'07. Helen Wright is assistant athletic director at Miss Winsor's School.

'07. Wellesly Seligman is co-author of the Tech show, "Castles in Spain," which is to be given this year.

'07. Helen Mossman is taking the secretarial course at Simmons College this year.

'07. Charlotte Hudnut gave a very enjoyable theatre party Saturday, December 9, at the "Slim Princess."

'08. Huntington Faxon has completed his course at Harvard, going through in three years. He is now working for the American Soda Fountain Company of Boston.

'08. Harold Rasmussen is working for the Packard Motor Car Company.

'08. Newton Stern finished his course at Harvard in June, completing the four years' work in three. He is now studying at the Harvard Medical School.

'10. Mildred Paige received honorable mention for her scholastic standing during her Freshman year at Wellesley.

'10. Marion Brooks is taking an Arts and Crafts course at B. H. S.

'10. Adelaide Breck won the cup for doubles in the tennis tournament at Bradford Academy.

Ex-'10. The engagement has been announced of Benjamin Dean to Miss Helen Bernard of Brookline.

'10. Madeline Creesy is at Bradford Academy, training for kindergarten work.

'10. Jean Christy is at Wellesley.

'10. Katherine Nordell is at Berlitz studying French.

'10. Ursel Harris is back at B. H. S. taking a course in German.

'11. "Tom" Fessenden has been taken into Chi Phi at M. I. T.

'11. Ronald Crafts is taking a post-graduate at B. H. S.

Ex-'11. Grant Stone has returned from the Philippines and is now living in New York.

'11. Francis Capper played left end on the First Corps Cadets football team Thanksgiving day.

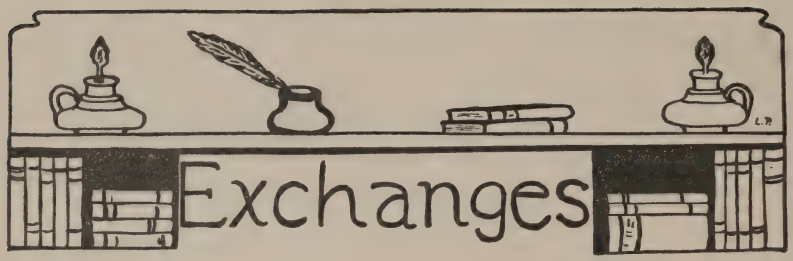
Ex-'11. Ned Howe is at Philips Andover Academy and hopes to be in Yale next year.

'11. Wallace Taylor is working for C. F. Hovey.

Ex-'12. "Squee" Eglee won his S for football at Stone's this fall.

Ex-'13. Marshal Head is at Andover.

Ex-'13. Dorothy Dignowitty is at Allen School for Girls, West Newton.



A Happy and Successful New Year to our exchanges!

"John Marshall Record," Richmond, Va.—Your literary department again deserves credit, but is the story "Why She Kept Thanksgiving" absolutely original? The cuts as a whole could be improved upon, although your athletics heading is good.

"The Jabberwock," Boston, Mass.—We welcome you as a new friend and near neighbor. We like "Dei Iustos Præmiis Adficiunt" very much and also commend the work of your poetesses, but we suggest that your Ridenda department would be better if it contained more jokes taken from school life.

"The Racquet," Portland, Me.—In the "Class of '72" and your Alumni Notes, you have procured a very creditable amount of information concerning your graduates. Why leave out the classes of 1913 and 1915 in your Class Notes?

"The Vexillum," Boston, Mass.—Your football season is well written up, although we do not care for the heading. Your fourth team seems to have made a very good showing.

"The Golden-Rod," Quincy, Mass.—You have done remarkably well to get so many excellent jokes. Aren't some of them, however, a bit too personal? Your cover design could be much improved.

"The Sphinx," Newark, N. J.—"The Plight of Queen Titania" is very amusing; and your cut for School Notes is very clever. Your Exchange Column seems rather brief.

"The Shuttle," High School of Practical Arts, Boston—Your magazine is very artistically gotten up from beginning to end and is very well adapted to your school life. A little more snap in your stories would liven the paper.

"The Megaphone," Franklin, Mass.—You have a very interesting paper. "A Boarding School in Burma" and a "Freshman's Tale" are your best stories, the former being of especial interest to us Americans. Your Alumni News also is deserving of praise.

"The Bulletin," Montclair, N. J.—We like your cover design, which is especially appropriate to this season of the year, but the arrangement of your paper might be changed to advantage. For instance, why not put "Girls' Basketball Prospects" with the rest of the athletics, and the "Orchestra" under School Activities? Alumni Notes seem to be lacking.

"Saint Katharine's Wheel," Davenport, Iowa.—The "Story of an Opera Singer" is interesting.

"The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.—Your paper is wide-awake and full of snap. It is among our best exchanges. Your Wesleyan write-up is exceedingly good in portraying the life at that university. "Sic Volvere Parcas" is very clever.

"The Sanfordian," Redding Ridge, Conn.—Your paper as a whole needs something to brighten it—a funny poem or verse, perhaps.

"The Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.—Your stories are a bit too weird and gruesome. Jokes would liven the magazine.

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In Memoriam

Edward S. Colton, Jr.

January 24, 1912

WE, the students of the Brookline High School, overwhelmed by the sudden death of Edward Swift Colton, Jr., the head of our Commercial Department, take this opportunity of extending our sincere sympathy and condolence to his bereaved wife and children.

Those of us who have been here the longest have remarked with great interest and pride the noticeable progress which our Commercial Department has made under his able supervision and direction.

Those of us, furthermore, who have had the good fortune to know him personally, either through our work under him or through other relations, have come to respect and admire him, not only as a teacher but as a man.

We realize that anything which we may do at this time in our attempt to relieve the grief of his wife and relatives seems almost futile. Yet, since we also grieve for him, we hope that the knowledge of our grief and the expression of our heartfelt sympathy may, in some measure, comfort his bereaved ones.

E. THURSTON CLARKE,
President Senior Class.

W. MERRILL WHITE,
President Junior Class.

DEXTER RICHARDS HUNNEMAN,
President Sophomore Class.

TSUYA MATSUKI,
Vice President Freshman Class.

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XVIII FEBRUARY, 1912 NUMBER 4

Editorials

IT was a cool, crisp day in December. The old Sagamore, like the majority of healthy and normal animals, was enjoying the bracing air while on his semi-annual visit to his former haunts close by our High School. On arriving at his destination about 11.45, he was thunderstruck to see but a hundred boys on the playground and even fewer of the sex which has come into its own this year. The latter were promenading up and down the side-walk or hugging the stone steps, while the former were engaged in an exciting game which the chief enjoyed hugely.

"Ugh!" grunted the last of the famous tribe, wondering whether the others had been lost or stolen, or had simply wandered away. In his perplexity, he determined to seek the small room under the staircase and there to ponder over the disappearance of the boys and girls. He opened the basement door, and then he turned away, disgusted, for cramped up in the heavy, almost stifling air of the basement were the other four hundred-odd students.

"Palefaces will be palefaces," he sniffed scornfully, and returned to his abode.

The old Sagamore is right. Recess is for a purpose, and this purpose is not to stay cooped up inside of the building. Recess is given in order that the pupils may relax their brains and, utterly free from all thoughts of study, enjoy themselves and clear their heads so that they may be fresh for the work which follows the recess. Recess has been abused. Does the individual, by wasting his minutes of relaxation, harm himself? He most certainly does, for if he went out into the open and played, or even just breathed the pure air, he would obtain better results in his studies, make the periods more pleasant and shorter, and, above all, put fresh vigor in his work. Is it not worth while to spend the recess out of doors?

Shakespeare's vocabulary, it is said, comprised many thousands of words; Milton's likewise. Today, the average man uses scarcely as many hundreds. In a language so rich, why should every-day speech be so poor? It is because certain words, particularly adjectives, are overworked, yes, badly overworked. A good thing it would be if some adjectives had unions to enforce reasonable terms of labor upon their employers. There is the word ***dandy,*** for instance, a good Saxon word, worthy of decent care and treatment; but in everyone's mouth it is daily yoked up to nouns without number. A motor trip, if enjoyable, is ***dandy;*** so are the roads over which the car travels; so is the day on which the travelling is done. If not enjoyable, the ride, the roads, and the day are, all alike, ***fierce.*** Learn to cultivate versatility of vocabulary. For the expression of every idea there is always an appropriate word. Find it out and use it. Adjectives furnish the spice of language, and variety is the spice of life.

V. M., '12.

Walter in the Water

TOM HARRIS had just called for his sister Lillian, at the house of her friend, Helen Moore, and they were walking home together in the cool atmosphere of a moonlight night in May.

"Have a good time, Sis?" he asked her.

"Oh! glorious, Tom," she answered, "Helen's cousin is over from New York, and you ought to hear her play the piano. She can play anything from the "Moonlight Sonata" to "Every Little Movement." She's the girl, you know, who was such a fine swimmer at the beach last summer. By the way, Tom, I do so hope you will win the Swimming Cup."

"I don't know, Sis; they say that Becker's a mighty good man. Intimate friend of your friend, I hear."

"My friend? Why, which one do you mean, Tom?"

"Come, Sis, you know well enough whom I mean; why, who was it who called on you last night? With whom are you going to theater tomorrow night, with——"

"Tom, you stop. I think you're just mean. I'm not going to talk to you all the rest of the way home." And she didn't.

* * * * * * *

It was the next evening. They were returning from the theater and were at the transfer station, awaiting a homeward bound car. It was very cosmopolitan, this "they," grammatically, at least, for it was comprised of all three genders.

"She" needs no introduction, as you have met her the previous evening with her brother, "He" was the one jestingly referred to by the aforesaid brother, at the close of the aforesaid evening, while "It,"—well "It" was that obnoxious third person who must spoil the happiness of all would-be-lovers, by accompanying them to theater.

"Let us walk home from here, mother," she was saying "It will be nice along the embankment tonight, and besides it isn't far. You don't mind, do you, Walter?" she added.

"Mind," thought that distracted young man, "mind a few more minutes in her delightful company?" "Of course not," he answered aloud.

When they were halfway across the embankment, a cry for help was suddenly heard. About ten yards out in the water, a man could be seen, struggling violently. A quick kicking off of outer garments, a quicker plunge, and Walter had hold of the unfortunate one who had fallen off the embankment, and was towing him down to the wharf about thirty yards distant. When Walter finally clambered up on the wharf, dragging the victim up after him, who proved to be none the worse from his experience, except for the wetness, Lillian and her mother were there, awaiting them.

"Oh Walter, you were fine," she cried excitedly. Then to the victim: "You must come up to my house and get into some dry clothes of Tom's."

When they reached the house, Tom proved not to be at home, but Mr. Harris decked the victim out in some of Tom's clothes. Walter, meanwhile, having no excuse to remain, and anxious to get into some dry clothes, had left. In a little while the victim departed, thanking the Harrises for their kindness, and promising to send Tom's clothes back by a messenger.

"Did he tell you his name, father?" Lillian asked, when he had left.

"He said his name was Henry Becker, and he was stopping at the Brunswick Hotel," her father replied.

"Henry Becker!" she began to muse, "why that's the famous swimmer who knows Walter so well. How could he be struggling in the water, and why didn't he recognize Walter?"

"Then, suddenly, a thought struck her. At first she could scarcely believe it, but in the end, she could see no other possible explanation.

"They must have arranged that drowning episode between them," she thought, "so Walter could gain favor in my eyes."

She resolved to say nothing to her family, but the next Sunday, when Mr. Walter Harndon called, the maid informed him that Miss Lillian was not at home.

"But I saw her through the window, as I went by," he expostulated.

"Miss Lillian is not at home, sir," was the reply.

He went home wondering.

* * * * * * *

Tom Harris proved victorious over Henry Becker of New York, by inches, and the Swimming Cup was his. In speaking about the race to his sister he remarked:

"Do you know, Sis, that I met the fellow whom Walter pulled out the other night, and who borrowed my suit, and he turned out to be a cousin with the same name of this Becker whom I beat."

Then he wondered at the sudden action of his sister, who, with a little cry of delight, ran to the telephone and called up Main 2324. He would have wondered still more, if he had heard the conversation which followed.

"Hello, is this Walter? This is Lillian. Walter, I have made a horrible mistake about you, and I can never forgive myself. Will you call, tonight?" "Foolish question 4,302,816," came from the other end of the wire.

S. B. K., '13.

Washington's Birthday in the Tropics

There was a good old missionary on a desert isle,
And he preached among a people, black and queer;
But he had a little daughter with an ever sunny smile,
Who always made his troubles disappear.

Now, one February twenty-first, into his hut she ran,
And she told him in a voice more grave than gay,
"To-morrow's Washington's birthday,—don't you think, Papa, my dear,
That we really ought to celebrate the day?"

He replied: "My child, we cannot;" and some natives overheard
(To this desert island had not spread his fame.)
So they asked the little maiden if she'd tell them all about
"The chieftain with the very funny name."

So they sat down in a circle, in a giant palm-tree's shade,
And she told them, in their language strange and queer,
The story of the hero of a land across the seas,
Which the children of that nation love to hear.

Now, that night when all were sleeping, and the silvery moon looked down
On that desert island with a friendly wink,
To the palace of the Big Chief, though 'twas late to make a call,
Came a little baby daughter, black as ink!

And what they called this baby you would never have surmised,
But was suited for a maid of high degree;
"George Washington," they named her, and as such she was baptized,
And it had one good result, as we shall see.

For next day the golden sun arose, and the news spread with the light;
Soon the public square became a dancing hall;
And they danced and sang and shouted through the hours till late at night;—
So they cheered George Washington's birthday after all!

D. F. H., '12

Along the Water Front

IN a certain city where I once lived, I happened—quite by chance, of course—to become acquainted with various members of the police force. Among them was a detective of some renown, who became a good friend of mine; and in many a strange and delicate position have I found myself through accompanying him in the pursuit of his profession.

On this particular occasion of which I am to write, we had arrived at one of those dark, evil-smelling combinations of bar-room and gambling den, which line the streets along the water-front of a large commercial city. It is in such places that one finds samples of all kinds of human derelicts, from the fallen minister to the thief and card-sharp. A thick haze of smoke hung around the dingy oil lamps, which threw a sickly yellow light over the long bar, the rows of black, sinister-looking bottles, the numerous small tables and chairs over which men were sprawled in various stages of intoxication. Some talked loudly with many gestures and a liberal sprinkling of oaths; while others mumbled incoherently or slept in grotesque and fanciful positions. The bar-keeper, a tough-looking person, with a long, livid scar slashing his forehead, lounged across the bar, smoking a long black cigar.

As we entered we were subjected to a brief scrutiny by those nearest the door. We attracted little attention, however, for in such a place, two rough-looking fishermen in tattered oil-skins and "sou' westers" do not attract more than a passing glance. We sauntered up to the bar, ordered drinks, and, taking an empty table in a far corner, were soon apparently deep in earnest conversation; but had our talk been heard by certain parties in the room, we should have reached the "great beyond" in a hasty and conclusive manner; for in places like that men's lives are little valued.

However, be that as it may, it soon became apparent to me that the attention of the room was gradually centering about a table at one side where a game of cards was going on in a quiet manner.

It was that very quietness or rather tenseness of the men that gradually drew all eyes to them. Four men were playing at this table—a hunchback with an ugly face, notorious as a card-sharp, and a young man much the worse for liquor, against two others, a sailor from a man-o'-war in the harbor, and another very noticeable person.

The last named must have been considerably over six feet tall, judging from his position when sitting down, with enormously broad shoulders, a thick, short neck and a round, well-shaped head. He had a thin, bronzed, clear-cut face,—a face full of determination, —with a heavy, square jaw, thin, straight lips and coal black eyes. It was his eyes which attracted my attention in particular. There was something strangely repellent about them, something which was not apparent at first, but which, as I looked, suddenly came to me,—he had no eyebrows. Who could this be? There was only one person in that part of the country who had that peculiar distinction. I gently nudged my companion and looked toward the man.

"That's him," said my friend. "Now the best thing for us to do is to lay low until some of these people clear out."

So we ordered more liquor, which we stealthily poured through a crack in the floor, and after a while we appeared to sleep, following the manner of some of the other occupants of the room.

As we watched our man furtively, the game became more and more exciting; larger and larger grew the stakes. The broad man won steadily; but while the rest grew wild with excitement, he was perfectly calm. Finally the young fellow playing against him leaped to his feet, his drink-inflamed face distorted with anger. With an oath he slammed his cards down on the table.

"Thief!" he screamed. "You——— cheat, take that!" and he aimed a fierce blow at the big man who had not moved a muscle. Now, however, he sprang to his feet with catlike quickness, seized the young fellow, and raising him bodily over his head, hurled him with terrific force against the wall. It all happened so suddenly that there was no time to interfere. In an instant with shouts and fierce imprecations, the others threw themselves upon the big man.

who fought like a panther. Knives flashed and we knew then it was time to act and act quickly. Seizing our chair we jumped into the meleé and began to beat off the man's assailants.

"Police!" yelled someone.

"Out with the lights," roared the bar-keep, who was fighting furiously to restore order. A man smashed the lamps with a club, and the smoke and flames added to the confusion.

Just then something seemed to crush in the back of my head, and, amid beautiful stars and comets flashing around in the darkness, I sank away—down—deep into oblivion. The noise and tumult seemed to come from a great distance above me and finally ceased altogether.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the hospital, two days afterwards, I awoke to find my friend the detective standing over me.

"Did we get him?" I inquired.

"No," he replied, "but we buried what was left of him."

C—, '12.

A Walk in a Strange City

Taking a walk in a foreign city is a sort of contest between the city and the stranger, the object being to see how far it is possible to go without becoming quite lost. In this game, as in any other, "practice makes perfect." That is to say, after some practice, a tourist can take a walk of several miles in a foreign city, and still have a general idea of the way back to his hotel. Naturally, the surest way is to have a map, but often when it is needed most this article is in the pocket of some other coat. Besides, it is inconvenient, to say the least, to have to study carefully several square feet of paper on a windy street corner, and thereby advertise oneself as a helpless traveler, while this process is also certain to amuse the passers-by. It is harder, and therefore more interesting, to do without a map. By keeping in mind the general location of some street-

car line, main street, or high building, and with the aid of a few questions, almost anyone can walk wherever he pleases. This sounds easy, but those questions! It is humiliating to ask a policeman in your best German: "Wo ist die König Strasse?" for example, and then to receive an answer in excellent English. Neither is it enjoyable, on inquiring of a street-car conductor if his car goes to the railroad station, to become the object of a torrent of German and gesticulation, while the other passengers take in the scene, enjoying it to the utmost, and make remarks about "those stupid Americans." Then at last, after several embarrassing minutes, the object of the conductor's wrath discovers that the railroad station is in the opposite direction to that in which the car is going.

Because of the constant recurrence of incidents like these, going about in a foreign city, alone and without a guide-book, is an interesting and ever novel experience. T. D., '13.

The Girls' Debating Club

The third meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held Tuesday, January 9. There was some business to come up before the club; namely, the question of fines for absences, and a decision as to whether the club challenge Newton to a debate? In the former case, it was decided to enforce the law of "ten cent fines" and in the latter, it was unanimously voted that we challenge Newton to a debate to take place some time in March. After these question were settled, several of the girls were called upon to give one-minute speeches. The subjects of these speeches were: "A Lie is Sometimes Justifiable," "Happiness is the True End of All Existence," and "Does the End Justify the Means?" Following these preliminaries, came the debate, the question reading, "Resolved: That secret societies for girls are detrimental to college." Marjory North and Esther Albee upheld the affirmative. Their chief points were that secret societies are detrimental to the character, hurt the college authority, cause undemocratic tendencies, and a downfall of class spirit. Doris Halman and Tsuya Matsuki, who upheld the negative said that societies are not detrimental to the authorities, are not detrimental to the girls who do not belong, are not harmful to those who are members, and do not harm the appearance of the campus. The speakers from the floor were Eleanor Allen, Frances

Hall, Evelyn Fisher, Madeleine Hunt, Muriel Hudnut, Marian Tomlin, Margaret Daniels and Beatrice Allen. Mr. Morris, who acted as both judge and critic, gave his decision to the negative, and the house also supported this side. Mr. Morris in his criticism advised the club to use more statistics. He said that in the debate one side gave bald opinions, and the other an attractive delivery.

The B. H. S. Debating Club

It has been finally decided to hold the interscholastic triangular debate with Somerville and our deadly rival, Newton, on March 8.

On January 11, a debate was held on the subject, "Resolved, That a business career offers more inducements to the young American at the present day than a professional career." White and Lehrburger on the affirmative proved that an income was necessary today and that business provided it, while a professional career did not. They also laid great stress on the fact that professions are overcrowded and cost much money and time. On the negative, Goodnow and Jenks showed that a majority of great men were of a professional career, and that doctors and clergymen controlled a large amount of influence in their communities. Professional men brought about the anti-trust act, and business men spend their lives "chasing the almighty dollar." The speakers from the floor were Morse, Kramer, Hussey, O'Brien, Manning, Dillon, Nordell and Tyler. In the rebuttal, Goodnow and Lehrburger made their arguments too general to be effective. The Rhetorical committee, as judges, voted in favor of the affirmative. The house, disagreeing, voted for the affirmative on the merits of the question and the negative on the delivery of the speakers. Freeman Swett, as critic, summed up the faults of the speakers.

Mr. Nathan H. Dole, a great power in the literary world, gave an exceedingly interesting talk, January 12, on "Getting into Literature." He said that literature was a means of relieving the mind

when under mental strain. He advised sending articles first to the great magazines, leaving the lesser ones as a last resort. His parting words were, "Don't shoot your mouth off but have something to say and say it." *Debaters, take notice!*

Friday, January 9, Mr. Hawkins, who has charge of the employees of Jordan Marsh Co., gave the High School a practical, business-like talk. He told them the qualifications that are necessary for a person who desires a "job." First, he said, always to appear one's best. Next, he showed that a person without a good reputation was a ship without a rudder. He has no chance; and although a slip in honesty may be forgiven, it is seldom forgotten. Again, he advised us to persevere, to refuse to accept the answer "no," and thus to attract the attention of those above us. Finally, he said to look for the position that offers the best opportunities for rising, regardless of pay. The best paid "jobs" are not always the ones which prove best in the end. He ended his talk by telling of the numerous opportunities in the department stores open to enterprising young men. There are countless departments in every store, numberless employees filling positions of trust, and buyers sent to all parts of the world. So persevere and be honest and good fortune will come.

There was a meeting of Le Cercle Gaulois, January 12. Many of the High School pupils attended as they expected to have the great pleasure of hearing Madam de Brienne recite several French poems. They were disappointed, however; and the meeting would have been a failure had not Mr. Brooks promptly filled the breach. He read to the assembled company two very funny English stories, the "Tenor" and the "Sisterly Scheme;" and he ended up by reading "La Chaine de Cou."

A Usual Plaint

I've lent my English book to Jack,
Dick has my writing pad,
I lent my money all to Bill,
(I'll get some more from Dad).
The fellow down in room sixteen
Borrowed my trig till ten;
That beauty sitting in fourteen,
Has got my fountain pen.

Teacher—"I don't wish to hear any more communication. There is still talking in this room."

How could she hear still talking?

Miss L's definition of the three kinds of dancing—graceful, ungraceful and disgraceful.

C-r-y—"May I be excused at one o'clock today?"
Mr. H.—"What reason have you?"
C-r-y—"I have to go to my veterinary."

Madame started out for High School de Brienne, but, alas! all that got here was Rien.

Miss W.—"Why is that sentence wrong?"

D-s.—"You should never use a preposition to end a sentence with."

H-t on a composition wrote: "And then the door went *squeek, squeek, squeek.*" As he misspelled squeak, he had to write each *squeek* fifty times correctly.

"Thank goodness," said H-t, "that the door stopped squeaking."

Miss R.—"What's all that noise back there?"

Pupil—"My book fell overboard."

Miss R.—"Well, haul it in!"

Miss W.—"Miss Mc—, tell us something about Chaucer's childhood."

Miss Mc—.—"Well, he——was—very—good looking."

K-r (translating haltingly)—"And now—it—is—time—to stop." Just then the bell rang.

Miss R.—"I agree with you."

Professor (after a long struggle to get a result)—"Well, now we find that x equals zero."

Student (yawning)—"O gee! all that work for nothing." "Yale Record."

Hockey

The first hockey game of the season, that with Malden, was canceled owing to the lack of ice. On January 6, Brookline went out to Spy Pond and was decisively defeated by the Arlington High School team, 10—0. As our seven had practiced together but twice there was no team work, and this lack was one of the reasons for our defeat. However, Arlington, having one of the best teams in the state, has treated other teams in the same way. The team was composed of: Forwards, Anderson, Lindsay, Comerford, and Emery; cover-point, Rowe; point, Thielscher; goal, Crory. Captain Kelley was unable to play.

B. H. S. 4; RINDGE MANUAL TRAINING 0

The team won its first victory on Wednesday, January 10, at the Cypress Street rink. It was a hard fought game and exceedingly interesting to the spectators. The first half was even, neither team scoring. In the second period, Brookline came back strong, and by clever shooting and team work, scored four goals. Captain Kelley's presence in the game certainly went a long way towards winning the victory for us. Our offense was as follows: Kelley, Anderson, Comerford, and Emery; our defense was the same as last game, Denning replacing Thielscher at point, in the last few minutes of play. The goals were shot by Comerford (2), Anderson and Kelley.

B. H. S. 2; MELROSE 2

The stock of the Brookline High School hockey team jumped up several points after the contest with Melrose, which occurred at the Brookline rink, January 17. Up to this game, Brookline's hockey team was not considered a very formidable aggregation. Now, however, things are different. It took three overtime periods to satisfy all that the two teams were very evenly matched. There was no scoring in the first period. In the second period, "Kid" Anderson carried the puck down the rink and sent it into the cage for a goal. Melrose rallied and Captain Wanamaker tied the score. Neither team scored in the first extra period but in the second, Wanamaker again scored for Melrose. It looked as if Brookline were to be defeated, but the forwards carried the puck into Melrose territory, and several shots at the Melrose goal were made. One of these, made by Anderson, got by the goal-tender and the score was 2—2. Although a third period was played, the score remained the same. The line-up:

Lindsay, Comerford, f.....f, Gately
Anderson, f .....f, Cochrane
Kelley, f.....f, Wolley
Emery, f .....f, Wanamaker
Rowe, c. p. .....c. pBrady
Denning, p.....p. Sterling
Crory, g.....g, Cheissong

Score—B. H. S. 2, Melrose High 2. Goals—Wanamaker (2); Anderson (2). Referee, O'Hearn. Umpires—Belt and Newton. Timers—Lankley and Church. Time—15-minute periods. Attendance—500.

Rifle Club

The outlook for the Rifle Club was at first very gloomy; but through the strenuous efforts of Captain Chandler and Manager Stevens, a fairly good team has been developed from "green" mate-

rial. It was decided by the members to join the Intercity High School Rifle Shooting League under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, as has been done in previous years. In this league are: Deering High School, Portland High School of Portland, Maine; Iowa City High School; DeWitt Clinton High School of New York and others from Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia. Gene Carver, formerly of the High School, now captain of the Harvard rifle team, has been appointed our National Rifle Association judge.

Up to the time of going to press, three matches had been shot, two of which we have won. The first, with Baltimore Polytechnic, was shot Thursday night, January 4, at the Harvard baseball cage. Through some misunderstanding the match did not begin until ten o'clock, and by that time the temperature of the cage was far below freezing, preventing some of the boys from doing their best. However, the team total of 848 won the match by a narrow margin. The men who shot and their scores were: Jenks 92, 90—182; Chandler 86, 87—173; Morse 83, 89—172; Stevens 78, 86—164; Crosby 76. 81—157.

The week following, the "marks" came out, putting two of our best men on probation. Nevertheless, the remainder of the team made a fair showing against the Washington (D. C.) Manual Training School at the home range, on January 11, being defeated by a small margin. Chandler 92, 99—191; Stevens 86, 89—175; Crosby 69, 86—155; Purcell 63, 89—152; Philips 78, 75—153.

By January 16, the first team had been taken from probation, and they met Washington, D. C. Business School on the home range. Our total score of 848 bettered our opponents' by 54 points. Chandler 92, 95—188; Jenks 82, 95—177; Stevens 84, 84—168; Morse 76, 86—162; Philips 78, 75—153.

Every week from now to the end of March there is at least one match; and, barring accidents, our team should give a good account of itself.

Here and There in Athletics

"Oh, you minstrel show!" Everyone turn out for this big time and have the coin pour into the coffers of the B. H. S. A. A. The affair will take place at the Town Hall on February 7, under the supervision of "Cy" Reynolds.

If Cheissong, the Melrose goal tender, had not skated out of his goal, Lindsay would have probably scored the winning point for us. As it was, Lindsay was "laid out" by the husky Melrose player.

Brookline had no trouble defeating Stone School 5—1 in a practice game. We ought to do better if we play them a real game.

It is too bad we cannot be represented by a B. H. S. girls' basket-ball team. Many of the girls are much interested in this branch of athletics.

"Swazy" Jones has helped greatly in developing the track squad, especially the high-jumpers.

Alumni Notes

The first meeting this season of the Brookline High School Club of Harvard was recently held at the rooms of Charles Hann, Holyoke 6. The following officers were chosen: Harry Dunbar, president; Eric P. Stone, vice president; Allan M. Hay, secretary-treasurer; and an entertainment committee consisting of Ralph L. Chandler, chairman; Leonard Wright and Hutcheson Page. The club plans to keep in touch with the affairs of Brookline High School by means of representatives from the club. Last year a silver cup was presented to a member of the graduating class who had attained the highest standard in all-round scholarship and atheltics. The club this year plans to present a similar cup.

At this meeting the following men of the class of 1915 were voted in: S. H. Ballou, C. W. Jenks, C. L. Priest, E. P. Stone, Edwin Smith, H. P. Briggs, S. F. Barker, Carl Morris, and T. E. Murphy.

'03. Harry Le Moyne has been very successful with his sheep ranch in Arizona.

'04. Earle Hobart, Cornell, '08, who has been in China, is soon to return to America. He has been associated with Mr. Reeves, reporting the revolutionists' movements for the United States government.

'04. Carl B. Wetherell is teaching French and English at Morristown School in New Jersey.

05. Mr. and Mrs. James McDonald of Atherton Road, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Herbert L. Smith of Dorchester.

'05. Eugene Allen finishes his study of law at Boston University this year.

'05. Phillips W. Page, our most famous aeronaut, leaves soon for Florida where he expects to make many flights.

'06. Mrs. C. H. Ames, of West Newton, announced on Christmas day, the engagement of her daughter, Katherine, to Mr. Robert H. George of Brookline.

'06. Francis Brewer has charge of the Boston office of Birds' large roofing concern of East Walpole, Mass.

'07. Carl Whittier is an assistant as well as student in the Harvard Business School.

'07. Robert McMillan has charge of the Brockton division of the Standard Oil Co.

'07. Lloyd Cooley is taking post-graduate work at M. I. T.

'07. George Treadwell is putting on the finishing educational touches at Amherst.

'08. William Howe was a "sub" end on the Yale football team this fall, and is the proud possessor of the splendid Eli bulldog mascot.

Ex-'08. Andover '09. George R. Hann is a member of the Yale track team and is on the Yale Record Board.

'10. Hugh Brady, Yale '14, calls New York home now.

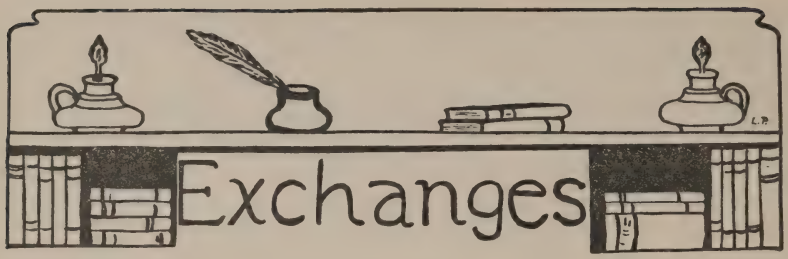
'10. Allan M. Hay is much interested in the Harvard Dramatic Club.

'11. Francis Hann is captain of the Freshman track team at M. I. T.

Ex-'12. Willard Robinson, Dartmouth, 1915, has been taken into the Chi Phi Fraternity at Dartmouth.

Ex-'12. Waldo Farber has left school to go with his father to the Philippines. Major Farber, U. S. A., has gone to join his regiment, the 8th Cavalry, in southeastern Luzon.

Ex-'12. Marguerite Heard is editor-in-chief of "St. Katherine's Wheel," St. Katherine's School, Daverport, Iowa.



"The Vexillum," Volkman School—Your January issue is extremely interesting. The editorials are well written, and among your stories, "Christmas Eve" and "The Judge's Auto" are by far the best. Your only weak department seems to be alumni notes.

"The Dynamo," Newton Tech. High.—Congratulations, "Dynamo," on your first number! Cuts to head your departments and an exchange column would add to your paper, but, of course, we realize not everything can be accomplished at once.

"The Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School—Your literary material is very good.

"The School Life," Melrose High—Printing the school's calendar of events is a very good idea and must be helpful to the students. Your exchange column falls far short of the standard. You give only two schools the benefit of your criticisms, and you make no list of other exchanges received.

"The Megaphone," Dean Academy—Your alumni notes are very extensive.

"The High School Herald," Westfield—"Was it Buddha's Smile?" certainly deserved the prize it received. The "Clippings" are an unusually good collection of bright jokes.

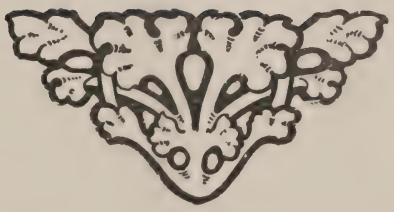
"Keramos," East Liverpool High, Ohio.—Your Christmas number is a great success. The Christmas atmosphere is well kept in mind.

"The Recorder," Winchester High.—Where are your alumni notes? Surely some of your graduates have accomplished deeds worthy to be recorded. We like your editorials.

"The Students' Review," Northampton High—Your exchange column is much too brief.

"The Sanfordian," Sanford School.—The cut for "Town Notes" is well done. Criticisms would improve your exchanges.

"St. Katherine's Wheel," Iowa.—"Chloe's Christmas Gift" is very interesting.



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Volume 18 MARCH, 1912 Number 5

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XVIII MARCH, 1912 NUMBER 5

Editorials

Often we hear some man or woman exclaim, "If I had only taken advantage of the education which was offered to me!" Alas! the moment for seizing this opportunity had long since passed. Let us profit by the experience of others. Let us not believe that the High School is greatly benefited by our distinguished presence, but rather that we go to school in order to learn, and that the High School renders us a great service in condescending to teach people who do not, for the most part, care to be taught. We may think that the teachers enjoy cramming morsels of choice learning down the resisting throats of scholars who do not appreciate the value of the education which is offered to them. Let it be understood that teachers are really human and that this task of forcing knowledge is by no means a pleasant one. Compare ourselves who take our educational facilities as a mere matter of course to the immigrants who, coming from countries where learning is suppressed, starve for a taste of the knowledge which we liken unto castor oil and various other medicines. Let us not become people who in after life bemoan the hours wasted away in foolishness and bewail the loss of an education which might have been ours.

In choosing an Arcadia, the poets and writers have forgotten to mention a school where there were no absences. This is a horrible mistake and should be rectified, for unbroken attendance

means benefits to the scholars, to the teachers, and to the parents. The pupils miss work; the teachers are inconvenienced because the pupils must take up their time in making up the lost recitations; and the parents are much disturbed by the necessity of writing excuses, when they know that their children had no reason to stay at home. Begin on a fresh page and let us make a straight line on the attendance chart.

Years ago, in the city of Edinburgh, a man realized one of the great desires of his life by becoming an important factor in the social world.

The man was a genius, but he was poor. What pleasures his hosts extended to him he could not return.

In a very short time, society wearied of him, and dropped him from its ranks.

The man returned to his native hamlet, broken hearted. His genius was crushed. His life was ruined. The world lost much thereby.

The man was Robert Burns.

And yet, with this terrible example before us, we allow this social evil to creep into our schools, to eat out the very heart of our school spirit, and leave but the hollow and grinning skeleton behind!

The school has its small, select, and rich society, which is perfectly content with itself. The school has its "lions" and its different cliques. These little societies are robbing their school mates of fun, and their school of affection.

D. F. H., '12.

A Visit to the Herald Building

One of the most interesting subjects in the world, a subject about which the majority of us unfortunately know so little, is the newspaper. Exercising, as it does, such a tremendous influence over the people of all countries, especially of these United States, it is almost criminal that the boys and girls of today do not know of the processes by which the great journals are prepared and sent to the millions of readers. Through the courtesy of the Boston *Herald,* the vast workings of a mighty machine were shown from start to finish, and, by means of the information gathered in the course of a Saturday morning, we shall describe our visit to the various departments of a great newspaper.

We entered the Herald Building from Tremont Street and informed one of the young ladies at one of the desks that we were ambassadors from Brookline High School, sent to investigate the workings of a famous daily. She sent us down a flight of stairs to see Mr. R——, who placed us under the guidance of a young man who promised to show us everything worth seeing. How well the latter kept his promise may easily be seen from the account of our journey.

The first pilgrimage was made to the news room, where numerous editors with shears and pencils were cutting from or adding to the news brought in by the reporters. Each editor had his own desk, the principal editors having a sanctorum set aside, while the reporters, though each one had his own desk, were grouped together. Much to our surprise, and, perhaps I might say, disappointment, they seemed as calm as ordinary mortals; that is, with the exception of the sporting editor. The latter sat in his chair puffing away at a cigar, his jaw thrust out, and his feet hidden in a chaotic mass of papers which covered the floor in orderly disarray. Much happier at seeing a real stage newspaper editor we went upstairs to the composing room where the type is set.

We were in luck! The eleven o'clock edition was being prepared and the men were all at work. The type was first set on the

linotype machines. Then the proofs were made, one by one, and sent to the proof readers and back to the editors for correction. Next the type was laid on tables, a "sheet" of type to each table. Tissue paper was laid over the face of the type and over the tissue paper was placed a quarter-inch thickness of leather. Then type, paper, and leather were sent through rollers and afterwards pressed by gigantic presses. Thus the type was imprinted on the tissue paper, which was sent downstairs to the printing room. At this point, mention might be made of the monotype machines which make the "scare heads." These machines work like pianolas; however they produce capital letters instead of notes.

In the printing room, we had our newspaper atmosphere. The white lights made the men look sickly, and, garbed as they were in old and tattered clothes, it seemed as if we had descended into a lower world, a land of mystery, where the pale ghosts of once sturdy men in some magical way produced the daily newspaper. Here all was indeed magical, so swift were the preparations and results. The tissue paper was stuck upon a semi-circular mold of hot lead, thirty-six by twenty-four inches. A lever was pulled. The lead came through the other side of the machine with a page of news imprinted on its surface. One machine scraped it, cooled it, and brushed it. Then it was ready to go to the great printing machine with nine other semi-circles of lead, each weighing seventy pounds. They have two great printing machines at the *Herald* and the two crews are continually striving to see which shall get out its work first. The semi-cylinders were placed on rollers—I should say, a button, just a plain button, was pressed. The wheels and the lathes started into action and commenced to print, fold, and deliver, in the form which we get them, twenty-four thousand newspapers an hour!

We noticed that every once in so often a paper turned. We were told that by a secret process every fiftieth paper jumped out of place, thus saving the trouble of counting, for the newspapers were done up in piles of fifty. Not only did the machine make the

newspapers, but it sent them shooting up on lathes to the mailing department.

When we reached the mailing department, twenty minutes later, we discovered that the papers which we had just seen printed had been wrapped up and sent off ten minutes ago to the various stands and trains. For the papers have a train schedule and they catch certain trains just like passengers. We spent a most enjoyable half hour looking over the old editions of the *Herald*. We also saw the pictorial supplement of the Sunday *Herald*-to-be at 11.06, on Saturday morning. Naturally the subject of printing the pictures interested us. We learned that they were printed in much the same manner as the news, only, being more delicate, the machine made only eight thousand supplements an hour.

From the very beginning we saw the processes by which the paper was made and then sent away to its subscribers, some of whom are traveling in distant countries. Neither pen nor word can describe the impressiveness and the marvels of the setting up of a newspaper. See for yourselves. Go to some great newspaper plant, and, once you have entered, you will believe that unknown to yourselves, you have rubbed some Aladdin's Lamp.

J. H. S., '13.

Hist!

Harold the hero, third assistant cashier of the Tiverton Taws Bank, Tiverton-by-the-Thames, London, England, stood before the venerable cashier of the Tiverton Taws Bank, Tiverton-by-the-Thames, etc. Harold was an earnest, reliable young man, somewhere between the ages of twenty-three and forty-six, and made a fine picture as he stood, respectfully inclining his auditory organs to the words of the venerable cashier of the Tiverton Taws Bank, etc.

"Now I say, my young mawn," the cashier was enunciating, "I hawve a most impawtent missiawn faw you. I hawve heaw in this bally gripsack some two milliawn punds sterling. I desiaw you to

take this sum to Mr. Pretzelwurst, the Americawn millawnaire, who made his fawturne in frawnkfurturs, or heated canines, as they call them in America, don't you know. I awssume that you know he resides at Hotel de Bigtip, Wappingtawn Street, near Billingsgate East. Awm yawself to the teeth. And I say, do you speak that deucéd Americawn?"

"I shawl obey yaw, awders, sir," modestly replied Harold, "and as faw that bally, driveling Americawn, I can speak it pawfectly, like this you know, 'Awg'wanwhatchagivin'usyubigslateyedboob-Ikinspeak'Mericanjustlikedenex'pusson.'"

"Mawvelous! Now awm yawself to the teeth."

In obedience to his superior's orders, Harold the hero armed himself. First he put on a pair of shin guards. These were followed by an ammunition belt around his waist. Down one trouser leg was a dagger; a poniard nestled in its mate; up one sleeve was a stiletto; the other held a machete; his right hand gripped a bolo, and his left grasped an automatic pistol. In one of his pockets he placed a bomb, and in the other a political cigar, the gift of a radical candidate who was standing (N. B., English) for dog catcher. Over his back he slung a Mauser rifle and a fire extinguisher, while around his neck he strapped a spiked dog collar. As a final precaution, he selected a file from the filing cabinet and filed his teeth to a razor edge.

Thus equipped, he strode (N. B., heroes do *not* walk) down the steps of the Tiverton Taws Bank, suit case in hand, out into the chill London fog, and whistled for a cab. As the cabbie drew off with his fare (N. B., there are no passengers in England) a tall, slender form, clad in black, jumped on the rear springs of the carriage and began to twirl his brilliantined mustaches, muttering the while, "Ah ha, Harold, you shall rue this day." (N. B. Please shudder now, 'tis the villain.) I will say for the persevering peruser's benefit, that his name was neither Double-Faced Dick nor Murderous Malachi but simply Charles 'iggins.

Taking out an awl from his pocket, Charley quickly bored a hole through the rear of the cab. Through this hole Charley in-

serted an uncorked bottle of ether. (N. B. Does the light dawn? Hold on, it'll keep on dawning!) Soon the powerful fumes of this medium of great elasticity and extreme tenacity overcame our unwitting hero. Charley then reached in a long skinny hand (N. B. villains always have them), grasped the precious suit case, and dragged it, with the unconscious hero, from the cab, which continued on its way, the driver having imbibed too much aqua vitae.

The villain, pulling his victim into a cellar nearby, waited until Harold should revive, in order to taunt him. To wile away the time he went through our hero's pockets. Eureka! he came upon that solitary representative of the horrible engine of destruction which permanently cripples the opponent's constituency—to wit, the political cigar. Ah ha! Why not a smoke? Lighting the rakish projectile with the fire extinguisher that Harold the hero had thoughtfully provided, he sat down, prepared to enjoy himself at our hero's expense, or rather, at the expense of the aforesaid radical candidate for dog catcher. That is to say, he prepared: soon the reeking weapon dropped from his limp fist and the combined odors of assafoetida, cabbage, and illuminating gas began to assault the atmosphere. These odors quickly revived our hero, who, having a strong constitution, was able to grasp his grip and stagger to the door. Here he stopped, looked through the murk at his expiring enemy and laughed. "Ha ha, Chawley 'iggins, you shall wax yaw mustawche no maw. I, Harold the hero, hawve cawnquered."

At this, he strode out on the street, hailed a 'bus, and departed to Hotel de Bigtip, Wappington Street near Billingsgate East.

Having successfully accomplished his mission, our hero returned to the Tiverton Taws Bank, Tiverton-by-the-Thames, London, England, and was informed that his compensation had been elevated (N. B., *raised* is not refined) three punds eleven shill. six and 'alf pence. As for Charley, he is either brandishing a pitchfork or tuning a harp; which of the two occupations he is following I'm not prepared to state, though I have my suspicions, don't you know.

R. T. Y., '13.

As Told by the Police Reporter

In the Sergeant's room of a New York police station, a policeman in full uniform stood before the desk. At the desk was seated the Captain and at his side the Sergeant. It was easily seen from the half-defiant, half-sullen expression on his face, that the policeman was in serious trouble.

"Sergeant, read the charge against this man," said the Captain.

In a deep sonorous voice the Sergeant read: "You are accused of stealing goods from the store of Jones, Smith & Co., on the night of the sixth of August.

"Are you guilty or not guilty, Officer Brown?"

"Not guilty," answered Brown.

"Will Officer Cronin step forward." With reluctant steps he came.

"Will you testify as to what you saw Policeman Brown doing on the said night."

"When I saw him he had on his back a coil of rope, and the window before him was open. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was returning the rope to its proper place."

"That is sufficient," answered the Captain. "Have you anything to say for yourself, Brown?"

"Nothing," replied the policeman sullenly.

"Then consider yourself under arrest until your trial before the Commissioner of Police." The Captain then departed. As soon as he was out of the door the Sergeant turned to the policeman and said kindly:

"Come now, Patsey, tell the truth about it; I don't believe you are guilty."

"I can't, Sergeant," replied Patsey. "But I swear to you I am innocent."

"Well then, I am afraid I can't do anything for you," said the Sergeant, shaking his head sorrowfully.

Shortly afterwards the Sergeant went out and walked as rap-

idly as his build would allow him towards the store that had been robbed; this store faced on the water front and could easily be approached from the North River. In the course of an hour he returned, covered with slime and wearing a very troubled expression.

The day of the trial arrived; and before the Commissioner, Captain, Sergeant, and other officers, the trial began. After the evidence of the previous trial had been retold, the Commissioner asked if anyone had anything to say:

"Yes, your honor," said Sergeant Dugan; "it was my boy Dickey Dugan that stole the goods."

"No it wasn't either," said Brown, "it was my boy Mickey that did it."

Just then the door opened and an officer appeared dragging along the two boys in question, one by each hand.

"Wait a minute, your honor!" he cried; "these youngsters have got something to say about it!"

"Well, boys, tell your story," said the Commissioner, not unkindly.

"Well it is just this way," began Dickey in the picturesque, if not elegant, vernacular of the East Side, "Me and Mickey are always playin' 'round the store on the wharf, an' one day we saw a couple of men actin' suspiciously, so Mickey here and me decided to watch them; and on the night that Mickey's 'pa' was cotched, he seen Mickey watching the things after the thieves had got scart and run, so he thought Mickey had don it. And the afternoon 'pa' returned all slimy, it was me he had seen watchin' the robbers, so he thought I had done it. For you see we had our boat under the wharf and 'pa' saw it there and he thought it was the robbers', so he fell in tryin' to catch us, for, of course, we didn't want to lose all the fun by telling him about things yet. And just now we told the officer here about the robbers and he and the other cops catched them and they are in the cooler now. I guess that's about all."

For a moment there was a dead silence, then the Commissioner spoke:

"Prisoner discharged, and I suggest that their fathers take these boys home, and first congratulate them, then spank them."

The trial broke up; and when Sergeant Dugan and Policeman Brown were last seen, they were each leading a kicking and squirming youngster by the ear. A. G., '12.

The Top Shelf

They stood wedged in tightly on the topmost shelf of all, in their light green bindings, and with "Sunshine in Among the Leaves" spelled on them in letters of gold. And the little woman in blue, who had published her very first volume of poems, stood still in the big store and looked at them, clasping and unclasping her hands. But nobody in the bustling, bargaining crowd seemed to notice here there,for nobody knew that the little dream-pieces of her own soul were up there between the covers of green and gold. So, when she had looked at them again and again, and rubbed her eyes, with the child-doubt in her mind and the child-joy in her heart, she turned and went briskly down the aisle, just a little figure in blue, going her very own way.

She came back, on many days in many changing weeks, and raised her loving eyes to the topmost shelf. Always the bright row looked back, never had one little book been moved from its place; and by and by the array of them began to hurt, and the wistful gaze saw that clouds of dust had come and dulled the "Sunshine" made by the letters of gold. People went by, glancing casually along the shelves, and the little woman in blue, as she watched them, thought that they looked at her books and said, "Why are *you* never sold, like the books that come and go?" She began to wonder, too, in her queer little way, if the books that were part of her knew and cared. Till at last, one day, she thought of something that made

her laugh with glee—someone should buy a book, in its binding of green and gold!

So the very next day, in a voice that struggled to keep the quiver out, she found herself actually asking to buy one of the books that had waited so long to be bought. And as the salesgirl stood up on tiptoe and took down one of the little volumes from its high shelf, the little woman in blue wanted to scream. Oh, what if the girl should drop the book, and make one of the green edges stubby, or soil some of the beautiful print within, and hurt it, hurt it so! But at last it was carefully dusted off with a black silk apron, and laid on the counter, and the girl was asking, "Will you take it with you, Madam?"

"I will have it sent," said the little woman in blue, "to Mrs. John Lane, 18 Parkview Road, City," and then, as she counted out her change, she wondered if there really *were* such a person and such a place, and smiled. It was *such* a shame that no one else could appreciate the joke that was a secret between the book and herself! But it didn't matter much, and the corners of her mouth turned up in a little puckery quirk as she went away, for at last, *at last,* there was a space on the top shelf!

The salesgirl looked after the little woman in blue with an amused smile, and so did the lady in ermine, who, standing nearby, had been looking over a pile of recent fiction. Then they looked at each other and smiled, but in the smile of the ermine lady there was a question that the salesgirl saw.

"She's been in here, 'most always twice a week," she said, "and every time she's come, she's looked at those books as though her heart would break. And always the same ones,—the green ones there on the top shelf."

"So?" said the lady in ermine, who was one of the most brilliant and influential critics of the day. "I wonder——," and then, "Let me see one, please!"

So it came about that there was a wider space on the top shelf. And an hour later the lady in ermine closed the green covers of the little book, and looked at the publishers' name, and said to herself:

"The work of a soul singing to the sunshine. I wonder why they did not let me know."

And so two months went by, but the little woman in blue, tucked away in a cold little house on a bleak street, never knew that the literary world had taken to itself a new something, a little something in covers of green and gold.

Then one day, just as the trees were getting green and the sun was getting gold and warm, and all the natural life of the city was filled with a wild jubilee of coming spring, the little woman in blue came back to the store. But as she passed through the place where the books were sold, she caught her breath and shut her eyes, dreading to see the brightness of that one top shelf. Quite near her, she heard a salesgirl say, "I'm sorry, sir, but we're all sold out of that." And in absolute unselfishness, the little woman in blue kept her eyes shut for a moment longer, trying to imagine the other author's bliss if he could hear those words and know that all his books in that one store were sold.

Then she opened her eyes. And the first thing that they fell upon was a top shelf, conspicuous in its glaring whiteness beside the other full, vari-colored ones.

The minutes passed, and the sun was very low. And the little woman in blue, whose message had reached the world, stood still in the big store and looked at the empty shelf, clasping and unclasping her hands.

D. F. H., '12.

Flitting Shadows

It was a hot day, a very hot day. I had spent all my money except five cents for carfare home. As luck would have it, whom should I meet but Dot Smith, a very pretty girl, I assure you. She was carrying a heavy shopping bag of which I, of course, kindly relieved her. Yes, she was going home, too, and it would be so nice to have company. Dot chattered gaily on about the latest plays and fashions, while I eagerly drank in every word, occasionally making

a few remarks of my own. I was on the act of asking her a question—when Great Scott, the terrible thought rushed through my cranium that I had but five cents for fares. I couldn't utter a word for a moment. Then I gulped and looked about helplessly in the vague hope of finding another nickel or transfer. If only a friend would pass. Then I heard the clatter of our car and to my imagination it approached lightning.

Soon we stepped aboard and settled down for a refreshing ride. I was not so sure about the refreshing part of it. Judas Priest! ! The conductor was coming along to collect our fares. How I envied the old wash-woman who handed him a dollar. Just then the car came to a stop and who should hop aboard, beside me, but Jack Williams. Usually he is as mischievous as Sam Hill and his eyes twinkled humorously as he greeted us heartily.

I began to shiver, the chills crept up and down my spine as I noted the fact that the conductor was only two seats away. Finally I whispered to Jack, when Dot was admiring the scenery.

"Jack, old boy, say, lend me five cents; I am almost dead broke and haven't enough carfare."

Jack screwed his lips up and whistled softly, as he put on a miserable, dog-gone-it expression, sighed, and shook his head.

"Sorry, Tom, I'm in the same box."

Lucky for me that conductor had a lot of transfers to get rid of.

"For cat's sake, haven't you a spare nickel?"

"Er—er, conductor, j—just w—wait a moment, I—I c—can't seem t—to find my p—purse," I muttered under my breath as I tore through my pockets in the frantic but useless attempt to find a stray nickel. As beads of perspiration began to collect upon my unhappy brow, I noticed that Jack was still taking off his gloves and had not yet paid his own fare. The conductor seemed to take in the beastly situation at a glance for he grinned fiendishly and passed on.

Dot was still either watching the whizzing autos and stumbling horses, or criticizing some new-fangled fad worn by one of the weaker sex. (A characteristic habit of her sex.)

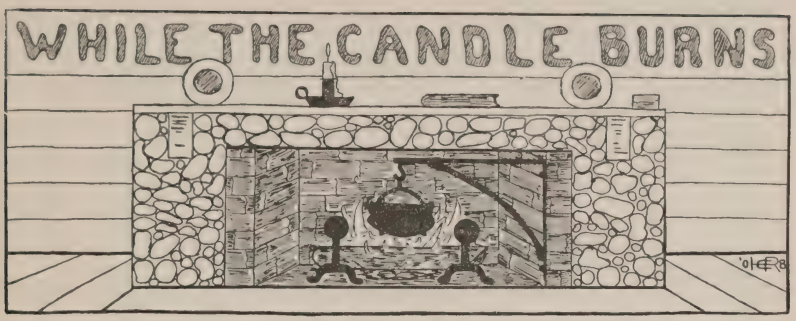
"Tom, don't you feel well or are you grouchy? You're a cat! Sit there as mum as a clam instead of entertaining me with your *brilliant* conversation."

"W—ell you s—ee, Dot, I—I have been studying so—so hard lately th—th— —"

"Confound you, Jack, what the dickens are you snickering at?"

I groaned, the conductor was coming again. I thought if Dot would only take advantage of leap year by insisting on paying the fares. I felt dizzy as I saw the huge, grimy fist of the conductor stuck in my face. I looked helplessly at Jack. He, the wretch, was slowly paying his fare. I heard him say, "One,—THREE!!!" I collapsed in a heap as his angelic voice piped the magic word. He looked up at me, smiled and chuckled softly.

F. R. D., '14.



How to Cure a Cold

Last December my cousin presented me with a gift. Every year I am presented with the same gift by one person or another. Though I tell these people I do not want it, they have no pity for me. The gift is a cold, and the givers are certainly cold-hearted. Throughout the whole winter, it has stuck to me like a bottle of glue, or a stray cat which is black with a white spot on it. Every year I try the "fifty-seven varieties" to find a cure, but it always is the fifty-eighth.

Among these fifty-seven, I have tried lozenges, large and small, fat and lean, thick and thin, long and short, black and white, slippery elm bark, absinthe, syrups, and chloroform mixed with other ingredients. The one that came the nearest to curing me permanently was the chloroform.

Every person who sees me with my cold says something like this: "Why didn't you tell me you had a cold before? Take these pills. Your cold will be gone by morning." The next person who says this will wish he had not.

However, having had so much experience in curing colds, I think the following recipe will do no more harm than the rest:

"Take two finely chopped onions, one of last year's eggs,* a tablespoonful of mustard, and a pound of red pepper. After mixing well, add a little nitro-glycerine, keeping at a safe distance."

*This last may be purchased anywhere.

Take this every half-hour, a teaspoonful at a time. The cold will either take the limited for New York, or will become sick, and die naturally.

Almost Poetry

In bed I was dreaming one morning,
As the clock was striking just eight,
And I knew right then that I surely
Was going to be very late.

So I set everyone in the family
Getting things ready for me;
While I packed my books and had breakfast
Then ran, so as late not to be.

As I came in sight of the school house,
I tried to make one big dive;
But it did no good, I assure you,
For 'twas then almost 8.45.

So up to the office I wandered,
And I certainly felt rather mean,
For I knew Mr. H. would make me
Write for him a great long theme.

By the time I had seen Mr. Hitchcock,
The first two hours were gone,
And as they had both been studies
Which I had depended upon.

O, what would I do in the French class?
And what would I do in Dutch?
Since I had not studied either,
I certainly couldn't know much.

So I might as well tell you right now,
That I failed in my lessons all day;
Just because being late in the morning,
Made everything go the wrong way.

So now I get up before breakfast,
And get to the High School on time;
And that never again will I be late,
I'm willing to bet you a dime. M. N., '12.

An Amateur's Wireless

Jack Rodney lived on Cape Cod, near an old town named Fisherville, about five miles from Wellfleet. He had been interested in electricity since he had first been able to read; hence when wireless telegraphy had been invented he determined on having a station. He had worked hard on his outfit and at last had it completed. One dark, stormy night, when a heavy fog hung low over the ocean, and the rain was coming down in torrents, the operator at Wellfleet, his receivers clapped to his ears, his feet on a table, contentedly smoked his pipe. . . . sounded through his receivers. He was instantly awake, for it was the first letter of the well known call, S. O. S. He listened, but no more dots or dashes reached his delicate instruments. It was probably an amateur practicing, thought he; and with his mind at rest he resumed his peaceful attitude, and continued his smoke.

At the same time, on the same night, Jack Rodney sat in his wireless room, all attention for any message which might come in through the night air. . . . came to his ears very loud; so loud, in fact, that it seemed as though there was another wireless station not fifty yards away. To prove to himself that this was not true, he arose, pulled up the curtain, and looked out the window. What did he see?

Not a hundred yards off shore, sky-rockets were bursting in the air. It was a ship in distress. What could Jack do? It would take an hour to run to town and gather the men. The sea was too high for him to hope to manage an open boat alone. Ah! The wireless, that was it, he would try to get in touch with Wellfleet. He jumped to his table. His hand reached for the key, and the night air is disturbed by " . . . , — — —, . . ., . . . , . . . , . . , . — —, . — —, . — ., ., — . — ., — . —, ., — . ., — — —, . . —., . . —., . . —, . . —., . . , . . . , . . . , etc., etc., etc." The operator at Wellfleet was again awakened as he read the message, "S O. S., ship wrecked off Fisherville." This time he remained awake and immediately his spark-coil cracked out "— — —, — . —." Jack heard the answer, "O. K." and knew that in ten minutes, the life-saving crew would be on the scene and the sinking ship's passengers would be saved.

Coming Events

March 1. Track Meet.
Brookline vs. Lynn.
March 1. Call for baseball candidates.
March 2. B. H. S. Rifle Club
vs. Iowa City High.
March 8. Inter-Scholastic Debate.
Brookline, Newton and Somerville.
March 9. B. H. S. Rifle Club
vs. Morris High.
March 14. Inter-Class Debate.
Seniors vs. Juniors.
March 14. Meeting of Sagamore Board.
March 15. Dual Gym. Meet.
B. H. S vs. Newton.
March 16. B. H. S. Rifle Club
vs. Odgen High.
March 20. Sixth Meeting of
Girls' Debating Club.
March 23. B. H. S. Rifle Club
vs. Portland High.
March 28. Final of Inter-Class Debate.
March 30. B. H. S. Rifle Club
vs. Salt Lake City.
March 30. Dramatics?

On February 16, the school held exercises in the hall in celebration of the centenary of Dickens. Miss Frye, a former teacher of the High School for many years, told the school the story of Dickens' life from the time that he was a poor boy struggling for a living, to his death. As a child, he loved athletics, although he was weak and puny. When he was ten years old, his father, who was very poor, was thrust into a debtor's prison. His entire family accompanied him to this abode and remained with him until he was released. Dickens studied hard in all his spare time, and at fifteen, became a first-class stenographer. Finally, he conceived the idea that he might be capable of writing something himself. He, there-

fore, wrote the first of the sketches by Boz, which was accepted. He did not stop here, but continued his writing, and finally wrote the books that have made him famous: "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Pickwick Papers," etc. Miss Frye went on to tell of his trip to America in 1868, when she was only a school girl; and how she managed to hear him. She said that when he came before the audience, they saw a dapper, elegant, small man with a claret colored waistcoat, velvet collar and big, gold watch-chain. When he spoke, however, this personality was entirely submerged by that of Oliver Twist, poor little David, Dora, and all the other persons that make Dickens' books famous. He could change his personality as easily as another man could change his coat. Following Miss Frye's talk, Mary Morris read a chapter from "David Copperfield," and Freeman Swett read about "Sam Weller's Valentine." Mildred Southwick and Arvin Case were to read also, but the time passed in a miraculous manner; so we hope to hear from them in the near future.

Faculty Hobbies

The word, "Pedagogue," once conveyed to the minds of ignorant youth (even now to some), the name given to a human being, who grinds away eternally, delights in nothing, but testing the solidness in that part of the body called the cranium (not of themselves, but those less learned), and who used seldom to spare the rod. Just to shock some unsuspecting student, are these facts:

Mr. Case defies the law of gravity by means of a small, white sphere, namely a golf ball. Miss Davison delights in bowling and skating. Mr. Bridgeham has led several of our tennis players a merry chase. Miss Hayden could be seen frequently cutting fancy figures in the ice at Brae-Burn. Mr. Brooks, Miss Pease, and Miss Stone pursue agriculture when at leisure. Who would have thought it of the former? Miss Wiswell, Miss Adams, and Miss Marshall are expert mountaineers. Miss Liden, Miss Celina Lewis, and

Mr. Chisholm are deeply interested in aquatic sports. Miss Waldo worships the violin and Miss Bailey the organ. Mr. Packard has a weakness for inventing new machinery. Miss Churchill rides horseback. Miss Ross idolizes music. Mr. Hitchcock feels contented when enticing unsuspecting fish. Mr. Miller has a fad for making jewelry. Miss Spaulding and Miss Everett study drama. (Very dignified expression for attending the theatre.) Mr. Snow frequents abandoned farms. Mr. Miller is also a rival of Miss Rich as a pedestrian. Miss Schwindt's hobby is embroidery. Mr. Carrell is not the least bit fussy. He does everything, swimming and basketball preferred.

The B. H. S. Debating Club

January 25, "Resolved, That Brookline should adopt the School City System for its grammar and lower grades.

Affirmative—Arthur Tyler and Henry Merrill.

Negative—Horace Bickford and Raynold Beikowitz.

Judges Swett, Paine and Hussey unanimously voted in favor of the affirmative.

Critic—Julian Spitz commended the speakers for their good work.

Lehrburger, Kramer, McLaughlin, and Conroy spoke from the floor.

February 15—The first interclass debate took place between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the United States should annex Cuba." The Freshmen had the affirmative represented by Dewey and Homer. Kramer and McLaughlin were the Sophomores on the negative. Dewey and Homer argued that the natives were incapable of governing themselves as they are hot-headed, emotional, and illiterate, the first two characteristics due to their Spanish blood. They then illustrated by numerous incidents. Kramer and McLaughlin on the negative showed that the United States does not want Cuba because

of the expense of fortifying it, and because of its threatened injury to our sugar, tobacco, and fruit markets, as Cuba can compete with our American products with such articles, free of duty. Both Kramer and McLaughlin showed, by their clear-cut speeches, the benefits derived from debating. Merrill, '14, was the only speaker from the floor.

In the rebuttal, both McLaughlin and Dewey refuted some of their opponents' arguments. Mr. Carrell, as judge and critic, urged the boys to take more interest in the club and rendered a decision in favor of the negative.

The Girls' Debating Club

On Tuesday, February 6, the fourth meeting of the Girls' Debating Club took place. Before the regular meeting, the president announced to the club the speakers for the Newton debate, Mary Morris '12, Doris Halman '12, and Eleanor Allen '12. It was agreed that an alternate be elected to take the place of one of these in case of illness. The club voted Madeleine Hunt '13 as alternate. Following this, there was a short, but exciting practice of parliamentary laws. This practice is very good for the girls and helps them to be familiar with technical terms. Next came the regular debate. The question was, "Resolved: That a domestic education is more beneficial to the average girl then a classical education. The affirmative was supported by Margaret Daniels and Marion Lawson. They upheld their argument by stating that a domestic education embodies more the kind of an education that nature intended a girl to have, that to most girls who intend to marry, a domestic education is more beneficial than a classical education, and that a girl with a domesticeducation is better fitted to meet an emergency than one with a classical education.

The negative was supported by Beatrice Allen and Majory Eastman. Their chief points were a comparison of the two educations showing the broadness of the classical and the narrowness of the

domestic; that there are far greater opportunities for a girl to earn her own living and to continue doing so if physically disabled, in the classical education; the ability of a girl to earn her living by a higher occupation, if she has a classical education; finally, the advancement of the age and women's influence in it. The speakers from the floor were Florence Eisenhardt, Muriel Hudnut, Elizabeth MacNaughton, Doris Halman, Madeline Hunt, Esther Albee, Ruth Hudnut, Ruth Southwick, Marian O'Connor, Evelyn Fisher, Nellie Woodward, Mary Mahan, and Dorothy Conklin. The rebuttal for the affirmative was taken by Margaret Daniels and that for the negative, by Beatrice Allen. The vote of the house supported the affirmative; while Miss Bailey, as judge, gave the decision to the negative. Miss Wiswell who most kindly acted as critic, commended the club on its steady improvement. She said that the speeches were well given, with a clear tone and enunciation, and that the short definite sentences that the girls used, brought out their points to good advantage.

The school, through the Sagamore, wishes to extend a greeting of welcome to Miss Emily Everett and Mr. McDonald. The former has been appointed assistant to Miss Spaulding and was a graduate of our school, 1906, and Radcliffe, 1910. The latter is temporarily filling the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Colton.

Harmon Craig has been very ill with the whooping cough.

Mr. Carrell took the part of "Joe Tinker," who was disappointed in love, in "Aunt Polly Basset's Singin' Skewl," given by the B. Y. M. C. A., in Ford Hall, February 1. He was one of those who sang in "Cousin Jedediah."

Andrew Houghton and George Lynch gave a delightful dance in the Riverdale Casino, February 9. Those present enjoyed seventeen dances including a "Moon" and a Leap Year dance.

Miss Waldo of our English department spoke in Fitchburg on oral composition, at a conference of the New England Association of Teachers of English, February 17. This is the second time that Miss

Waldo has spoken on the same subject before a similar body. Her ability in this respect has also been recognized by Ginn & Co. They have asked her to edit the chapters on oral composition in the revised edition of Lockwood and Emerson's Composition and Rhetoric. Oh, well, it is nothing unusual for those connected with our school to do something noteworthy!

The minstrel show, given by the students and alumni of our school, under the management of Cyril Reynolds and his assistant, Harry Hutchinson, was an immense success, both socially and financially. After the expenses, which amounted to $72, were deducted from the amount received, $50 was given to the B. G. A. A., and the remaining $55 to the B. H. A. A. Special features of the entertainment were: Reynolds as "Mutt," Goldberg as "Jeff," and Arvin Case as "Mlle. Merle," a French beauty who sang several soprano solos. Mr. Carrell and "Kid" Mason kept the audience hysterical with laughter. Mr. Cameron of the Brookline gymnasium was interlocutor. Dancing was enjoyed by all after the show, to the music of a school orchestra.

The rules of the department of English at Harvard permit to be exempt from further prescribed English composition, those students in English A, who have done consistently high work throughout the first half year. Under these rules *sixty* men out of a class of about *six hundred* were exempt. Among the sixty are Henry Payson Briggs, Hosea Starr Ballou, Jr., and Cyril Hamlen Jones, all of B. H. S., '11. Mr. Greenough, professor in the English department, wrote a letter of congratulation to Mr. Hitchcock and those who instructed these three Brookline graduates.

On Friday evening, February 9, about fourteen of the High School pupils went on a sleigh-ride party. They all had a very enjoyable time, and returned to Ruth Hudnut's house for refreshments.

Frances Coburn recently gave a dance at her home. Most of those who attended were juniors, with a sprinkling of seniors. All enjoyed themselves heartily.

Hilda Marrett, had a charming party at her home. About twenty-eight attended and spent a pleasant evening in dancing.

The Wakatits held a dance at Dorothy Rhodes' home. About fourteen were present, and they spent a most enjoyable evening.

Ardelle Taylor gave a valentine party to her friends on Friday evening, February 16. The guests played cards and afterwards danced.

On Friday, January 26, Miss Tsuya Matsuki entertained a number of her friends at her home. Those present enjoyed various games, after which refreshments were served.

The seniors held an important class meeting on January 17, in which the class day officers were elected. The results of this meeting are as follows: Chairman of the Class Day Committee, Philip Nordell, and the other members of this committee, Lillian Williamson, Cornelia Mossman, Eralsey Ferguson, and Stewart Rowlett; orator, Mary Morris; ivy orator, Kemerton Dean; historian, Frederick Hussey; prophet, Russell Williams; and prophetess, Florence Eisenhardt. The senior dance committee is composed of "Betty" Bouvé, Nellie Woodward, Esther Richardson, Edward Manning and Alexander Nixon. The dance will be held on April 12. The photograph committee comprises Egbert Jenkinson, chairman; Frances Hall, and George Palmer. It was also decided in a later meeting to have in addition to the prophecy, a class will, the "testator" being decided by competition.

The girls' basketball teams are progressing finely. The girls have now organized a senior and a junior team, which play each other nearly every Friday. The captain of the senior team is Esther Albee. The captain of the junior team is Katharine Davis.

Athletics in this school are now in a very precarious condition. During the last month, Brookline has received what might be termed a "black eye." For the first time in some years, we have turned out a championship hockey team; yet immediately after the Newton game, it was necessary to disband the team. This contest with Newton could hardly be called a game, for it was a pretty bad case of slugging and all-around roughness. However, the rough playing was equal on both teams; the question arises, therefore, why the Newton team was not disbanded also? It would seem to the unprejudiced that if those in authority at Brookline saw fit to disband the team after this game, those at Newton might well have followed suit. The Newton team has, however, kept right on playing. In the future, no Brookline team should ever have to be disbanded; for the fellows should see to it that there is no cause for such action. Just because relations with Newton are somewhat strained, if we are to play them in any sport, that is all the more reason why the fellows should control themselves and conduct themselves as real athletes always do. Pending thorough investigation, the team was disbanded; but now the ban on the team has been lifted. It will play no more games, however, as the season is so far advanced.

Hockey Games

But four games were played last month. The first was with St. Mark's at Southboro, on Monday, January 22. Crory was unable to play that day, and though Denning did his best at goal, three shots got by him. We were only able to cage the puck twice.

English High fell a victim to our snappy crowd on January 26, at the school rink. Our goal was never in danger as the puck was in English territory the entire game.

Triangular League

The first game was played Monday, January 29, at the playground. Though it was snowing hard, the town men cleared the rink in order that the game might be played. It was a walk-away for Brookline, the score being 7 to 1. "Whirlwind" Kelley showed what he could do on skates, and was all over the rink. Ably assisted by Anderson, the pair made six goals between them, the former four, and the latter two. Good team work and clever handling of sticks spelled defeat for Cambridge.

The League championship was won when we defeated Newton 4 to 1. This game played at the playground February 2, was a great contest. Our team, having just finished mid-years, felt fit for anything. The game was rough, and there was some show of temper, not, however, by a Brookline man. Wellman, the Newton goal, deserves great credit for stopping many hard shots, but four got by him. Kelley was again the star of the game, and it was mainly due to him that we won. The B. H. S. team consisted of Kelley, Anderson, Emery, Lindsey, Comerford, Rowe, Thielscher, and Crory.

Track

The newspapers have claimed that our track team has disbanded on account of studies and sickness. The team is not disbanded.

Case will not run for the rest of the season; Spitz is out on account of an injured foot, while Swett is "overwhelmed" with academic work. This takes some of our best men. A call was sent out for candidates, and things now look fairly bright. Fillebrown is developing into a fast man for the 300 and 600? Crory, who is down, expects to be up in time for the Lynn Classical and Lynn English High meet, which comes off at Lynn the 1st of March.

Roxbury, Boston Latin, Brookline Meet

The first indoor meet for our track team was held on January 26, at the Boston Latin School drill hall, Roxbury and Boston Latin Schools being our opponents. It was a most exciting meet and the outcome was in doubt until after the very last event. Boston Latin won the meet with 28 points; Roxbury was second with 25 points, and Brookline was third with 24 points. Rollins of R. L. S. scored the greatest number of points, 13 in all; "Buzz" Nordell was a close second with 11. The star event of the afternoon was the 1,000-yard run. Cusick of B. L. S. was the favorite, but was almost defeated by K. Holden of Roxbury. Holden stuck close to Cusick the entire distance and finished but a stride behind him. Spitz, B. H. S., finished third, putting up a good race all the way. Case, Wyman, Crory, and Ferguson were the other point winners for us. Max Crory jumped 5 feet 2 inches, which was all that was necessary for first place. Ferguson ran a pretty race in the hurdles, winning his heat and getting third in the finals. Rollins beat Wyman in the shot on his last put. The summary:

35-yd. Dash

Final heat—Rollins, R. L. S., 1st; Nordell, B. H. S., 2nd; Saladine, B. L. S., 3rd; Craven, B. L. S., 4th. Time, 4s.

35-yd. Hurdles

Final heat—Nordell, B. H. S., 1st; Brady, B. L. S., 2nd; Ferguson, B. H. S., 3rd; Rollins, R. L. S., 4th. Time, 4 4-5s.

300-yd. Run

Soucy, B. L. S., 1st; Nordell, B. H. S., 2nd; Craven, B. L. S., 3rd; Huy, R. L. S., 4th.

600-yd. Run

Seaver, R. L. S., 1st; Saladine, B. L. S., 2nd; K. Holden, R. L. S., 3rd; Case, B. H. S., 4th. Time 1.41s.

1,000-yd. Run

Cusick, B. L. S., 1st; K. Holden, R. L. S., 2nd; Spitz, B. H. S., 3rd; J. Holden, R. L. S., 4th. Time 2.57 4-5s.

Shot Put

Rollins, R. L. S., 1st; dist. 41 ft. 5 in. Wyman, B. H. S., 2nd; dist. 40 ft. Soucy, B. L. S., 3rd; dist. 37 ft. 5 in. Craven, B. L. S., 4th; dist. 33 ft. 7 in.

High Jump

Crory, B. H. S., 1st; ht. 5 ft. 2 in. Sliney, Rollins and O'Callaghan tied for 2nd.

Swimming Team

A new branch of athletics is gradually creeping into the High Schools of Greater Boston, namely, swimming. Waltham was probably the first school to form a team, and was closely followed by English High and Boston Latin Schools. Brookline adopted this new sport, and is greatly favored by being able to use a tank, which is in every way so adequate and convenient. There are a great many excellent school-boy swimmers in this town, and the prospect for a championship team is very bright. David Church was elected captain and Henry O'Day manager of the team. The first meet was held with Waltham on Saturday night, February 17, at the Free Reading Room pool. Brookline was victorious by a score of 34 to 16. The point winners for B. H. S. were: Jouannette, 1st in diving event; 1st in 50-yd. swim; O'Day 1st in 100-yd. swim; time, 1m. 10 3-5s. Church, 1st in 220-yd. swim; time 3m. 14s; Chandler, 2nd in 220-yd. swim; and 2nd in 100-yd. swim; Green, 3rd in diving. Relay won by B. H. S. (Jouannette, O'Day, Carrollan, and Church.)

Here and There in Athletics

Francis Wyman, '09, is now running for the B. A. A.

"Bill" Howe, who was captain of the Yale Varsity swimming team, has resigned on account of studies.

Charles Hann, '07, who last year played first-base for Harvard, has donated a silver cup, to be called the Barrett-Wendell Cup, to the member of next year's team who has the best average of runs, base-hits, sacrifice-hits, stolen bases, etc.

In a potato race held at the gymnasium on February 8, D. Hunneman, '14, got second place, and Hyde, '13, finished third.

Francis Capper and Eric Stone, running on the Harvard Freshmen relay team, were opponents of Mart Shedden, who was a member of the Yale Freshmen relay team. The Harvard Freshmen won the race without difficulty. Capper and Stone are the two fastest men in the Freshmen class.

The B. H. S. relay team is composed of Hawes, Fillebrown, Goldberg, Morse and Spitz.

The rifle team led for two weeks in the Inter-City match, but has dropped way down, owing to a bad slump in studies.

In the recent town championship contests, Dussosoit won second place in the parallel-bars event Dussosoit was elected captain of the B. H. S. Gym team, with Dowsley as manager.

Oliver Johnstone, jumped 6 ft. 2 1-2 in. in the B. A. A. meet. This feat will probably secure him a place on the American Olympic team, which competes next July at Sweden.

Please call Crory by his newspaper name, "Redoubtable Max."

Brookline, Lynn Classical, Lynn English High School meet on March 1, at Lynn.

Wyman is certainly breaking up things over at the gym.

Those interested in crew are beginning to wake up.

The following have won their B. H. T.: Anderson, Kelley, Comerford, Emery, Lindsey, Rowe, Thielscher, and Crory.

Alumni Notes

'05. Philips Page is making a name for himself in aeronautics.

'05. Frank Robinson, Dartmouth '09, is studying in the architectural department at Harvard.

'06. Miss Emilie Everett, has been elected a tutor in the English department B. H. S. for the remainder of the year.

'07. Junior Aechtler, is agent for the Spalding Athletic Supplies Co., in Duluth, Minn.

'07. Charles Hann, Jr., Harvard '11, is a member of the Lincoln's Inn, a law school club in Cambridge.

'08. Frances A. Carver, Vassar '12, is a member of the hockey team.

'08. William A. Daniels is working for Jordan Marsh & Co.

'09 Florence Newcomb, of 22 Homer Street, was married on January 27 to Frederick Dawson of 133 Boylston Street.

'10. Robert Graham is in the woolen business in New York.

'10. Mr. and Mrs Walter Glidden Webb, of 158 Harvard Street, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Katherine Cecelia, to Albert Thornton Thompson.

Ex.-'10. Katharine Hunt, who is traveling in Europe, has recently been enjoying the winter sports in Switzerland.

'11. "Mart" Sheddan ran on the Yale Freshman relay team.

The following letter was received from one of the alumni, and it will probably be interesting to a large number of the B. H. S. pupils:

"The worst place to build a railroad, that you could find on the American continent," is the opinion expressed a short time ago, by one of the prominent engineers of Canada's latest railroad venture,

the Quebec and Saguenay Railroad. To anyone who has seen any of the work of construction in progress, the characterization seems mild.

The road starts at the city of Quebec and follows the shore line of the River St. Lawrence for a distance of nearly one hundred miles, hugging the face of the lower Laurentian Range, which slopes down to the water's edge from heights of 3,000 feet or more, at an angle of slope which may be anything from 45° to nearly vertical.

From Quebec to St. Joachim, a distance of 40 miles, the road is in actual operation, and from that point to Murray Bay, a further span of 55 miles, 5,000 men are scattered along every few feet of right of way, blasting out "cuts" through the points, and "filling" the bays between. Next year in all probability will see the opening up of another section of 50 miles from Murray Bay to Chicoutimi, a small French village on the Saguenay River, which will be bridged at that point for further extensions.

The ultimate terminus can only be a matter of conjecture, as the company has so far very successfully kept secret the details of its plans.

I arrived early last June at the wharf of Bail St. Paul, mile 59, on my way to the residency of that section to the engineering staff of which I had been assigned. In Quebec, the day before, the chief had said, "Report tomorrow at Residency No. 6, Bail St. Paul." Of course I knew all about it.

The first shock I encountered was the knowledge that Mr. Brook's French was not quite the same thing as "Canadienne." I managed, however, to get a team, the driver of which, relying on what I had told him, namely the word "Residency" repeated several times with rising inflection, much gesturing, and a little of the "purest" Parisian, and drove me twenty miles over roads made by merely cutting and stumping a path six feet wide. About the time that I had bet myself 10 to 1, that the team would break down going back, we left the "rig" and took to the bush trail, which led through five miles of the roughest country I had ever seen, to the camp.

That day introduced me to railroading, and I have been learning the game ever since, and expect to keep on for some time to come.

The first essential was a knowledge of "Canuck," and a smathering of Italian, which I gained, leaving out the other 15 languages, which are spoken by our laborers, as the two former comprise the greater part of the "gang" of "hoes."

Of course the engineering course that I had taken up at college helped, but I soon learned that the application of that small portion of common sense that nature supplied me with, brought much better results than the use of a number of rules. Finally, I learned to keep away from dynamite when a "shot" was being fired.

Of course, where the greater part of the roadway has to be torn out of the solid rock, or even more troublesome hard-pan, a great amount of powder and dynamite is being constantly used. Both forms of explosive, if a reasonable amount of care is used, can be handled safely; but when the shot is being fired, no one is considered a coward who is safely out of the way.

A little over a month after I landed, a big shot of 600 kegs of powder and 100 cases of dynamite was fired in one of the hard-pan cuts. The charge was loaded in pockets along a 90 foot tunnel,—or "kuyute" as it is called—and fired by battery. At this time about twenty of the men were standing at a distance of three hundred yards from the shot, generally considered a safe distance; but one of the charges blew through the tamping, and twelve of the "spectators" were injured more or less, according to the size of the boulder that hit them.

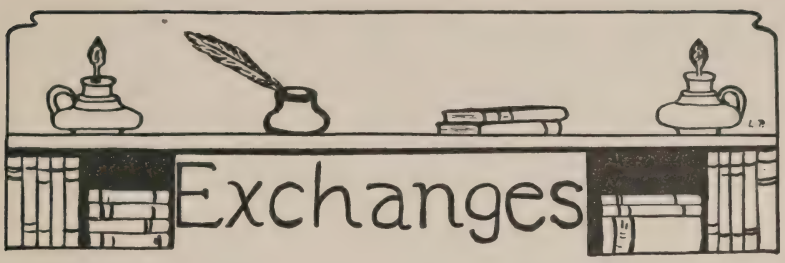
Accidents have happened not only in the case of big shots, but more often with the sample "block hole" or "mud blast." Both are small charges of dynamite used to break rock into sizes suitable for handling. The "block hole" is merely a shot hole drilled in the rock or boulder; and the "mud blast" consists of a few sticks of dynamite laid on top of the rock and held in place by a shovelful of wet clay laid over it. In every case so far, the accidents have been caused either by carelessness in handling the explosive or by foolhardiness on the part of the men.

On account of the excessive quantities of rock and earth being constantly removed, the engineering staff has no envied position, keeping "tabs" on what is happening, and seeing that the contractors get what is coming to them, no more, and, no less.

About this time of year, the work ought to lead even a consumptive on the right path. You get up in the morning and bundle up warm for the trip of twenty yards to the cook house. Unnecessary? No, for you can't walk fast in five feet of snow and the thermometer is around twenty below, with the wind sweeping twenty-five miles across the frozen St. Lawrence; and if you don't walk fast, it means frozen ears, noses, and other things decidedly uncomfortable.

And yet the "habitants" around here say that winter hasn't started yet; and if we expect to work here in January and February it will mean five pair of socks instead of the three pair of heavy woolen ones we now indulge in. Be that as it may we are hoping that this winter will not live up to its reputation.

Geo. C. Kenney, B. H. S., '07.



The "Artisan," Mechanic Arts H. S., Boston—Your January number is very artistic and attractive throughout.

"Green and White," Braintree, Mass.—The size of your paper seems awkward. A smaller magazine is much easier to handle. "If I Knew," in the January number, is an excellent piece of philosophy, but the "Extent of His Daring," in the December issue, is scarcely worthy of print.

"School Life," Melrose, Mass.—Your Junior number shows 1913 to be a very energetic class. A little more literary material would add to the paper.

The "Assembler," Wrentham, Mass.—The "Assembler" presents a very attractive paper. Your cuts are good and your departments well arranged. Your exchanges, however, are too brief.

"The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.—The account of life at Wellesley is very alluring. Your exchange department gives no acknowledgment of other exchanges received. This is necessary, for your friends wish to know if they reached you safely.

"The Bulletin," Montclair, N. J.—Your athletic columns show that basket-ball is thriving, both among the girls, and the boys. "Her Kind," seems misplaced at the end of the magazine.

"The Shuttle" is exceedingly artistic. Other exchanges received are the "Vexillum," "Sphinx," "Racquet," "Dynamo" and the "Harvard Monthly."

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Volume 18 APRIL, 1912 Number 6

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XVIII APRIL, 1912 NUMBER 6

Editorials

IN LOOKING backwards over the events of the preceding months, we have been deeply interested in the rapid strides which the girls are making towards athletics. During the summer and early fall, many of the gentler sex could be seen playing tennis, and when winter put an end to this pastime, skating leaped to the foreground. In addition to this outdoor recreation, the senior and junior girls formed basket-ball teams which, although not allowed to join in interscholastic contests, nevertheless enjoyed games with each other. And now baseball has come into prominence. The forming of a girls' baseball team is no idle jest either. More than eighty feminine adherents of athletics met in Room 8 to talk over and to decide the prospects for a successful year. The boys must now look out for their laurels, for soon the girls will crowd them for honors in baseball, as they have done in other cases. THE SAGAMORE wishes the greatest of success to the girls in their new undertaking.

"The reason for the decline of athletics; that is, prowess in the various branches of sport in the Brookline High School," says a certain Boston newspaper, "lies in the fact that ***ninety-seven*** of the ***one hundred fifty*** boys who attend that school are down in

studies. One can hardly blame Coach Carrell, who has always been a hard and conscientious worker, for not being able to produce teams which are up to the high standards of previous years. The team which represented Brookline at the B. A. A. Interscholastic Track Meet was a disgrace when compared to the performances of past years." This is a rather strong article, but it must needs be forceful to impress upon your minds, fellows, that no matter how good you may be in football, baseball, or track, unless you manage to have a decent percentage in studies, all your athletic ability counts for nothing; and the greater the "star" you are, the more selfish you are to deny your team the chance of winning because of your loss.

Baseball is close at hand; so are outdoor track and crew. Are you going to keep up in your studies, or are you going to slump, and thereby wreck our hopes for teams of championship calibre? The issue rests with you and you alone.

One more championship shield will now rest on our walls. This insignia of merit does not represent a victory of the physical over the physical, but a conquest of the mental by the mental. Both of our debating teams were victorious; the affirmative won at Newton over the orange and black trio, and the negative at Brookline received a unanimous decision over Somerville. These triumphs won for us the championship of the Interscholastic Triangular Debating League. The victory was the result of weeks of careful planning and patient toil. To those six fellows who debated, to Mr. Snow and the other teachers, who so cheerfully gave up their valuable time in order to assist the debaters, to those who managed the affair, and finally to those who in any way, either directly or indirectly, helped to win this championship for us, THE SAGAMORE, in the name of the school, offers congratulations and thanks.

"When I Was Alive"

Young Bobby Greene laid down his book of wondrous hero tales,
That told of finding hidden gold and catching monster whales.
"That book," said he, "is simply great, and thrilled me through and through,
But wait till people hear about the things I'm going to do!
But how in all this wide, wide world can everybody hear?
For though I am quite famous—Oh, I have a grand idea!
That, when my bright career is past, my memory may survive,
I'll write an autobiography called, "When I Was Alive!"
So Bobby, very workmanlike, at once removed his coat,
Then started out with pen and ink, and this is what he wrote:

"First in the hearts of his countrymen,
Bravest of all was he,
And the things he did
Equalled Captain Kidd,
In his life on the swelling sea!

"He started out on a pirate voyage,
But the waves were tossing high;
In the kitchen, then,
Not one of the men
Could find as much as a pie!

"The ship was wrecked on a desert isle;
All the sailors disappeared;
But he alone,
On the rude rocks thrown,
Declared there was naught he feared!

"Two weeks he stayed without food or drink,
On the broiling desert sand,
Till at last on the ground
A paper he found:
'Twas writ in an unknown hand!

"It gave him directions to go and dig,
And he did as he was told;
When his work was through,
There had come to view
An enormous chest of gold!

"The joy he felt with his treasure new
One can hardly attempt to say;
He took the gold
In his handkerchief rolled,
And on the chest he sailed away!

"He landed safe on a peopled land,
The past seemed a dreadful dream!
He was brave and fair,
So they made him there
The Knight of the Golden Gleam!

"But he soon returned to America,
And was welcomed with delight,
Where, as President,
He was quite content,
Till he died one winter's night!"

Then Bobby folded up his tale, and, putting it away,
He pulled his coat and mittens on, and went outdoors to play.

* * * * * * * * *

The days flew by and later on, some thirty years or more,
A minister in his attic found a book of fairy lore.
He turned the pages over, till he came across a tale
Of how a Prince, in search of gold, was swallowed by a whale;
And opposite the page which told about the Prince's dive,
He found a yellow sheet; 'twas headed, "When I Was Alive."
The Reverend Mr. Greene sat down, and, laughing gaily, read
His exploits to the present time, and for several years ahead.
Said he, "With wild adventure, I was doing good to men.—
I think I should have made myself a missionary then!"
The morrow's sermon was not done; he heard the clock strike five,
And went downstairs to write about, "When Moses Was Alive."

D. F. H., '12.

Baseball in the Land of Neptune

One day last summer, I was industriously engaged in fishing for mackerel. Much to my sorrow the sea refused to give up any of its people. After five hours fishing without even feeling a bite, I started to pull up my lines. Suddenly I halted in the midst of my labors. There before me, the waters had parted to allow the placid head of my old friend "Doc" Neptune to appear. The "Doc" was the same as ever. After greeting me cordially he invited me to attend the annual baseball game between "the deep-sea octopi" and "the starfish giants."

"You're on," said I, following him through the divided waters until we descended upon a sandy plain, where the Deep-sea Octopi were already warming up. Not wishing to attract attention, I seated myself in the third base bleachers which were now completely filled. Seeing a small flounder selling score-cards, I called him to me and purchased one.

"How much?"

"Two clam shells."

Luckily I had some bait with me with which I paid the score-boy. Unfolding the card I read the following line-up:

Deep-sea Octopi		Starfish Giants	
1. Herring	7.	Eel	3.
2. Pickerel	8.	Crab	5.
3. Jellyfish	3.	Swordfish	6.
4. Octopus (capt)	2.	Starfish (capt)	1.
5. Cod	9.	Shark	4.
6. Turtle	4.	Lobster	2.
7. Haddock	6.		8.
8. Pike	5.	*Whale	7.
9. Squid	1.		9.

*There were two other fielders, but Whale took up all the space.

Scarcely had I finished reading when the bell-buoy sounded the beginning of the game. Well, as far as baseball goes, the game was a farce. The Starfish was pounded all over the lot by everybody in general, by the rival captain in particular. For an octopus swinging eight bats has a fair chance of not missing the ball.

"Gee!" I muttered, unheard I thought, "I came to see a baseball game not a marathon."

"You did, did you?" grunted an enormous skate. "Well, I'll bet you a clam shell that the Giants will win yet."

"A clam shell?" I laughed. "My, but you're a cheap skate."

The clam audience, terrified at first by the bet, braced up and attempted to look unconcerned. At the same time, in order not to attract attention, they kept as quiet as themselves. Alas! Peace was not theirs. A sneaking young catfish, aching to shave his first whiskers, stole a razor-shelled clam. The game had to be called while a dog fish, trained to be a policeman according to the German method, rescued the stolen goods.

Have you ever seen enraged bleacherites when Detroit is in town and the Georgia Peach is playing old tricks? At their worst, they never had anything on the fish attending this annual struggle. The very bleachers were storming with insults. The umpire was certainly getting his bumps.

"Make another decision like that and I'll bounce a quahaug off your bean!" "Ossifer, take him away, he's loose again!" The umpire wasn't the only one either. The players were also getting theirs good and plenty. "Look at tar heels running down the 'pike'!" "Oh, what a bonehead!" "You've got a sap like a piece of solid condensed ivory!" "They've named a town after you!" "Oh, get a basket!" "Look at the turtle, he's waddling to first!" "The crab doesn't know which way to turn for the ball!" "Wow, what a lobster that catcher is!" "That second base man is some shark!" "Yeough, see that short stop spear the ball!" "If I get you after the game, I'll——"

Just at this time, I decided to leave. The yelling was getting on my nerves and the kind of baseball that was being played reminded me too much of home. "Well," said Neptune as he saw me departing, "some game, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was some game," I answered, "and if you weren't a friend of mine I'd tell you what I thought of it. Why, even the Boston Nationals put up a better game than that exhibition which I just sat through."

"Don't get peeved," quoth Neptune. "You have at least found out where your people obtain their similes and metaphors." Knowing the justice of his words, I brightened up, and after shaking fins with him went back to my launch.

J. H. S., '13.

Two Men

Jake Withington clambered up the steep side of the rocky ridge with slow and painful steps; and, gaining the top, he shaded his haggard face with one hand and gazed long and searchingly over the arid waste before him. The sun blazed down pitilessly and the crumbling rocks and sandy plain swam in a lazy quivering heat, which intensified the fierce passion of his words as he muttered: "An' he brought me to this." Raising one clenched fist above his head, "As there's a God above, I'll get him if I have to comb these ranges from now 'til———" He broke off suddenly and leaped for shelter behind a large rock as a bullet "spat" with vicious force at his side. A thin haze of smoke floated up from behind a rock farther down the slope.

"A close call that," said Jake to himself as he laid out some more cartridges on the rock before him. "Th' son-of-a-gun almost got me; wasn't expectin' him this side o' th' ridge; wonder how he ever missed me."

Then, having carefully examined his rifle, he heaved a sigh of relief.

"I know where the measly critter is anyhow, an' that's better'n sneakin' around this God-forsaken hole expectin' to get daylight let into me over th' top o' every ridge." He listened intently for several minutes.

"I could cert'nly hear him coming over them loose rocks," he said to himself. Then he peered carefully around one side, and seeing a hat-brim appear above the other rock, he fired quickly. The hat sank out of sight. "Wonder if I got him," he thought.

He listened a long while with nerves on edge, but not the slightest sound came to him and by and by he fell to thinking, in a dazed sort of way, of all that had passed before. How he and Joe, friends from boyhood, had come into this wild country with the gold lust upon them; how for six months they had worked with feverish energy, half fed, half clothed, searching from morning till night; and all because of the fantastic tale of an old Indian whom they found dying in his lonely cabin; a tale of a certain canyon in the desert where gold was scattered in the very rocks one walked upon.—— —— ——Then at last the harrowing days of intolerable heat, the utter exhaustion through lack of food began to have their effect and the worst qualities in each man's nature appeared. They both grew morose and silent, answering each other in short, jerky sentences. Small happenings that in everyday life would have appeared insignificant took on a particular meaning for each of them.

Then one night, Jake awoke to find his partner devouring the food that was to last them five days more. With an angry snarl he had leaped to his feet only to find himself looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"I've had about enough o' your infernal company," Joe had said, "an' this here neighborhood aint big enough to hold you 'n' me any longer." There they had parted, each swearing to kill the other on sight.

"What a durned measly thing for two sane fellers t' scrap over," he thought to himself.

"Well, its done now, an' I spose we'll have t' end it some way." He smiled grimly and reached for his canteen. In doing so he brushed some of his cartridges from the rock before him. In replacing them he noticed for the first time the character of the rock. Broad streaks of a dull yellow color ran through it in all directions. He examined it closely; then lay as if turned to stone.

"God," he muttered, passing his hand before his eyes, "the heat's makin' me loony." He looked again and the truth sank into his heat-crazed brain; the gold which they had all the time been searching for lay here under his hand. He could have wept for joy.

"Must tell Joe," he thought and started to his feet——then remembered and dropped back quickly. "Why had Joe not seen him," he wondered. Perhaps after all that first shot of his had told——how slowly the hat had sunk behind the rock!

The thought threw him into a panic. "Kill my own partner; gee, I must a been crazy," he said between clenched teeth. "I'm a goin' to find out if he's there anyway. Joe," he called; 'hello there, pard." He heard a startled exclamation from behind the other rock. "Say Joe, I've had about enough of this business, let's call it off. ————"

"What kind of a bluff are you handin' me?" came in a hoarse voice from behind the rock.

"No bluff, Joe, honest, this is straight. I'm done, an' I'll throw my gun over when you do if you'll say the word."

Two guns pitched over the rocks and landed with a clatter on the opposite sides. Then two men leaped out and strode toward each other. "Look here, Joe,"—— holding out a lump of rock with the gold streaks clearly defined in it. "Well I'll be ——, say Jake, got any water, I'm almost all in."

"Sure, old sport, here's my canteen; gimme somethin' t' eat quick."

K. F. C., '12.

Coming Events

April 10. Preliminary Contest for annual J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking.

April 11. Meeting of Sagamore Board.

April 12. Last Day of Lincoln Contest.

April 12. Base Ball Game.
B. H. S. vs. Woburn.

April 13. B. H. S. Rifle Club.
Members Match.

April 16. Base Ball Game.
B. H. S. vs. Noble & Greenough.

April 19. Sigma Delta Psi Dance.

April 19. Base Ball Game.
B. H. S. vs. Alumni.

April 22. B. H. S. Rifle Club.
Match for Outdoor Medal.

April 24. Base Ball Game.
B. H. S. vs. Harvard Freshmen.

April 26. Base Ball Game.
B. H. S. vs. Roxbury Latin

On Friday, March 1, the school had the great pleasure of having Judge Murray, judge of the Municipal Court of Boston, speak to them. Judge Murray told of some of the experiences that have come to him as a judge. He said, that in one year about 40,000 criminals pass before him. The majority of this number come from good families, but by their careless actions have taken the downward path, ruining the lives of themselves and their families. He said that the parents' influence on the child's life is the most potent of all influences; but even with good parents, many a person goes astray. He also said that a wonderful chance is open to us to make good. We have a fine High School and live in one of the best governed towns in the United States. He added that a clean

atmosphere and a chance like ours mean a great deal and that we should not throw this chance away. He said, "As you are cared well for here, care for yourselves when you go into the world; learn to be kind, sympathetic, and good citizens; and live noble lives under the American flag, the flag of liberty."

Charles Hann, a former student of B. H. S., who is now in Harvard, spoke to us after Judge Murray ended his speech. He explained the competition for the Harvard cup. It is to be given to the boy with the best record in athletics and scholarship. This is to be determined by Mr. Carrell, Mr. Snow and Mr. Hitchcock.

On Wednesday, February 28, there was a meeting of Le Cercle Gaulois. Everyone present enjoyed a very pleasant hour. Madame de Brienne entertained the members by several French recitations and songs. She ended her program by reading Le Mot" and "Le Lac," French poems which were familiar to all present.

On Wednesday, February 28, the chorus that Mr. Cole has been training so carefully, sang at the Town Hall to illustrate Professor Surette's lecture on oratorios. The chorus sang, among others, the "Hallelujah" and the "Amen" choruses. The whole affair was a great success, and Mr. Cole and his chorus deserve high commendation.

Sara Snell gave an informal dance at her house on March 2. About twenty High School pupils attended, and all had a very enjoyable time.

Hark! Ruth Damon, '13, has joined the *Chronicle* staff of High School *boys*.

The subjects for the William H. Lincoln contest this year are: "If" (narrative—humorous or serious); a poem (narrative-descriptive or lyric); "The Sciences in Everyday Life" (exposition or argument); a book review; drama—one act play or an essay on the drama. All essays must be passed in by 1.30, April 12. The prize, a gold medal, will be awarded to the successful author if his or her average in English for the four years is B.

The faculty gave a reception to the pupils of all the ninth grades in Brookline. It gave the *children* a chance to see the buildings and to meet their future teachers.

Mr. K. C. Atticks of Patterson, N. J., has been selected to take Mr. Colton's place.

The B. H. S. Debating Club

Brookline won over Newton and Somerville in the Interscholastic Debating Contest, which took place March 15. We now have permanently in our possession the trophy shield which bears mute testimony to our championship. The question for debate was: "Resolved: That it is impossible to establish a method of arbitration by which international war shall be abolished." Mr. Snow, faculty adviser, should come in for his share of the glory as his untiring efforts and his able advice have brought the standard of our debaters where it now stands. Brookline met Somerville at Brookline, and Newton at Newton, while Newton and Somerville contested in the city of the latter. The debate here was held in Shailer Hall. Mr. Aldrich, Superintendent of Schools, acted as chairman. The judges at this debate were: George H. Browne of the Browne & Nichols School; Charles L. Hanson, Mechanic Arts High School; and Professor W. A. Neilson of Harvard University. They rendered a unanimous decision for Brookline, while at Newton we obtained a two to one decision. Our speakers here were: Robert G. Paine, '13; Thomas D. Derr, '13; and J. Freeman Swett, '13. Those at Newton were: E. Thurston Clarke, '12; Eralsey C. Ferguson, '12; and Julian H. Spitz, '13. Before and after the speaking, the Somerville High Orchestra played two very good selections and during the intermission its Glee Club sang some college songs. Our Mandolin Club also furnished a delighful musical entertainment at Newton.

The Girls' Debating Club

On Tuesday, February 20, the fifth meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held. Those present enjoyed a veery charming musical program before the debate. Ruth Damon sang three flower songs, accompanied on the piano by Irene Murray. Miss Waldo played a "Love Song" on the violin, her accompanist being Florine Williamson. Following these preliminaries came the debate. The question read: "Resolved, That freedom of the press should be curbed." Those on the affirmative were Mary Knowles and Dorothy Rhodes and those on the negative Nellie Woodland and Helen Gilmore. Those participating in speaking from the floor were Evelyn Fisher, Muriel Hudnut, Esther Albee, Sara Snell, and Beatrice Allen. The house decided in favor of the affirmative, and Miss Churchill, as judge and critic, rendered the same decision.

On Tuesday, March 19, the sixth meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held. Before the regular debate, there were several one-minute speeches. The subjects were: "Resolved, That girls in this High School should have a baseball team; and that note writing in study periods is no more allowable than whispering." Following these speeches came the regular debate. The question read: "Resolved, That the Lawrence strike is justifiable." The affirmative was upheld by Mary Warren and Irma Walker, the negative by Helen Husted and Dorothy Conklin. The speakers from the floor were: Esther Albee, Dorothy Rhodes, Tsuya Matsuki, Muriel Hudnut, Miss Waldo, Beatrice Allen, Dorothy Foster, Evelyn Fisher and Ruth Hudnut. Helen Husted of the negative, and Mary Warren of the affirmative took up the rebuttal. The vote of the house went to the affirmative. Mr. Arnold, who most kindly acted as judge and critic, gave his decision to the affirmative.

Unheard of Occurrences

The "no school" bell rung on a stormy day.
An uncorrected recitation in Room 19.
"Lend me a quarter?" "Sure!"
New jokes in Room 10.
A whole team being up in studies.
"Here's that dime you lent me yesterday."

Mr. C.—"Where shall I draw the line? To B or not to B?"
From the rear—"Yes, that is the question."

Miss P. (in biology)—"Yes. I love to dissect myself." Does it hurt, we wonder?

Question in debate—"Is there one case that can't be arbitrated?" Yes, we think there is.

Miss H-k-y—"Oh, won't you please play on your mandolin for me?"
Mandolin enthusiast—"I can't; the D string is broken."
"Well I wouldn't swear about it."

Miss S.—"I would like to have you all read Robert Burns' letters, as you can get a great insight into his life by them."
Miss C-b-n—"Will you please tell me who wrote them?"

III Hist—"Caesar held the office of tribune, praetor, quaestor and centaur."

Miss D. (in shorthand).—"How do you pronounce that syllable, O'P-y?"
Miss K-l-y (answering by mistake).—"Oo."
Miss D.—"Is your name O'P-y?"
Fresh Guy—"Not yet."

Instructor—"Did you filter this?"
Youth (with a sly smile)—"No, I was afraid it couldn't stand the strain."—*Lampoon.*

Jinks—"How are you doing in your studies?"
Binks—"Derriere."
Jinks—"What do you mean?"
Binks—"Behind in French."—*Purple Cow.*

Definitions

Yale—Queen.
Columbia—Peach.
Princeton—Pippin.
Harvard—An undeniable pulchritudinous specimen of the *genus femina.—Jester.*

Wanted

A private room for my knitting.—Caroline Mackey.
An expressman to carry home my books.—Thomas Derr.
Some one to lend me a nickel.—Stanley Potter.

Although the heading of this department of the Sagamore is Athletics, no restriction exists, which states whether the word "athletics" belongs to the boys or to the girls. This month the space in this column is to be divided. This division is owing to the fact that the girls have started a baseball team. This most surprising, but equally interesting, movement is headed by Dorothy Rhodes and Ruth Damon, both 1913. In response to a call for candidates, about eighty promising ones signified their intention to come out for the team. This huge squad (in numbers only) has been greatly cut down by Miss Barnes. Only certain of the girls are eligible to play the "national game." These will probably constitute the first team. Others will be permitted to play "once in a while," but not too strenuously. The game will be played under the same rules which govern the boys' games, with the exception of sliding to bases. This will not be allowed. For a uniform, the girls will probably wear bloomers with blouses similar to the ones worn for gymnasium. It is the idea of the girls to form teams to play one another. No games will be played with outside schools. An effort, however, will be made to arrange for games between the classes. Miss Waldo is to have charge of the team, the eligible candidates of which are as follows: Hilda Marrett, Edith Faxon, Mignon Ryther, M. Southwick, Madeleine Hunt, Ruth Damon, Madeleine Reed, Eleanor Driscoll, Eleanor Carlisle, Katharine Davis, Margaret Daniels, Dorothy Conklin, Dorothy

Amsden, Ruth Felton, Dorothy Lindsay, Edith Driscoll, Ruth Southwick, Gertrude Hickey, Frances Coburn and Elizabeth McNaughton. Well, we wish the girls the greatest of success in their undertaking.

B. H. S. Baseball

After practicing for a couple of weeks in the gym, the squad was at last able to "get out" on March 19. As yet, there has been no hard practice; but hard work is due about April 1. This year's outlook is the best we have had in years. Practically all of last year's team is here; namely: Outfielders, Capt. Kelley, Walizer, and Morse; infielders, Kelleher 3d; Kerr, s. s.; Thielscher, 2d; battery, Denning, Paine, and Rowe, p.; Anderson, c. First base is the only vacant position, but Thielscher will probably be shifted there, leaving second base for some aspiring candidate. Manager Reynolds has arranged the following strong schedule: April 12, Woburn, home; 16, Noble & Greenough, Dexter Field; 19, Alumni, home; 24, Harvard Freshmen, at Cambridge; 26, Roxbury Latin, home; May 1, Malden, at Malden; 4, Dummer Academy, home; 7, Wellesley, at Wellesley; Pomfret, at Pomfret; 14, Stone School, home; 15, English High, home; 18, St. John's Prep., at Danvers; 20, Commerce, home; 24, Cambridge Latin, home (league game); 30, Newton (exhibition game, 10.00 a. m.), at Newton; June 3, Boston College High, home; 7, Newton (league game), at Newton.

Crew

About a month ago, Captain Bentley gave the first call for crew candidates. Nearly thirty fellows responded. The chances for a championship crew this year are not as bright as they have been for the last two or three years, as Bentley is the only man left from the victorious 1911 first boat. Tom Newton, who rowed in the second boat, will fill a place in the first this year. Outside of these two, there are no others who have had much experience in handling a sweep. After the first cut the following were retained:

Birkowitz, Fillebrown, Dusossoit, R. Young, G. De Forest, A. Nixon, T. O'Connor, P. Johnson, T. Newton, S. Dillon, M. Crory, B. Cooley, and E. Phillips; the coxswains are C. Clarke, Kramer, and Jackson. Brookline will not have to compete against as many crack schools as last year, owing to a new school rowing club which has been started by the Union Boat Club, Roxbury Latin; Brown & Nichols, Stone, Volkmann and Noble have joined this new club and will not row under the auspices of the B. A. A. Captain Bentley expects to be on the river by April 1.

Alumni Notes

'02. Hatherly Foster, Jr., has a seat in the Boston Stock Exchange.

'03. Harry Le Moyne has been very successful with his sheep ranch in Arizona.

'10. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glidden Webb have announced the marriage of their daughter, Katherine Cecelia, to Mr. Albert Thornton Thompson. The wedding took place at the bride's home, 158 Harvard Street, on Saturday, March 2, only the immediate family being present.

Ex-10. "Foggy" Ainsworth is a candidate for the freshman baseball team at Yale.

Ex-'10. Hugh Knowlton and Hugh Brady have made the Zeta Psi fraternity at Yale.

Ex-'10. Recent letters from Katherine Hunt affirm the fact that she is having a fine trip abroad. Since February she has visited Lake Geneva, Milan, Venice and Florence. She leaves Gibraltar on April 13, and expects to arrive in New York on April 24.

'10. Alan Hay took part in a play which was given last month by "The Amateurs," entitled "The Adventure of Lady

Ursula." He is also interested in dramatics at Harvard.

Ex-'11. Potter Trainor played on the Harvard freshman hockey team.

'11. Eric Stone and Francis Capper ran on the freshman relay team, which defeated the Yale freshmen last month. Mart Shedden was on the Yale team.

'11. Francis Capper, Francis Wyman and Eugene Carver, all members of the First Corps Cadets, were called to Lawrence during the strike.

'11. Frances Bouvé gave a small, but very delightful subscription dance at the Riverdale Casino last month.

'11. The work of the graduates of the B. H. S. in college is always of the highest class. Among the few members of this year's Freshmen class at Harvard to be exempt from English because of high standing are Cyril Jones, Henry Briggs, and H. Starr Ballou, Jr.

Ex-'12. Meriam Clements is now living at Meeting House Hill, Dorchester.

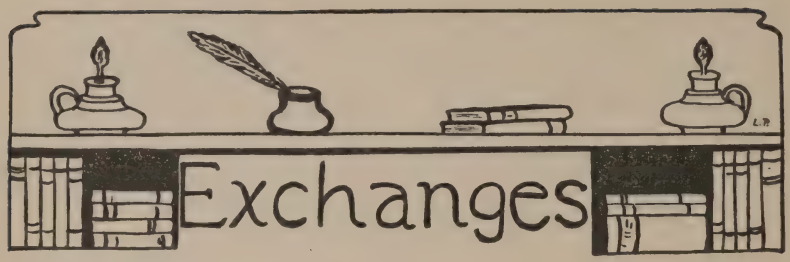
Ex-'12. Raymond Holland is attending Stone School.

Ex-'12. Ewald Walker is in San Francisco engaged in the railroad business.

Ex-'14. Fred Crory has left school and is in the employ of Jordan Marsh Company.

Ex-?. "Kid" Mason has deserted B. H. S. for good and is working in San Francisco, California.

BASS' LOTION FOR ROUGH SKIN



Wake up, "Green and White," and get a little more spark into your paper! You fall short of the standard. If your amount of poetry were cut down and an alumni column substituted in its place, the paper would be vastly improved. We are glad to see an exchange department has been started.

Your editorials are well written and interesting, "High School Herald," but would your exchange editors mind acknowledging the receipt of the "Sagamore"? This is all we ask, although, of course, we should not mind a criticism once in a while.

We are glad to welcome your first visit, "Papyrus." Your departments are well arranged and well developed, especially the exchanges. However, wasn't the alumni column a bit neglected?

The "Sanfordian" deserves credit for its large number of Alumni notes. The trips to Switzerland, of which an account is given, sound very inviting.

We read the "Artisan" with great interest. "Recent Mechanical Inventions" are especially interesting and particularly fitting for the paper of a mechanical school.

"St. Katharine's Wheel"—School notes is decidedly your best department. The serial story, "A Midsummer Night's Adventure," promises excitement. As a whole, your paper lacks snap.

We also wish to thank the "Megaphone," "Jabberwock," "Keramos," "Harvard Monthly," and "Yale Record" for issues received.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XVIII MAY, 1912 NUMBER 7

Editorials

WE HAVE just passed the last turn and are now on the home stretch. Before us lies the straightaway and in the near distance the red tape is faintly visible across the finish line. It is only one steady pace and the race is over. Let us all dig our spikes a little harder into the cinder path, pull our faltering strides together, and make an ending worthy of ourselves—complete this school year in one last grand spurt!

Many noted men of the large universities and colleges in this country condemn intercollegiate and interscholastic competition and commend interclass contests. Here, in our school, the tendency towards interscholastic sports has been most marked, much to the deterioration of interclass games. While not objecting to the former, we are convinced that it does not offer recreation to many, whereas the latter does. The benefits derived from interschool contests go to very few because not so many men can make the teams which represent the school. On the other hand, a great number of fellows who do not feel that they have the ability to make the varsity would come out for class sports if the opportunity

were given. This would not only promote general physical improvement but it would also provide material on which the "big" teams could draw in case of need.

This opportunity is about to be presented, in the shape of an interclass track meet, in which each class must have five men in each event. Gold, silver and bronze medals are to go to the winners of the first three places in each event, but the average of all five men from each class is to be taken in order to decide which class shall have the silver cup for the championship. This means that everybody will have a chance; and it also means that every boy must stand by his class and come out to do his best! In order to make these games a success, all must lend a hand, especially the members of the lower classes upon whom rests the work of carrying on in the future what has been done in the past.

With this May number, the regular issues of the Sagamore for this year become a thing of the past. We have endeavored to get out a paper worthy of the school. How well we have succeeded, each one must judge for himself. Although we consider that our stories were better on the whole than those of preceding years, we feel sure that they could have been much improved on if some of the extremely clever people in this school had contributed towards our literary department. We hope that next year the Sagamore will receive even greater support from the members of the four classes than it has this year.

The competition for positions on the Sagamore board should bring out everybody who has any interest whatsoever in literary or magazine work. As a friendly tip to everyone, we advise not to wait until returning to studies in September, but to do a little writing over the summer vacation. We would like the competition to be even more of a success next year than it was this. And the only way to bring about the required result is in the often repeated words, "Come on out, everybody, you don't know what you can do until you have tried."

The Double Steal

A GROUP of men were having their after dinner smoke at the club, "cussing and discussing" the business aspect and the recent events of interest, when their conversation turned to the great robbery of Lowell, Bernard's jewelry store.

"Mighty lucky it wasn't your store, Ed," said one of the men. "It would be a pretty penny taken from the fixing of Eleanor's new home."

"That's a fact," replied Mr. Moore of Moore and Nichols, jewelers, "and I guess Dick here thinks so too."

Dick was the successful suitor of Eleanor Moore's hand, and, strange as it may seem, was on excellent terms with his father-in-law-to-be.

"Right O!" responded that youth with emphasis, and then more seriously, "but really, Mr. Moore, (he had not reached the "father" stage yet) I should think sneak thieves could get away with a number of small articles, where so many are on top of the counters. Haven't you ever had any losses in that way?"

"Never, my dear boy (in a superior tone.) It is next to impossible with a detective system like ours."

"Pooh! I bet a clever thief could get around your old detective system. You better not be making boasts like that, unless you rap on wood, or you'll be missing something some day."

"If you think our detectives are so poor, young man, why don't you test their ability some time, and see what happens?" jokingly suggested Mr. Moore.

"Thanks awfully, sir, maybe I will." And there the matter dropped, at least as far as Mr. Moore was concerned. But youth breeds mischief, and Dick was seized with a wild desire to prove his point and have the laugh on his future father-in-law. Accordingly, he confided his plans to Eleanor, who, after much persuading, agreed to be an accomplice.

On a day a few weeks after the talk at the club, Dick entered Moore and Nichols' and asked to look at solitaire diamond rings. The clerk, for Dick was well-known in the store, produced the tray for inspection. After much examination, he selected one which he asked to be laid aside, until Eleanor should see it. While the clerk's back was turned, he slipped a ring from the tray. A moment later, he was about to leave the store, when he was stopped by one of the employees.

"Excuse me, sir, but a very valuable diamond ring has been found missing from the tray, and orders have been given that no one shall leave the store until searched."

"That's perfectly all right. Of course I'm willing to be searched, but get busy for I'm in a hurry."

Just then Mr. Moore himself came up.

"Of course, it's all foolishness to search you, Dick, but it has to be done for appearances. You understand?"

"Surely, it doesn't trouble me," answered Dick lightly.

The searchers could find nothing of importance on him, with the possible exception of a little piece of ribbon and a photograph which I suppose would rank as important in the owner's mind, at least. Search of the other patrons also proved useless, and great excitement prevailed.

The following day Eleanor visited the same counter to inspect the ring, but decided not to take it after all.

That night Mr. Moore was in his den reading the evening paper when there was a knock on the door. In answer to his invitation in walked Eleanor and Dick with radiant faces.

"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Sunny Jim. Anything I can do for you?"

"I just thought I'd show you my ring, daddy," replied Mrs. Sunny Jim, holding her hand toward her father. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"It's a stunner, my dear," her father agreed, and then, examining it more carefully "why, it has a platinum setting!

It was the only one in the store. Dick, where did you get hold of the stolen ring?"

The pair were bubbling with laughter. "It's a good joke on you, sir," laughed Dick. "Do you remember that night at the club, when we were discussing the Lowell, Bernard robbery and when I suggested the possibility of loss by sneak thieves how you scorned it and boasted of your detective system?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you remember that your closing remark was a special invitation to test that system?"

"Yes, yes ; but out with it, young rascal. What are you driving at?"

"Well, that invitation was so tempting that I couldn't resist ; so when I was looking over the diamond tray yesterday, I slipped one from the tray and stuck it to some gum on the under ledge of the counter. 'Fraid I couldn't go into that kind of business regularly even to work a joke. My! if I didn't feel mean and sneaky. Of course all your searching failed to produce it."

"And don't you see, father, I went in today and collected it," broke in Eleanor.

Mr. Moore was laughing heartily.

"Strikes me a funny way to deliver an engagement ring. Thank goodness, there aren't many thieves as clever as you, Dickums. First you rob me of my daughter, and then you steal her engagement ring. Pretty hard on me, I should say."

M. H., '13.

Mickey to Jimmy

Wot! You ain't never bin to de Grand Op'ry House! Aw, Jimmy, you'd orter go onct. I bin there lots, onct before last night. And gee, but dat was a great show! De name of it was Belinda de Beautiful Boilermaker's Daughter. You'd orter seen de goil what almost got killed by a saw! I had a great seat and could see de whole business. I paid fifteen cents and sat in de gallery.

You know, dere was two guys what fell in love wid one goil, and o' course der was sumpin' doin'. De name of de hee-ro was Clarence Fitzgerald. Ain't dat a monicker do'? De villun was Harold Cavanaugh. I cud a just handed dat Cavanaugh feller one, do. He was always buttin' in at de time when de hee-ro was goin' to ask Belinda to marry him. De villun knew dat Belinda would never be Mrs. Cavanaugh, so he wanted to get revenge. Gee but it was excitin'! De villun pushed de hee-ro over a prec—pres—over a cliff and beat it after Belinda. He said dat Clarence had been chased out o' de country by de cops for swindlin' some old rube. Now whatcher tink o' dat! All de guys 'roun' me began trowin' tings when he got dat off. Us fellers would liked to a got hold of Harold for about ten minutes. Wouldn't we 'a' done sumpin' to date guy do? Well, Belinda began to cry and wouldn't believe what de villun said. Then he asked her to marry him 'n' she said no. She luv'd Clarence. Und denn, he grabbed Belinda, 'n stuffed sumpin' in' her mouth so she couldn't yell, 'n' carried her to a old mill what was closed up. Denn he opened de door of de mill, went inside, 'n' tied Belinda to a board what was just underneath a big round saw with big teeth. He turned a lever o' some kind, 'n' de saw began to cut into de board. It was comin' right for de goil's head. We all began to hiss and stamp, we go so noivous. 'N' what d' you tink de villun did? He jis stood dere und laffed. De saw was makin' a awful buzzin' and was almost up to Belinda's head, when der was a bang on de door of de mill, 'n' in rushed Clarence. He was all bloody and covered wit dirt, 'n' his clo's was all torn. De villun

yelled, "Coises, I t'ought I had killed him!" Clarence beat it straight for de saw, 'n' turned back de lever, 'n' stopped it. Denn widout lookin' at Belinda, he grabbed de villun roun' de t'roat 'n' almos' choked him to death. Denn he tied him up wid ropes. After dat he cut de ropes off de goil, and she stood up 'n' put her arms around his neck. Clarence told Belinda dat Harold Cavanaugh'd pushed him over a cliff. As he was fallin', he grabbed a branch 'n' pulled hisself up to de top after a hard struggle. Denn he asked her again to marry him, 'n' she said "dis is so sudden," 'n' denn de coitin went down.

Gee, Jimmy, but dat was a great show! R. A. W., '12.

That Motor Boat

LET it be said, lenient victim, that no motor boat owner will describe the trials and troubles of his craft when in good company or in the presence of ladies. (N. B. This looks like a slur at the ladies, but it isn't.) That is to say, peaceable peruser, that as the aforesaid owner can only express himself clearly and directly, he leaves the ins and outs of circumlocutory soaring to the unhappy and unoffending writer. Now for the trials and troubles. Hardly has the boat started away than the engine begins to splutter and miss and then stops dead. It is now evident, that, benevolent and kindly gasoline vendor, laboring under the impression that his gasoline was thirsty, gave it a long, cooling drink to ease his conscience. The disgusted owner rows back to the wharf for fresh gasoline, punctuating each stroke with vari-colored expletives. Having refilled his tank with better (?) gasoline, again he essays forth. Chugging horribly, the noisy engine starts, and the boat darts away at a speed of about four miles an hour. The crew, helmsman, and engineer busies himself with an oil can. With utmost impartiality he floods all parts of the engine, not forgetting the commuter or commutator, that revolving piece of metal that sends the oil back into the oiler's face. The next time the engine takes a vacation, it stops some five miles from land with an asthmatic wheeze and cough. (N.B. I don't mean the land wheezed and coughed.) The aforesaid crew, helmsman and engineer takes the engine to pieces, and then, forgetting how to put it together again, is compelled to row his unwieldy craft to land some miles away.

Moral: 'ware the wily, wallowing motor boat which wiggles through the watery waves.

If we are ever going to win another championship base-ball banner, this is the year we are going to do it. Last year we almost had the championship of the League won when——well, something happened. The banner now reposes on one of the walls of the Newton High School. Practically all of last year's team will play this year. First base, the weakest position on the 1911 team will be covered by a new man. The rest of the team played last year. There are several heavy hitters and these are always useful for breaking up games.

The crew outlook, while at first rather gloomy, has taken on a brighter aspect. Newspapers credit us with having about the best, smoothest-working "four" on the river. The Cambridge boat having three veterans will be our strongest rival.

BASEBALL

The baseball season for 1912 at Brookline was opened on Friday, April 15. The attendance at this game was not very good as the weather was poor. The last seven innings were played in the pouring rain.

Woburn 2, Brookline 5

It looked as if Woburn were going to administer a defeat to us until the third inning. The first two men at bat secured doubles off Harry Denning and things did look bad. Denning tightened up, however, and heavy hitting by Kelley, Anderson and Thielscher pounded out five runs for us, which were sufficient to win the game. The Brookline line-up in this game, and as it will probably be during the rest of the season was: Walizer, c. f.; Morse, r. f.; Kelley, l. f.; Anderson, c.; Kelleher, 3d b.; Thielscher, 2d b.; Kerr, s.s.; Rowe, 1st b.; Denning, p.

Noble & Greenough 0, Brookline 6

A new twirler in the person of Comerford was found in this game, which was played Tuesday, April 16, at Dexter Field. As may be seen by the score, Charlie had things pretty much his own way. He had a tendency, however, to pass too many men. Three free passes in one inning were issued. However, the team gave good support and Noble was unable to score. Kerr and Morse played but three and two innings, respectively, their places being taken by Paine and Kendrick. Gleason played in place of Kelley, who is down in studies. Kelley will most likely be up by next month.

Crew

Since the first of April the boys have been working out on the river and are slowly but surely getting into shape for the regatta to be held the first part of June. The following were taken out on the river: Bentley, Cooley, Crory, Dussosoit, G. De Forest, Dillon, R. Berkowitz, Fillebrown, Nixon and Young. The coxswains are C. Clarke, Jackson and Stewart For the past two weeks the first boat has been composed of Capt. Bentley, stroke; Cooley and Crory, No. 3; Phillips, No. 2; Newton, bow; Clarke, cox. The second boat is as follows: Dillon and Crory, stroke; Dusossoit, No. 3; Berkowitz, No. 2; Fillebrown, bow. Any of those in the sec-

ond boat, however, are liable to be displaced before the race by Nixon, Young or De Forest.

Cambridge has the heaviest crew on the river, Brookline being second in weight. Among the second boats, Brookline has the huskiest. In frequent practice races, the first boat has been unable to leave the second behind. A repetition of last year's victory is looked for. Perhaps both boats will come home winners.

Girls' Baseball Team

The girls are now organized and have chosen Edith Faxon, '12, for manager and umpire(ess). Miss Churchill has picked out team A as follows: Mignon Ryther, p.; Elizabeth Walsh, c.; C. Sullivan, 1st b.; M. Southwick, 2d b.; Marion Cook, 3d b.; R. Damon, s.s.; M. Hicks, r.f.; Dorothy Russell, c.f.; Dorothy Wiggin, l.f. The first game was played on Tuesday, April 23, at the Lawrence School Playground. As the Sagamore went to press on the 21st, the result of the game will appear in the graduation number.

Here and There in Athletics

Three of the Brookline alumni, now at Harvard, were out on the river as coxswains of Harvard shells. They were Alan Hay, varsity cox; Eric Stone and Elmer Newton, freshmen cox.

Donald Perin, 1911, has been rowing No. 6 in the Tech. Varsity boat all spring.

The swimming meet with Winthrop High, which was to be held on Thursday, April 18, was canceled. Owing to the rain, the Winthrop team feared getting wet.

The Alumni-Brookline High game scheduled for the morning of April 19 was canceled because of rain.

Manager Reynolds has some job chasing the baseballs that go over near the railroad tracks.

Ferguson has been elected captain of the Senior Track team.

Miss Edna McCutheon entertained numerous girl friends with a very enjoyable tea and card party at her home April 2. The affair was given especially for her friend Miss Dorothy Walker of Pittsburg.

On the morning of March 23, Kemerton Dean, Stewart Rowlett and Horace Bickford arrived at Harvard Square shortly before *five* o'clock and waited for the new subway to open. They joined the *"free-for-all"* rush for the first car.

"Redoubtable" Crory took part in an interesting farce entitled "Tommy's Wife" at Beacon Hall, April 13. Max, as a French fencing master, kept the audience hysterical with laughter.

Flo Dusossoit, our crack gymnast, will be the physical instructor of Camp Moosehead, Moosehead Lake, Maine. This is a *boys'* camp.

A Boys' Drawing Club has been started by seven youths of artistic temperament. They claim that as a club, their drawings will be more fairly criticized, and that it will afford a chance for the club's members to advance. The officers are as follows: Homer M. Snow, '14, president; Hoyt Sherman, '14, secretary; Carl Jonsson, '14, treasurer. It has been arranged to have Mr. Walker of the Boston Art Museum Hall address the club on various subjects.

The fellows will begin by making sketches from a cast and later they hope to engage a professional model.

The Brookline Technology Club, also known as the "Mitten," gave a dinner April 13 to the prospective Technology students at High. After dinner Mr. Hitchcock, Mr. Packard and Mr. Case spoke before the club. Mr. Hitchcock spoke of the work being done at the High School, and praised our boys of the technical course in their Senior year. "But," he said, "they are *the most curious set of creatures* during the Freshman and Sophomore years."

Mr. Louis Bell, a graduate of the Devotion Grammar School in Brookline and now a student at Newton High, presented on April 12, to our victorious Triangular Debating team, the hard-fought for shield. He is president of the Triangular Debating League. Many of our students here remember him as a schoolmate in the grammar school.

The Freshman-Sophomore debate took place on Tuesday, April 9. The subject for debate read: "Resolved, That the United States should have a free passage through the Panama Canal." The affirmative was upheld by Marjory North and Marian Tomlin. They supported their side by the following arguments: The enormous sums that the United States has spent on the canal and its effect on the commerce of the United States. The negative was taken by Alice Stewart and Marian O'Connor and they put forth the following points: The United States should not have a free passage through the canal because the treaty with Great Britain would be broken; free passage would not be fair to other nations; the canal must be made to pay; and it would maintain peace. The house voted for the affirmative while Miss Rich, as judge and critic, gave her decision to the negative, or rather the Sophomores. The speakers from the floor were Margaret Daniels, Nellie Woodward, Muriel Hudnut, Beatrice Allen, Frances Hall, and Miss Walker.

On Friday evening, March 29, the High School held its twelfth annual dramatics. The affair was even a greater success than usual, and although the play was open two nights to spectators,

the hall was crowded to its doors. Two plays were presented, the first being a college farce, "The Late Mr. Rollins," and the second, a "Pair of Spectacles." The characters of the farce were.

Stuart Rollins, a guest from Williams College..Russell Williams, '12
Frederic MacGregor, an Amherst junior....Radcliffe Stevens, '13
John Morris, another.....Edward Manning, '12
Harry Williams, same.....Kemerton Dean, '12
Mrs. MacGregor, Fred's mother.....Mary Morris, '12
Miss Bessie Bent, a "cold-souled" maiden.....Edith Faxon, '12
Miss Amy Terry, not.....Katharine Davis, '13
Miss Clara Burrows, a guest from Smith.....Dorothy Rhodes, '13
Miss Mary Weller, another.....Elizabeth Bouvé, '12
Polly, a maid.....Florence Eisenhardt, '12

It was extremely funny and clever and might be termed a "scream" from start to finish.

The cast of the second and more elaborate play was:

Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch.....E. Thurston Clarke, '12
Uncle Gregory, his brother.....Schuyler Dillon, '12
Percy, his son.....Edward P. Goodnow, '13
Dick, his nephew.....R. Stewart Rowlett, '12
Joyce, his butler.....Egbert Jenkinson, '12
Mr. Lorimer, his friend.....Philip Nordell, '12
Bartholomew, his shoemaker.....Charles Wyman, '12
Another shoemaker, his son's.....Charles Morse, '12
Mrs. Goldfinch, his wife.....Mildred Southwick, '13
Lucy Lorimer, his friend's daughter.....Madeleine Hunt, '13
Charlotte, a maid in his house.....Evelyn Fisher, '13

This was very well acted indeed and, although not so funny as the preceding play, was more difficult to interpret properly. In the intermission between the plays, Mademoiselle le Merle (alias Arvin Case, '13) sang several beautiful French songs. Her high lyric soprano was greatly appreciated by the audience. Following the plays came dancing until twelve, and then the audience departed well satisfied with its evening's entertainment. The management

of the affair was in the hands of Willard Hicks, George Hussey, Taber Mahler, Eugene Ramsay, Edward Manning, and Robert Young. The ushers were Karl Thielscher, '12, J. Maxwell Crory, '12, Antonio Guimaraes, '12, Alex Nixon, '12, Franklin Dexter, '13, Robert Paine, '13, Allan Potter, '13, Cyril Reynolds, '13 and Julian Spitz, '13. Miss Marie Hastings was the pianist of the evening.

Bubbles

Latin

They all are dead who wrote it;
They all are dead who spoke it;
They must all die that learn it,
Oh! happy death! They earn it!—Ex.

H-ks would like to know if the letters on a building, A. D. 1901 mean "All done in 1901?"

Mr. C—"How do you know that line A B coincides with line A C?"

C-f-d—"Well, you can see it."

Mr. C—"You can't see anything in geometry."

(We agree.)

S-z—(to teacher) "My compass and ruler have disappeared."

Miss C.—"Well it's not strange that your compass should walk off, because it has two legs."

S-z—"Yes, but how about my ruler? That has only one foot!"

J-k-s—"What are you playing, L-h-b-r, checkers?"

L-h-b-r—"Chess."

Miss S.—"That was a very horrible scene. Isn't there some pleasant scene that you like just as well?"

Y-g—"Well there's that part where Brutus puts his sword between two rocks and throws himself on it."

Impatient Teacher—"Your answer is about as clear as mud."

Bright Student—"Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

—Ex.

Assigning lesson—"For tomorrow take the life of Burke."
Voice from the rear—"I wish we could, but he's dead already."
—Ex.

Teacher—"What was that noise?"
Pupil—"Oh, I dropped a perpendicular."—Ex.

Father—"Thomas, do you know what happens to men who lie when they are dead?"
Thomas—"They lie still, I suppose."—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher reading Latin—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?"
Student (very much terrified) "It's in my pocket, but I wasn't using it.—Ex.

Mr. P.—"What is a watt?"
Pupil—"It's a small growth on the finger."
Voice—"Well, how would you kilowatt?"

Alumni Notes

'06. Eugene Allen is coaching the Stone School baseball team for which a number of Ex. B. H. S. people are candidates.

'07. Mr. and Mrs. Warren Faxon Whittier (Lucy Lee Collins) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Blair.

'08. Miss Kathleen Page and Mr. John B. C. Wheeler of Boston, were married on the afternoon of April 27, at the Church of Our Saviour, Longwood. A small reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, 41 Harris Street. Elsie Page, B. H. S. '10 was the bride's only attendant.

Prominent among those who arranged and took part in the production of Lyly's "Endymion" which was recently given at the Somerset, are many B. H. S. graduates: Helen Wright, Helen Slagle, Ruth Faxon, Emilie Everett, Margaret Williams, Elizabeth Ward, Harold Cooley, Alan Hay, Marion Parker, Edwin Smith, Mrs. Ralph Marshall, Charles and Francis Hann, Harry Collins and Harry Dunbar.

'09. The engagement has been announced of Marjorie E. Simes to Ralph D. Nickerson, of Brookline.

'10. Many of us were surprised to hear of the wedding of Gordon F. Gallert and Miss Joyce H. Windram of Brookline.

'10. Davenport Poque has gone to Europe to join his parents and to start in business in England.

'11. Lathrop Priest is playing soccer at Harvard.

'11. Eric Stone is coxswain of the Freshman eight at Harvard.

'11. Squire Kraft, captain of last year's championship crew at B. H. S. is rowing on the Freshman eight at Cornell.

Ex-'11. Ned Howe is on the Andover swimming team.

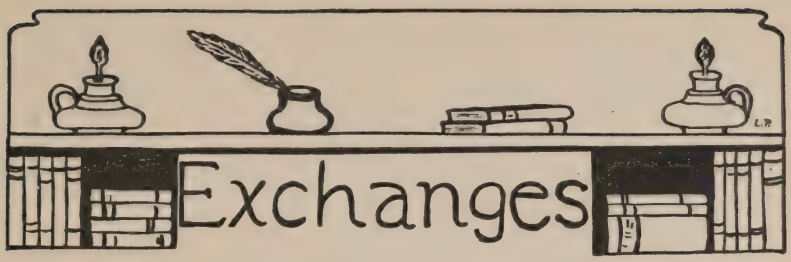
Ex-'12. Raymond Holland is coxswain of the Stone crew.

Ex-'12. Willard Robinson is in Seattle in business.

Ex-'13. Donald MacNaughton is working for his father in the confectionery business.

Ex-'13. Eleanor Morse has gone to England where she will remain for a year.

A graduate of the school sent the following to Miss Mary P. Frye, one of the former members of the faculty: "I enclose a check for $20 to be used for the T. B. B. play in memory of the many pleasant hours I spent with you." Many students of Miss Frye's classes feel the same way, and it is pleasant to have the feeling voiced in such a kindly spirit.



We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: for February, School Life, Student's Review, Pioneer; for March, Vexillum, High School Herald, Keramos, School Life, Megaphone, Bulletin, John Marshall Record, Goldenrod, Recorder, Sphinx; for April, St. Katherine's Wheel, Green and White, Vexillum, and Harvard Monthly.

The Pioneer comes to us for the first time. It is complete with the exception of the exchange department which is deficient. Cuts would add to the attractiveness of the paper.

Goldenrod, your cover design conveys an entirely wrong impression of the rest of the paper. Why not try another design and another color? The departments within the paper are complete except for the lack of Alumni Notes.

The Recorder. The introduction of a short Current Events column is a splendid idea and deserves to be followed. The Foundation of Knowledge is also unique and amusing.

The Students' Review. The appearance of your paper would be much improved if the department headings were arranged to come at the head of the page. We hope to see you oftener.

The Sphinx. Your exchange editor is much to be commended for an excellent column.

John Marshall Record. We are glad to welcome you again after so long an absence. Your magazine is always interesting, so don't neglect us.

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Volume 18 JUNE, 1912 Number 8

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS OF THE
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, Brookline, Mass.

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THE SAGAMORE BOARD

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—Winthrop's Journal.

VOLUME XVIII JUNE 1912 NUMBER 8

Editorial

UPON the world's highest pinnacle rests the stronghold of Success. Firmly entrenched behind massive barriers, whose scarred surfaces show the many attempts of people of all ages to batter down these sturdy portals, is the great prize. Success has been reached, but only by those few who possess the magic key by which the heavy gates are made to swing back noiselessly on their gigantic hinges. And this key of life is Individuality. Schoolmates, you have now completed your final year at this, our High School. Whether you are to enter the commercial world at once or first enjoy the benefits of college experience and surroundings, be individual above all things! Do not sink into the same rut with Jones, Smith, Green, and Robinson. For then you will have the same ideas, the same way of expressing these ideas, and the same practical application of these ideas. What does the world care for your beliefs, when a multitudinous tribe of nonentities voice exactly the same sentiments? Have a personality all your own. It is Distinctiveness that makes the leader. Wherever you go, you will see that the man at the top is the man with his own opinions, regardless of what the cackling masses do or say. That the importance of Individuality and Initiative might be forever impressed upon your minds!

Thomas A. Edison said recently: "A New York man was looking for a couple of $10,000 men the other day. He couldn't find 'em; plenty of threes but no tens."

George W. Perkins, questioned concerning the scarcity of $10,000 men, gives his own reasons for the situation.

"The great reason is a natural one, and no one is more competent to know the reason for the dearth of $10,000 men than Edison. The human mind has been emancipated from the body."

Summarized, Mr. Perkins' reasons are:

"It takes years for a man to prepare himself for $10,000 jobs, and this lack of preparation is the cause of the dearth of these men.

"The moving machinery made by man has travelled overwhelmingly faster than man himself.

"Inventions have so crowded the commercial arena that man has not been able to cope with them as fast as they appear.

"Nine billion dollars is the approximate sum invested in the inventions of one man, Edison.

"The man who reaches the $10,000 point is he who not only knows his own work thoroughly, but that of the man ahead of him.

"The way to promote and draw out the best in the minds of men is the constant meeting of groups for the discussion of ways and means.

"The $10,000 man is only possible after a long apprenticeship in the school of experience—the everyday contact of man to man.

"This is a 'get together' age and the man who commands the big salaries is he who not only knows his own mind, but those of other men.

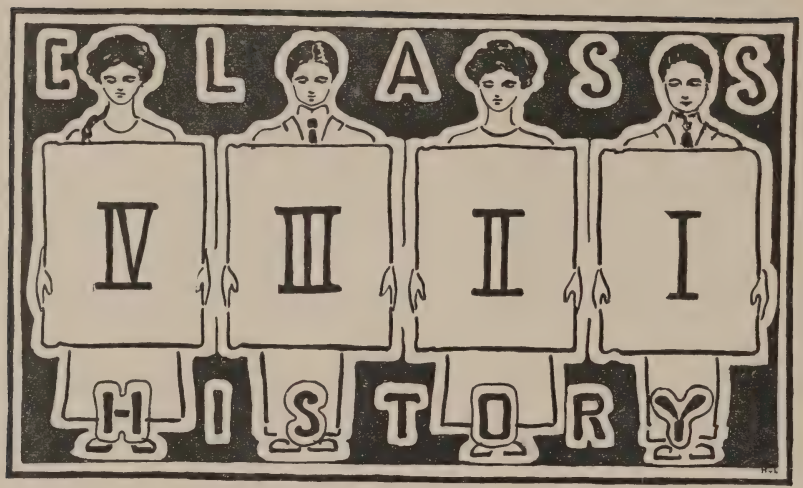
"No longer is it a question of brawn as much as brain. The day has come when we need statesmanship in business and business in statesmanship.

"The first crying requisite for doing business is intercommunication.

"The art of the $10,000 man is to supervise, regulate, and control the actions of men."

KEMERTON DEAN

CLASSMATES, after a period of four years it is now become our right to leave a token of our love for this school under the shelter of its wall. May this sprig of ivy in its growth ever be symbolic of our class—the Class of 1912. As ivy, in its youth, spontaneously clings to the wall, so may each of us adhere to the standard which represents fortitude, strength and power. As it grows, covering a large surface of this wall, so may we, as we grow, have the faculty of doing great things, possible because of the walls of character which the Brookline High School has helped us build.



GEORGE FREDERICK HUSSEY, JR.

AT SOME time during our pursuit of the curriculum of this noble institution of learning it has been impressed upon some of us that "History is a story of Progress." It is correct. then, to apply the term "History" to this record, for it is the story of the grandest progress the world has ever seen—the progress of the Class of 1912 from mere freshmen to the grave and august assemblage now seated on this platform.

Having established this fact, let me proceed to my duty; but remember that I shall not chronicle all the events of our career. That would be too stupendous a task. I shall, therefore, mention only some of the more prominent among our successes.

On the bright morning of the fourteenth of September, Anno Domini one thousand nine hundred and eight, a vast concourse

was gathered before the Brookline High School. In the throng two hundred and nineteen individuals stood out conspicuously either because of their beauty, their brawn, their brains or their bone-headedness. They formed the nucleus of the now world-famous Class of 1912.

Never before in the history of the High School had so great a class entered its portals,—and in consequence extraordinary preparations had been made for its reception. The faculty had been increased by five members and a new class room opened for the exclusive use of the newcomers. In order to show that our heads had not been turned we performed, for a few days before getting down to work, the usual idiosyncrasies expected of freshmen.

Then we started things. After due deliberation we selected Barron Brainerd for our president; Helena von Ladau for vice president; Esther Richardson, secretary; and Edward A. Manning, keeper of the shekels.

In order that our deeds might be correctly chronicled, Miss Faxon and Bryant Hawes were selected to represent us on The Sagamore board. It might be mentioned, in passing, that some of the choicest products of the pens of our leading literary lights were secured to enrich the pages of that periodical.

The call for football candidates brought a number of aspirants for honors from among us, but the only one to get any award was our inheritance, "Kid" Mason, who received a "B2nd" for faithful attendance at practice. We formed a class team with "Phil" Johnson as captain and Henderson as manager, and defeated the sophomores. This feat so impressed the latter that they paid homage to our greatness by tendering us a reception. On this occasion, the Mandolin Club made its first appearance and included in its ranks Henry Haven and Willard Robinson, '12.

With the close of the football season came the opening of the Debating Club. A number of the class joined, but the only ones to debate were Brainerd and Hussey, who lost a close debate to the sophomores.

The call of the ice lured some to the hockey squad and Kilmer and Kelley made the team. Another great triumph for 1912 was the tremendous hit scored by Hilda Vallandigham in the Annual Dramatics, where she played the stately Countess d'Autreval in "The Ladies' Battle."

Spring came, and with it the baseball crew and track squads began work. Holland as sub-cox. at times held the lines on the second, but did not make the races. One of Captain Wyman's charges on the class track squad was "Jeff" Williams, who made a valiant attempt in the pole vault. Most of his trophies were slings and bandages for sprained wrists. A great factor in bringing the baseball championship to Brookline was the playing of Walizer, Kelley and Rote, all from 1912.

Prize speaking gave us another opportunity to win laurels, which were handed to Miss Mary Morris.

Thus ended a year in which we gave the world a taste of our glorious achievements and left its mouth watering in anticipation of our return in the fall.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

The following September we performed the impossible. We "came back," to be worshiped by the humble freshmen, as "Lords of the First Floor." Our joy at our reunion was checked when we learned that but a few days before Richard E. Brown, one of our dearest classmates, had suddenly met his death. He was a promising athlete, and a true man. His loss made a place hard to fill.

As we looked over the ranks of the class we missed many. A thorough search of the records revealed the facts that some, succumbing to the terrors of the finals, had fled from the field; others had simply faded away; while yet others, enchanted with the delights of freshman year, had decided to taste of them at least once more.

We were led this year by the following officers: High and Mighty Potentate, Bryant Hawes; Assistant Potentate, Hilda Val-

landigham; Chief Scribe, Frances Hall; Custodian of the Privy Purse, John Kilmer.

In order to allow the freshmen to see what great people we were, we condescended to receive them in Shailer Hall. They came, and found prepared for them the finest reception the hall had ever seen. Bickford, Haven and Danforth were there with the Mandolin Club, and we introduced novelties never since equaled. The youngsters departed much impressed with our skill as hosts. To further awe them we gave them a practical demonstration of how a dual interclass meet should be run by burying them under a score of 47 to 16.

The husky youths of the class appeared on the football squad. Henderson made the line and the "Flying Dutchman," Schroeder, was first sub full-back.

During all this time the school assembled in the hall each Friday morning to the music played by Marion Feeley, '12. We were well represented on the staff of the school's official organ with Miss Bouvé as News Editor, Sawtelle, funny (?) man, and Miss Vallandigham and Eglee, class reporters.

When the B. H. S. Debating Club began its season, many of our names appeared on its rolls. The loss of the interclass debate by Johnson and Hussey was overshadowed by the honors won by Edwin Thurston Clarke, who made the Interscholastic Team and lent vigorous aid in wiping up Newton.

A new activity appeared in the school. Our girls formed a debating club! Miss Allen, '12, aided in drafting the constitution; Miss Morris was clerk of the preliminary meetings; and Miss Vallandigham served on the Rhetorical Committee. I cannot tell what problems were settled behind their closed doors, for mere man was never admitted to the meetings.

During the winter Kilmer, Kelley and Anderson played on the Hockey Team which Hawes managed, and Crory, Nordell and Hussey joined the Rifle Club.

To prove that we were up-to-date and original a B. H. S. Aeronautic Society was formed by Nordell, who became its president, with Hawes as secretary.

The Annual Dramatics obtained the aid of Cyril Reynolds, '12, in making a success of the production.

The arrival of spring called out the athletes and 1912 responded nobly. The school looked to us to furnish a successor to the illustrious "Pete" Carr, and we presented Denning, who pitched Brookline to another championship. He was backed up by Morse, Thielscher and Walizer; Anderson was on the receiving end of the battery.

The list of the track squad read like a roll of the sophomore class and the stars of the first magnitude from 1912 were Nordell, Swett and Wyman. Our class team, captained by Nordell, gave the B men forming 1911's team a bad scare before they won by a single point.

Nordell and Bentley rowed on the second crew, but "Buzz" abandoned the shell on the river for the spiked shoes on the cinders.

Suddenly two new sports became prominent in the school. With characteristic promptness we took charge of them. Nordell became captain of the Tennis Team and individual champion of the school. Incidentally we also won the interclass tournament. On the golf links, Col. Bogey nearly succumbed to the playing of Ouimet and McPhail, '12. The former was president of the Greater Boston Interscholastic Golf Association and schoolboy champion, while McPhail followed close behind his captain.

Not only did we excel in the world of sports but on the platform we shone brilliantly. E. T. Clarke, '12, won the J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest, thus adding another victory to our long list. On this occasion as on many others during the year the audience was treated to solos by the greatest lyric soprano in the school, Miss Marion Feeley, '12.

After such a year we needed time to recuperate; therefore we closed the school to take a rest until September.

JUNIOR YEAR

Having been stars for two years we returned in 1910 to become the center of a vast solar system. We promptly organized by choosing Clarke president and Nordell, treasurer, re-electing our vice president and secretary, Miss Vallandigham and Miss Hall.

A new field was open to us, for the board of The Sagamore was chosen by competition. We jumped in, and when the smoke cleared away it was found that Miss Ward, '12, was literary editor; Miss Morris and Hussey, class reporters; and Holland and Little, assistant guardians of the funds.

It was decreed that Brookline should this year win the football championship. Nineteen Twelve went out to help the good work, and as a result of the season's struggle Anderson, Fillebrown, Schroeder, Thielscher and Walizer bore the B* on their manly breasts.

It is worthy of note that the school colors were defended from gross insult by a girl from 1912. Rosalind Abrahams protected her B. H. S. pennant against a rough-neck gang from Newton who were enraged at the defeat of their team.

In tennis Nordell once more captained the team and he with Manning and Guimaræs led all others in the tournament.

Reposing confidence in Nordell, we again made him captain of the class track team which he led to a glorious victory in the fall interclass meet.

In the B. H. S. Debating Club, Clarke was vice president and Ferguson and Hussey served on the Rhetorical Committee. They also submerged 1911 in the interclass debate but sank on the last leg.

We ruled the Girls' Debating Club with Edith Faxon, vice president; Mary Morris, secretary; Frances Hall, chairman, and Hilda Vallandigham and Esther Albee, members of the Rhetorical Committee. Miss Snell, with Miss Southwick defeated the seniors and with Miss Allen won the interclass championship for 1912.

Nordell was president of the Aero Club once more with Estes vice president. Berkowitz and Clarke designed an aeroplane the

like of which has never been seen before or since. Unfortunately for the undertaking business of the town, the money was not forthcoming for the construction of their "Infant Right."

As the Rifle Club included many of us, we formed a class team which did such work that it was made the B. H. S. second team.

Besides this we supplied stars for the Gym and Fencing teams.

Our fame was by this time spreading so far that we were taking not only athletic championships but teachers and students from Newton. Notable among the latter was "Steve" alias "Dink" Dillon, later the DeWolf Hopper of the B. H. S.

The song birds of the class formed a Glee Club which was entirely managed by girls from 1912.

Three Juniors won places in the cast of the dramatics, while three more aided in less spectacular ways.

The Interscholastic Debates were placed in our hands. Clarke was the leader of the team that easily defeated Newton. Miss Morris and Miss Faxon were important aids in proving that our girls are far better talkers than any Newton could produce.

In the spring sports, of course, we took the leading part. In baseball the best hitters, base stealers and pitchers were all 1912 men. Bentley made the first crew and later the Boston Interscholastic. Our class track team was a close second in the spring meet.

Our linguistic Thespians filled the casts in the French and German plays. The new cuts for the graduation Sagamore were designed by 1912 artists.

Having cleaned up all the honors there were, we took a so-called long vacation, in reality about ten weeks, while preparations were made for our

SENIOR YEAR

Precisely three years after we became inmates of this institution we re-entered its classic shades. Before us bent low the fawning freshmen, the salaaming sophomores, and the juking juniors. We

were Seniors! We had reached the summit of our career and below were the prostrate masses. We were lords of all we surveyed. We were worshiped by the lower classes and revered by the faculty. We at once set the machinery of the school in motion.

A mere tabulation of what we have done this year is a task worthy of a Parkman, a Homer, or a Mark Twain. Although I am neither I shall attempt to give you an inkling of our attainments.

We proceeded immediately to elect officers. Clarke was re-elected president. We chose Miss Woodward, vice president, Miss Eisenhardt, secretary, and Hussey, treasurer.

We sent a number out for the Sagamore board and the literary, news, athletic and alumni editors and the assistant manager were all from 1912. The school had to have a football team and we placed on it Captain Anderson, nine men, and Manager O'Day. By an oversight the team didn't bring home the championship, but eight of our representatives brought out B's. It was felt that the team needed vocal encouragement. Three Seniors promptly wrote football songs. Who will ever forget the inspiring strains of "Our Football Team So Grand," sung (?) to music rendered by Reynolds' Rag-time Band? It should be said that Williams was the perpetrator of this crime.

It might be mentioned here that we controlled the B. H. S. A. A. with "Barney" Thielscher as president.

Our lamp of knowledge was also burning brightly. With a gleam from it the members of I Chem. were much impressed by profound lectures by Herr Rolf Schroeder, '12, the school's leading authority on crystallography.

The Debating Club began training for the season. In the school organization Clarke, Hussey and Ferguson were respectively president, secretary and chairman of Rhetorical Committee. Miss Morris wielded the gavel in the Girls' Club; Miss Hall was vice president, Miss Eisenhardt, secretary, Miss Hudnut and Miss Lillian Williamson members of the Rhetorical Committee. In the first debate ever held between the two clubs all the speakers were Seniors.

Le Cercle Gaulois with Monsieur Williams as president, and more from 1912 to aid him, held many meetings at which were produced more brands of the French language than were thought in existence.

Once more taking the lead our girls revived basketball and, led by Esther Albee, defeated all their opponents.

We wound up 1911 by presenting at our Senior social a piece of dramatic art that was kept from a triumphant road tour only because the cast was needed for the annual dramatics.

The Hockey Team was helped in winning the championship by three Seniors.

In the middle of January the school was deeply shocked to learn of the death of Mr. Colton of the Commercial Department. His kindly interest in all whom he knew made the loss to the school very great.

About this time Ferguson became business manager of The Sagamore and two other Seniors were among his assistants. Throughout the winter Captain Nordell had the track squad practicing in the gym. Wyman proved to be very destructive with the shot and kept Dan busy repairing the room. O'Day was manager of the very successful team in our new sport, swimming. Captain "Jake" Morse has led the Rifle Team to many victories, using up much valuable powder, lead and paper.

An Interscholastic Triangular Debating League was formed with Newton and Somerville. Three directors and the secretary were B. H. S., '12. Clarke and Ferguson were on the team that trimmed Newton and so aided in placing that shield in the upper corridor. This was Clarke's third successful assault on that citadel.

In the annual dramatics so many Seniors appeared behind the footlights that it is impossible to mention any except the stars, Dillon, Clarke, Williams, Miss Eisenhardt and Miss Faxon. Belasco's productions were put in the shade by this and the show had the longest run in the history of the institution.

At various times during the year the Mandolin Club appeared

and in it were five of our best musicians. Another, Miss Woodward, was official pianist at all Friday morning affairs.

Too recent to need recalling is our Senior Dance which was a fitting starter for the last lap.

We are now on the home stretch. Not content with their numerous activities the girls have formed a baseball team on which Edith Faxon officiates as manageress and umpiress.

The batting order of that championship baseball team included the names of many Seniors. The majority of the points won by the track team have been collected by our men.

But two weeks ago, for the second time the championship of the Girls' Debating Club was won by 1912. In the other club our team vanquished the Juniors, but as yet has been unable to find a suitable time for defeating 1914. It goes without saying that this will be attended to, immediately, if not sooner.

We are almost to the tape. For four long years this school has prospered under our guidance. For a few days more the world must await like prosperity. As soon as our diplomas are in our grasp, we shall begin our work and the world can then cease to tremble, for as long as a single member of 1912 remains alive, the sun will rise and set with perfect punctuality.

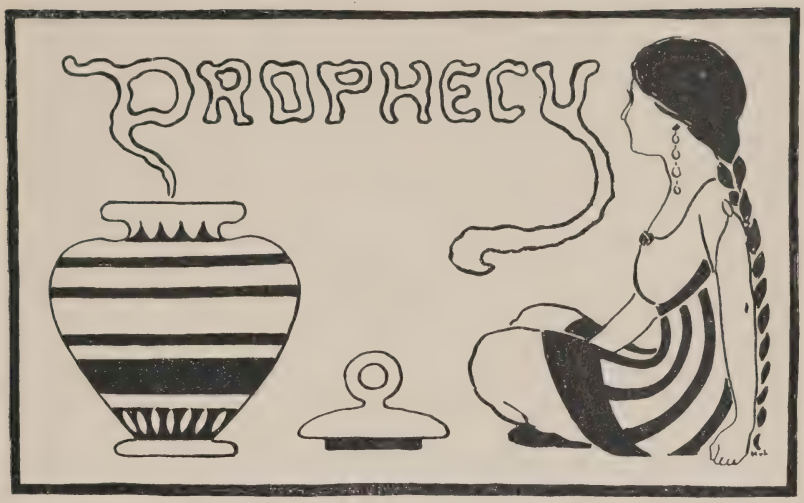
NELLIE WOODWARD
Vice-President

FLORENCE M. EISENHARDT
Secretary and Prophetess

E. THURSTON CLARKE
President

FRANCES E. HALL
Class Song

GEORGE F. HUSSEY, JR.
Treasurer



FLORENCE M. EISENHARDT AND RUSSELL A. WILLIAMS

We had met at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. Who are we? Why, the Class of 1912 of Brookline High School, which was holding its first reunion in Paris, that beautiful city on the banks of the Seine. And what a reunion! They were all there from tall Nellie Woodward and Max Crory, down to little Helen Hastings and "Tim" Healy. Nor were there any compositions to be written by this crowd for tardiness.

When we reached the top of the Tower, an old habit displayed itself. With the exception of two, all made a "lunch-counter" rush for the railing, each wishing to be the first to catch a glimpse of that much advertised and very fascinating view. Then, with one accord and a loud shriek, as though their exhilaration were beyond control, all jumped, leaped, dived over the railing and into infinity. Russell and I,

fortunately, were the two who had remained within the vestibule on the top of the Tower, that we might plan for the next expedition. Therefore, we had escaped that direful attraction which the earth has for people standing in lofty places. Now we gazed stupidly at each other. The next moment, Russell was rushing pell-mell down the stairs shouting: "I'm going to find them all, if it takes the last dollar of the B. H. S. 1912 Expedition Fund!"

Twenty years afterwards, Russell, now old and gray, and trembling of voice, but famed the world over as a traveler and explorer, met me in an unassuming little café at the foot of the Eiffel Tower. "I've found most of them," he cackled in his dry, withered tones. "I can't tell you about 'em in the order of discovery but will speak of them as they come to my mind." And this was the tale he poured into my expectant ears:

As I passed from under the portals of the Tower, I saw Thurston Clarke scaling the outside of the edifice. He wanted to find out what had caused the crowd to jump. What could have been more natural; for mechanism and electricity always had been "stellar" attractions for Fusty.

"One accounted for," said I, passing on.

Zipora Silver landed on a telegraph wire right in Paris. She was therefore forced to walk the distance between two poles. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened to "Zippy" for it showed her where her talent lay. A few months after the accident on the Tower, as I stopped one day at Marseilles to collect my thoughts, the populace seemed greatly excited over the fact that Jingling's Circus was in town. I took it in and into the ring trotted "Zippy." She gave some of her original dances over which the crowd went wild.

But, Florence, what minds some of our classmates did have! Hazel Stewart, if you remember, wore that day a beautiful soft straw hat, which in going through the air turned into such an odd shape that she established a successful millinery shop from ideas which this hat gave her.

As I passed through the corridors of a fashionable hotel in Paris, I saw Leslie Small carrying on a conversation with an imaginary figure (a beautiful dark-haired girl). "Poor boy," said I, "he thinks he's once again in dear old Brookline." Just then a uniformed man with a cap marked "Keeper," led Leslie out of the lobby.

Two of our old classmates were in Germany. Margaret Plimpton's fondness for the language led her to settle in Berlin, where she was admitted into one of the Universities as a teacher of German. In Heidelberg I met George Palmer. George was awfully glad to see me. He told me he was studying at the University and when he hung out his shingle in America it was going to be in the capacity of an Eyes and Heart (Eisenhardt) Specialist.

You may be sure that Eleanor Allen fell right into the classical surroundings of a girls' college where she immediately convinced, by her sound argument, those in authority, that she was the only person fitted to be President of that college. Eleanor always did know how to turn her mind to good advantage even when she was a little, pre-occupied Freshman in B. H. S.

Wafted on a strong odor of burning gingerbread, Vienna Edwards and Sabina Gibbons were drawn into a laboratory kitchen. Here they were established when I saw them; Vienna because she knew the five rules for baking cake and Sabina because she couldn't tell perfection when she tasted it.

Marie Kelley, sweet and peaceable, seemed destined to show the value of a woman's judgment in world-wide affairs; for Marie was one of the representatives from America in the International Peace Commission.

Well, what do you imagine happened to little Maxie Crory? Being fond of music, and possessing wonderful grace (for his size), Max opened a dancing school. Sad to say, his only pupil was Egbert Jenkinson. Max, Egbert, Bentley and Guimaræs are now on the Keith circuit and are known as the "Locker-Room Quartet." "Jenky" can't sing much, but as there were only three fellows and as it had to be a quartet, Max dragged him along

from the dancing school. Antonio's pure rich "soprano" (?) voice moved the audience to tears when he rendered "Locked in the Stable with the Sheep." He later performed a clog-dance that made George Cohan himself blush for shame. There was only one trouble with Tony; every time he spotted a friend in the audience he took off his hat and bowed. Bentley's charming way was the only thing that saved that crowd. Max afterwards told me that they only used Bentley to prompt Guimaræs and make him stop nodding to the audience.

It is quite difficult to remember the occupations of all in such a hurry, but speaking of dancing schools makes me think of an ideal one which Cornelia Mossman and Helen Hastings have established. They have a most charming private ball room done in Louis Quatorze where they teach youthful feet to trip the path leading to the land of marriage. So successful are they that when children are born, their parents enter their names on the waiting list for admission to Misses Mossman and Hastings' Private Classes.

It is but a step from dancing to singing, therefore it suggests that Ruth Hudnut's musical ear had found the various and combined shrieks of her companions so melodious that she later composed a song entitled "Ruth's Melody in Shrieks," which admitted her into Grand Opera as a singer.

On the whole, we need not have worried so much about the landing of our classmates—Nature cared for that. Yet Helena von Ladau got the softest one of all, as seemed quite in bearing with her artistic temperament. She fell upon a pile of hay from which the rural view was so charming that she set to work making sketches of the cows in the corn and the chickens in the pasture. Crude as these may sound, they led to Helena's fame as an artist.

Eleanor Williams landed in the midst of a bridge party where she made known her presence by the daintiest little sneeze imaginable. She then took up her position as leader of Society Bridge parties in her native town.

Charlie Morse's foot caught in the coat pocket of Carter Fillebrown. As they plunged through the baby-blue azure of the ethereal heights, they began to plan what they would do upon reaching terra "cotta." "Moosie" suggested opening an exclusive "Young Ladies' Seminary." This suggestion was met with great enthusiasm by "Cicero" who said he knew several out-of-town girls who he thought would attend. They decided to call the seminary the "Lindfield School for Girls." Therefore, I was not surprised to see them leading a procession of girls enjoying their daily outing. During the walk I met several very charming young ladies.

Here Russell paused in his story, and thinking that he needed prompting, I said, "Didn't any of the class pursue theatrical professions after that course in Drama we had at B. H. S.?" That certainly did bring back memories, and he continued as before:

Mary Morris falling through the roof of a modern theatre into the midst of a morning rehearsal, looked calmly about her, proudly tilted back her head, and gave forth the doctrine of the Divine Rights of Women in such a manner that all stood spell bound. As a result, the manager insisted she should stay with his company. Thus did Mary's emotional entrance make a lasting impression.

Edith Faxon, clever girl, sighted the Castle Square Theatre in her flight and thought there was no harm in (Harmon) landing there. When I saw her she had already joined the Craig Company, though at first she was of a mind to take a position in one of Armour's Packing Houses curing "ham."

Although Schuyler Dillon left before the end of the school year, he wished to join in the class reunion. "Dink" was on hand at the Tower. He landed at the corner of 42d Street and Broadway, New York. After dusting off his clothes and adjusting his spectacles, Schuyler sauntered down the "Gay White Way." Two men passing, stopped and grabbed him!

"I am George Cohan!" said one.

"I am Sam Harris," said the other. Sure enough, it was really those two theatrical magnates, Cohan and Harris.

"We want you to star in our new play called, 'He Comes from Sheffield,' " said Mr. Harris.

"Sure," said Schuyler, "I know him."

Lillian Williamson, practically experienced from much theatre going, and technically experienced from the Senior Class Drama course at B. H. S., alighted at the Bijou just in time to fill up the vacancy made by Mrs. Clements. Poor Lillian thought she was getting a dream, but later found out that it was only a nightmare.

In another of Keith's theatres, I spent a most enjoyable twenty minutes at a Saturday matinee. In fact, I fairly died laughing at a tabloid of Sheridan's "The Rivals." When the curtain rose, there was Henry O'Day walking up and down, tearing his hair and muttering: "Curses on him! I must not let Claire Anderson cut me out!" Then Claire, all dolled up, made his appearance with smiling mien. It was exciting while it lasted, but it didn't last long. After Anderson finished wiping up Mr. Keith's stage with "Hank," the two tossed up a coin to see who would win the "girl." But the curtain fell before the coin landed, thus the outcome is still a bit hazy in my mind.

Last but not least of those occupied in this art was Doris Halman. Doris, seating herself in the lecture hall of the Drama League, was just in time for an all important question before the house, reading: "Who will write the great American drama?"

"I will," said Doris, her eyes sparkling; for she was just then inspired. At that, Elizabeth Long, a quick and ever ready stenographer, came running up and took the dictation of that greatest of all American dramas as Doris gave it forth.

All these talented people I found in the vicinity of Boston, but even they did not complete the number.

Two busy, deep-thought girls were leading a splendid career in the newspaper offices of the "Atlantic Monthly." Mary Warren and Ina Walker, associate editors for this paper which was sending special editions to B. H. S., were doing much to educate the young people of the day into an appreciation of "truthful" magazine work.

As I was waiting for an Allston car in the Park Street Tube

Station, I chanced to look over the books in the paper stand and there I found one written by Delphin Young. It contained nine hundred pages and was entitled "What Is a Tragedy and Why?" In this book, which I purchased, Delphin discussed such farces and comedies as Macbeth, Riders to the Sea, and Hamlet.

Passing through Copley Square, I found to my astonishment that S. S. Pierce's was no longer there, but in its place was "Bouvé's Home-Made Candy Shop." Betty found she couldn't accommodate all of her customers at home, therefore she was forced to open a large shop to meet the demands of her friends. Her friend, Elise daintily attired in a white apron and cap, was busy putting up orders which were coming in so fast that it took all the "Kraft" her name implies to fill them.

Maybe I wasn't glad to see my old friend Kem Dean saunter up to me on Tremont Street. "Kem" told me he was a model for the Cluette-Peabody Company. He certainly had things soft. All he did was to wear a Cluette-Peabody shirt and collar and draw a "fair" salary of $500 "per."

Somewhat similarly occupied I found Gladys Creaser in the Boston Art Museum. Gladys' earlier experience as a model had shown her just where to turn when she landed destitute in the "Hub."

Helen Husted never for a second lost her head on that wild fall from the tower. There is a scientist's mind! She opened her umbrella, took out her little notebook and made copious entries as she glided through space. Later she was able to invent a new machine for the safety of aeronauts just as a result of this note-taking.

As note-taking in school helped Helen later on, so did school life in general help Edith Gilmore and Helen Leard. Both of these girls had established a kindergarten; Edith because she liked children, Helen because she firmly believed that it is not the big things in life that count but the little (Little). One Sunday, on my "day of rest," while reading my favorite and much-maligned newspaper.

the "Boston American," I found in the MagazineSection an article which caught my eye immediately. It was marked Article No. 7, The "Aeroplane Swoop," by "Adolphe," last season's rage at the Winter Garden. Upon scanning one of the illustrations, I found that "Adolphe" was none other than little Adolphe Becker. I at once got into communication with him, and some of the stories he told me didn't sound like the Adolphe we "uster" know.

Finding this article in a newspaper made me think it would be a good idea to advertise for some of our classmates in some prominent daily. Entering the "sanctum sanctorum" of the business manager,—for my "ad" being somewhat extraordinary required professional advice,—I found Eralsey Ferguson, surrounded by fifteen assistants. He told me it was necessary for a good manager to have many assistants (to keep on the right side of his friends), therefore the multitude. Ferguson showed me an article, recently published in his paper, which told of a new specie of stone discovered by Sir Rolfe Schroeder. Rolfe was not satisfied with digging his minerals out of the earth, but had to don a diver's suit and explore the bottom of the ocean.

Among Ferguson's assistants was Frances Jefferson, busily poring over hundreds of letters. Her advice to the "lovelorn" proved to be one of the most important features of the paper, as was shown by the many replies received daily. Frances was certainly one of the best match-makers in the country.

The number of comrades I found in Boston is really surprising. Here Russell pushed back his white locks as though he needed plenty of air to tell of all these people, then he continued:

Now that the big girls' baseball league was really started by three of our girls, I suppose they got the idea from the "Young" team which sprang up during the last of our days at B. H. S. Alice Morse was President of the League and Irene Taylor and Elizabeth Walsh were star players on the Boston team.

Katherine Sullivan intended to join the league, but changed her mind because she thought the country needed someone to take care of the younger generation in order that they might grow up to

be strong, healthy players. I found Katherine to be a trained nurse on the Floating Hospital.

"Barney" Thielscher, our "dextrous" baseball and football player has a position with a piano and safe moving company. What's the use of brawn if one doesn't use it? "Barney" thinks nothing of carrying two safes and a "baby grand" up ten flights at once. Nevertheless, he is some "ladies' man."

Bill Walizer turned professional. As he landed in Fenway Park, Manager "Jake" Stahl immediately recognized him. Stahl signed "Wahoo" up for next season at a salary of $10,000 to play in the outfield. Yet, Bill could not bear the thought of losing his faithful appreciator and imitator, "Tim" Healy. Result, our "little Timothy" now lugs bats for the Red Sox. "Tim" is a little jealous of Jerry McCarthy, the mascot, but this feeling will soon wear off. Was there ever a Healy who *couldn't* get along with a McCarthy? Tim is also the terror of all opposing bat boys.

I guess that finishes the baseball news and I'll have to hurry along on other lines.

You know Anne Gibbons never did give herself credit for all that she could do, but others had to give her a boost. She has become world renowned for her erudite exposition of esoteric Buddhism in Syriac.

What do you think of Annie Egan? She treaded through the air as though it were the treadle of a sewing machine. As a result, when she struck the earth she simply couldn't stop her feet. A real sewing machine was hastily procured and here, day and night, she sewed and sewed and sewed. The splendid diaphanous laces which adorned many of the garments were done by Isabella Tuohy.

Also, Rosalind Abraham's fondness for all lines of needlework led her to establish a Sewing Circle Association, for which she was made traveling saleswoman. Why? Because Rosalind always had a way of talking people into the least-of-all thing they wanted to do.

The last person I found was also here in Boston. He gave me the biggest surprise of all. While passing through the corridors of

City Hall, I was greeted by "Buzz" Nordell, who was just about to enter a door marked "Mayor—Private." I asked him if he knew the Mayor. "That's muh, boy," he said loftily. When I came to, Buzz wrote me out a check to aid in finding the rest of the class. The check didn't come from the City budget either. It was certainly, from then on, a bigger, better, "buzzier" Boston.

Here Russell's voice broke in a sob. "That's all," he muttered. "That's all. But haven't—haven't you run across anybody?" he faltered, turning to me.

"Cheer up, Russell, and listen to my story," I answered him.

And this is the tale *she* told me:

While in Brookline preparing to take a trip to the Coast and China, I almost dropped when I saw William McPhail. He had a golf bag slung over one shoulder and was bound for the Country Club. He told me Mr. Alley of Alley's Ale had taken a liking to him when he caddied at the Country Club, and, as a result, he was now junior partner in the firm, though the slogan now is "McPhail's Ale."

"Mike" Norris, a particular friend of Mac's, is his private secretary and confidential man.

Stanley Potter struck the skylight of the Brookline Gym. and greeted the first person he met—who happened to be "Dan"—with "Lend me a nickel!" With this nickel he bribed Mr. Carrell to let him off from making up the "gym" periods he had "lost." Potter has since become President of a Nickel Savings Bank.

Perhaps you think that was "some" jump for a little fellow like Stanley. Esther Richardson started to go in the same path, but changed her mind and with one little turn, landed right in the swimming tank. The next Friday morning she addressed the High School pupils on the "Benefits of Swimming."

Mentioning the High School reminds me of Margaret McNamara and Lillian Meany. These two girls fitted very nicely into the places vacated by Miss Davison and Miss Young of the stenography department. Their ability in this line easily secured for them these positions.

As I passed Cypress Street one day I saw Edward Manning in conversation with another fellow. He was greatly excited and these were the words I heard as I stepped up to him. "I tell you, 'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' man!" (Mossman.) To look closely into this, Nature's green carpet, Eddie took up a course in botany at Harvard. He still, however, has a weakness for "joy rides."

The real reason for my trip to China was to help you, Russell; I felt as responsible for our friends as you did.

Before my trip West, I went to Virginia and there I found Emily Bridgers. *In Richmond*, Emily was known as the sweetest and most entertaining hostess of all the manor houses.

With all my traveling, I cannot forget one city at which I spent a fortnight. It was the most ideal city for cleanliness that I ever saw, and this was all due to our old classmate Mary MacIntyre, who was honorary member of the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

I know you'll be dumbfounded when I tell you that Florine Williamson is postmistress in a very lively town. This lively town just suits "Dibby" and Post Office is her specialty.

I was three days out on the deep when a long, black, rakish, low-lying craft, came speeding over the billowy ocean. It was the pirate ship "Murderer" and standing on the bridge was Captain "Blondy" Kenrick, armed to the teeth with nine pistols in his belt, another cruel gun in one boot leg and a wicked looking razor in the other. One shot across the bow of our vessel and we hove to. Kenrick felt a bit ashamed as he came to relieve me, together with the other passengers of valuables. He said it was very hard to earn money and the high cost of living forced him to turn pirate. He also told me he wanted to be original; that no other B. H. S. student had ever been a rover of the deep. "Good luck," I called to him as he steamed away in his vessel. Hardly had his vessel got under way than—Boom! boom! "Boys, it's the battleship 'Oregon.' Our crown jewels are saved." Sure enough, it was the "Oregon." After a short chase the war ship caught the fleeing pirate craft and in a moment

had steamed alongside of us. I then received my second shock, for there on the bridge of the "Oregon" stood Admiral Hussey. He recognized me at once and boarded us to hold consultation with me. He was sorely pressed 'twixt duty and school loyalty, and didn't know whether or not to let Kenrick free. Duty came first, however, in Fred's mind so—he let Blondy go. Hussey did look handsome though, with his epaulets, sword, belt and gloves. He modestly told me he had been just four days in Annapolis when he had been made head of the U. S. Navy. Quick work for anyone but George Frederick.

Without further mishap I reached China and found Ross Berkowitz and Christine Ayars. Christine had made a name for herself in missionary work. Even the tiniest Chinese baby wouldn't weep when Christine was around.

Ross having completed a course at Tech. went straight through the earth to China. Here he was perfectly happy giving the Celestials doses of "solid" and "trig."

From China I went to Egypt. Fowler had landed in Egypt, the land of the pyramids. His occupation is substituting for the Sphinx. The Sphinx who now has every other Thursday and every Sunday off, sent for Fowler because of his wonderful inability to talk. On the right of Fowler stood Coggins. Kempton thought Fowler might tire of his job and when occasion demanded he felt quite capable of filling the breach.

Esther Albee had a factory on the banks of the Nile. She manufactured a breakfast food and asked me a good name for one. Why not call it 'Excelsior'?" I asked. "I can't do that," she said, "that's what it's made of."

Marion Nagle rushed up to me *in Cairo* and told me she was going right back to Brookline where she was going to erect a flower shop on the playground. She said she expected a large trade from the teachers and scholars.

Being so far from home, I did not expect to find such a person as Frances McCormick. She was there, however, selling a book she had written. It seems she tired of Webster's Dictionary

and firmly believing that the country needed a new one of a different type, she issued "McCormick's Book of Original Jargon." Yet Frances was not the only girl to write a book, as Valdemir Munro wrote seven volumes on "The Simple Life and How It Is Lived."

Long Lewis Little I found in Scotland. He was in conversation with little "Andy" Carnegie when I first let my orbs cast their burning brilliancy upon his slender form. I thought from the back that it was Mutt and Jeff talking to each other. Lewis "knocked me down" to Andy and then told me that philanthropist was going to make him president of the Library Trust and that all the libraries of the world were to be under his control.

It seems that Mary Healy fell with a splash into the River Tweed, and while struggling there, was rescued by a warm-hearted Scotchman who fell in love with Mary and married her.

Soon after, I heard that the Olympic games were to be held in a few days in Naples, Italy. How that recalled the High School track team with its many wonderful athletes! Therefore, I had to see those games. The very first athlete on the field was Charlie Wyman. It seems that Wyman and Rowlett landed together. Some think Wyman is still trying to collect 40 cents expenses from a certain Lynn track meet. This, however, is not so. Wyman, as champion of America, represented the United States in the weight events. Rowlett, because of his ability as a manager, is managing all the United States athletes entered at the games. He still wore that swell "mush" acquired the last few months of his course at B. H. S. After leaving the fellows, I strolled over to the parallel and horizontal bars and there performing all sorts of wonderful stunts was Alex Nixon. Just then Alex was chinning himself with his little finger. I left *after ten minutes* and he was still doing it.

You cannot possibly guess what Nellie Woodward did! Nellie constructed a new style of aeroplane and was at the head of a school of aeronautics. Nellie found oxygen to be somewhat lacking when a certain altitude was reached; moreover, that it was rapidly disappearing altogether because so many aviators consumed it.

She immediately got in touch with Frances Hall and Sarah Snell. These two wise personages at once invented a form of oxygen from water, and having cornered this market, formed a trust company. They issued 100,000 shares of stock. Frances got 40,000, Sarah 40,000, and Nellie was given 20,000 gratis.

It was, however, necessary for me to get back home at once. Again I went from coast to coast, this time San Francisco being my starting point. I was nearing my journey's end but wished very much to see Niagara Falls, because it was my last chance, as I had determined never to travel again.

Niagara Falls was crowded with people and, upon inquiring, I found it to be Fair Day. The main event on the program was the shooting of the Falls, by Miss Frances in her "Swift" canoe, "Greased Lightning." Never had anyone done this feat and survived. It was easy for Frances, for through her very frequent paddling trips on the Charles, she could handle a canoe as no other could possibly do.

Standing upon a platform inside the Fair Ground were Mary O'Brien and Christina O'Neill. Mary was transformed, for instead of being quiet, as was the case at Brookline High, she was screaming at the top of her voice, and pointing frequently to Christina. Finally the latter approached the edge of the platform and started to talk on the following subject: "How It Feels to Jump from the Eiffel Tower." Her story was so thrilling and harrowing that I couldn't bear to listen. Immediately I boarded the next train for New York.

Russell, I wouldn't have missed what I saw there for the world. I was standing on Fifth Avenue one Monday when I heard the distant strains of music. They grew louder and louder and finally I saw fifty mounted police. Just behind them marched 100,000 women. It was the Suffragettes' parade and at the head of it, mounted on a coal black horse, was Edna McCutcheon. Having been arrested eighty-six times for making stirring "Equal Suffrage" speeches, Edna was unanimously elected leader. Directly behind Edna marched Anna Mulcahey and Evelyn Dearing. These two

girls bore banners with the inscriptions: "Our husbands are doing the washing," and "Vote for McCutcheon for next President."

Further along in the parade, riding in an express wagon, was Ruth Southwick. The procession halted just then and Ruth, stepping to the tail board of the cart, began to harangue the mob. Believe me, Russell, if I hadn't approved Equal Suffrage before, I did when Ruth got through.

At the very rear end of the parade, trundling a baby carriage, marched Edith Robinson. She had decided to join at the last moment and so was unable to take the baby home to leave it in charge of her husband.

Well, we have done the best we could. There is only one missing now, and you will have to help us. Please, "has anybody here seen Kelley?"

GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM

DORIS F. HALMAN, '12

Long, long on the highway, O passers-by
Who go on in haste, and who fail to see,
With a hurried glance or with fired eye,
That the world is not what it seems to be;
That the dawn is not that which, at breaking, shows
Discordant colors and common sight,
But that which came when the sun first rose,
Till the whole air shimmered with golden light;—

That the frailest of flowers is not a toy
For the world to pluck and fling away,
But a little live thing that thrills with joy;
That the dusk is not the depart of day,
But a magical craving of mists of blue
With the black of tree and gold of star,
Where the low and the little cannot get through,
When the sounds of life seem unreal and far:—

Live, then, for the highest and best!—and yet,
The little, fleeting, unfathomed things,
We must not pass over, must not forget
That a Life is made of these happenings.
And happy is he with the gift to see
That a spirit dwells in the simple sod,
For the world is not what it seems to be,—
Everything's something, and all is God!

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB

CLASS ORATION 1912

MARY MORRIS

CERTAIN truths will always be self-evident. One of these is: the entire responsibility for the advancement and welfare of the world rests upon the rising generation.

How those who are not of the rising generation regard these words, I do not know, but they must, of necessity, believe them. But how do we, who are the rising generation, the youth of this country, regard them?—Upon our attitude toward them depends the progress and the greatness of this nation!

Think for a minute of the unspeakable complexity of modern life! Civilization has reached a most critical stage in its development, and one which demands the attention of us all! Consider the vast number of great, human problems confronting this country today; such problems as the one for the abolition of child labor, the struggle between capital and labor, the great question of immigration, the struggle for the abolition of war, the enfranchisement of the women, the

social problems, the corrupt condition of our political life, our educational problems. These issues are here, living, vital, thrusting themselves unceasingly on the whole nation, demanding attention! If only we need not have to wait until some heart-breaking personal experience brings the matter home to us, but could see the suffering and demands of the world now, and begin to help!

For, who is it that must take up these great human problems, and must do their utmost to help humanity by remedying existing evils? It is the youth of the country, and we are the youth.

What is said of this same youth? There are so many articles, editorials and sermons written on the character of modern American boys and girls, and so many remarks made by those who do not write! We are called irresponsible, greedy for pleasure and amusement, shallow, frivolous, rude, selfish!

If this were so, what a prospect there would be for the future! It is for us to prove that it is not so, and to begin immediately! Let us realize that there is a great and wonderful responsibility in our hands which we cannot disregard! If only we could appreciate what it means to be young, now that we are young! Youth is called the age of opportunity, of hope, of strength, and of courage! Let us realize this before it is too late, and let us make the best possible use of it in preparing ourselves to take up our responsibility, which is both the glory and the privilege of Youth! If we are shallow, let us strive to acquire depth, if we are irresponsible, let us try to become responsible, if we are selfish, let us work toward utter unselfishness!

But indeed I do not mean for one moment that we should try to forget the glory and the happiness of Youth! People think that these words occur only in poetry, but we know they are true, and that it is wonderful to be young! Only the best part of all is being young in the dreaming of dreams, the thinking of "long, long thoughts," and the cherishing of high ideals! If we do this, and try our best to live these ideals as we go on, we are fitting ourselves for life, which lies before us with its wonder and

its sorrow and its happiness; we are taking upon ourselves the responsibility of Youth!

Let us keep our children's hearts and our love of play always, like Peter Pan; let us strive to be strong and brave and sincere, to know the real meaning of sympathy and understanding and love. Let us have fine friendships, living up to the supreme possiblity within us! Let us work for a higher humanhood, which shall include the noblest womanhood, and the noblest manhood, with the undying beauty of childhood! And as we go forth to Life, let us make those who have gone before us glad and proud to say:

"Joy to the laughing troop
That from the threshold starts,
Led on by courage and immortal hope,
And with the morning in their hearts.
They to the disappointed earth shall give
The lives we meant to live,
Beautiful, free and strong;
The light we almost had
Shall make them glad;
The words we waited long
Shall run in music from their voice and song."

DEBATING TEAM

Class Song, 1912

Words by Frances E. Hall

Music by { Helen Hastings / Mary MacIntyre

We have run the race to- gether, The last white
We will not for-get, dear class-mates, Wherever our
line is won And the voice of Time pro-claim-eth,
ways may wind, The friendships, memories call-ing
Oh Class of '12, 'tis done with ear
In our school we have be-had, So we scat-
our hearts we're singing To sail the Future's
ter o'er life's path-way, As at our tasks we
sea, But ere we go, Oh dear old school, We'll sing one more to thee.
toil We will ev-er prove faith-ful To dear old Nine-teen Twelve

Chorus

Hail Brookline High! We sing to thee to- day To thee our hearts we'll
sing, With this, our tuneful lay
But of all the fond, sweet memories, That cluster
round thy name, 'Tis the Class of '12 we love the best
Though all the years the same

"Clubs"

"Suffering Yet" Club

Mary Morris, Chief Sufferer. Eleanor Allen, Just Beaten Out. First Standard Bearer, Doris Halman. Second Standard Bearer, Ruth Hudnut (we hated to shove you down so far, but—it's the best we could do for you.) Distributor of Pamphlets and Campaign Literature, Esther Albee. Leader of the Militant Band, Sabina Gibbons; the Orchestra, the Other Gibbons.

Fussers' Club

President, Dillon (unanimously elected.) Popular Candidate for aforesaid Job, Crory. Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Clarke. "Go-to-bed-nights" Nordell, President of Amateurs' Division. Holder down of Washington Square, Stanley Potter. Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Handsome Dick" Rowlett. High Mysterious Priest, "Jeff" Williams. Baron Eralsey C. Ferguson, Charter Member. The Baron's Side Partner, Edward Manning. Executive Committee, "The Chocolate Soldier," "Barney," and "Jake." Carer for Out-of-town Girls, Carter Fillebrown. Bye-law: Must fuss at least three times a week.

"Sharks'" Club

Grand High Most Avaricious Devourer of Unprotected A's, Eleanor Allen. Exceedingly Noble Holder of Members' Noses to the Royal Grindstone, Anne Gibbons. Keeper of the Royal Grindstone, Sabina Gibbons. Most Exalted Burner of the Midnight Oil, Christine Ayars. The Right Noble Lifter of the Royal Highbrow, Doris Halman. Charter Members, Sara Snell, Mary Morris, Kempton Coggins, Antonio Guimaræs and Ross Berkowitz.

Let me say, ladies and gentlemen, that this is not a suffragette club, but that the unparalleled jealousy of the teachers has kept many promising members of the sterner sex from entering the sacred portals.

Per the Noble Secretary,
X. Y. Z.

"Rather Dance than Eat" Club

First Devotee of Terpsichore, Edith Faxon. Her Assistant, "Betty" Bouve. Another Sprightly Dame of the Dance, who occasionally stops to eat, Cornelia Mossman. Chief Demonstrators of the Graceful Art, the Williamson Sisters. Gracefulness Personified, Antonio Guimaræs. First Fat Little Cherub, "Jeff" Williams. Sleepy Seraphim, "Ed" Manning and "Dink" Dillon.

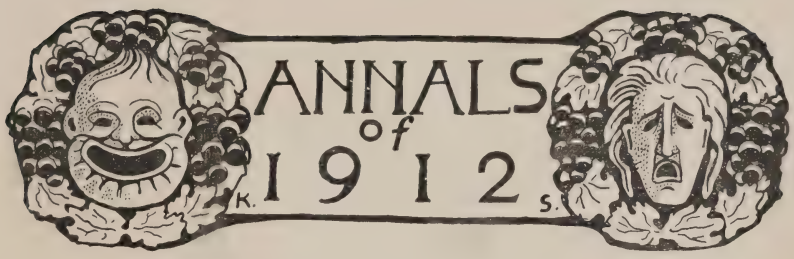
The Sphinx Club

First Knight of the Silent Order, Louis Little. First Knightess of the Silent Order, Doris Halman. Keeper of a Still Grouch, Adolphe Becker. Coggins, the Sphinx's Only Rival. Silent Sister, Isabelle Tuohy. Silent Oracles of the Sahara Desert, Kenrick and Palmer.

"Bunker's" Club

Once more Stanley rushes off with presidential honors. Cornelia's frequent trips out-of-town in quest of health have made her vice-president. (We say "once more" for Stanley, because he almost had another presidency which we, being most merciful, refrained from tacking on after his name.)

CLASS OF 1912



ANDERSON, CLARENCE O., 82 Brook St.

Hall's Barber School, Calamity Corners, Dover, Mass. Nicknames: "Kid," "Speed, "Clare," "Swede," and "Square." F. O. Chopping wood (when asleep); catching "fowls."

"None but himself can be his parallel." Clarence is certainly some athlete.

B. H. S. Hockey '09, '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Baseball '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Football '10, Captain '11.

BECKER, ADOLPHE E., 3 Washburne Terrace.

Nicknames: "Beck," "John," "Ady." F. O. Manual Training, Fussing.

"My only books
Were women's looks,—
And folly 's all they've taught me."

Who would have thought this last year?

B. H. S. Football '11 "B." Class Day Marshal '12.

BENTLEY, CHARLES B., 11 Kendall St.

College of the Unspoken Word, Lynn Beach. Nickname: "Bent." F. O. Going fussing with Crory.

"Curly, curly locks, wilt thou be mine?" Pipe Bent's Mexican Twist.

B. H. S. Second Crew '10, Championship First Crew '11, B. I. R. A. Crew '11, Captain Crew '12. Class Baseball '08. B. H. S. Football '11, '12. Usher Class Day and Graduation '11. Undergraduate Counsellor B. H. S. A. A. '12.

BERKOWITZ, S. ROSS, 115 Stedman St.

College, M. I. T. Nickname: "Berk." F. O. Sketching chickens, Manual Training.

"I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of my mind."

B. H. S. Debating Club '09, '10, '11. Rifle Club '11. Class Football '10, '11. Mandolin Club '12. Designer Sagamore cover '12. Swimming Team '12. B. H. S. Second Crew '12. B. H. S. Football squad '10, '11.

CLARKE, EDWARD THURSTON, 17 Osborne Rd.

College, Williams. Nickname: "Fusty." F. O. "Motoring."

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them."

Class President '11, '12. Winner J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking '10. B. H. S. Debating Club '09, '10, '11, 12, Vice-President '11, President '12. Interscholastic Debating Team '10, '11, '12. Director Interscholastic Triangular Debating League '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. French Play '11. Senior Social Play '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '12. B. H. S. Track squad '12. Cross-country squad '11. Class Football '09 Class Track '12. Usher Graduation '11. Class Day Marshal '12.

COGGINS, KEMPTON F., 18 Toxteth St.

Destination, business. Nicknames: "Cog," "Kemp." F. O. Writing, keeping silent.

"He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

CRORY, JAMES MAXWELL, 134 Davis Ave.

College of the Unspoken Word. Nicknames: "Redoubtable Max" (per Boston Post), "Legs." F. O. Out fussing (with Bentley).

"Thou art as long and lank and lean
As are the ribbed sea sands."

Champion Class Football '08, B. H. S. Track '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Champion Hockey Team (goal) '12. Pianist Minstrel Show '12. Author Football Song '11. B. H. S. First Crew '12. Glee Club '12. Class Baseball '10. Class Track '09, '10, '11, '12. Usher Dramatics '11, 12.

DEAN, KEMERTON, 19 Lanark Rd.

College, M. I. T. Nickname: "Kem." F. O. Manual Training, Running, Fooling, Eating.

"Handsome is that handsome does."

Class Track '12. B. H. S. Track '12. Mandolin Club '12. Treasurer Cercle Gaulois '12. Ivy Orator. B. H. S. Tumbling Team '08. Class Football '08. German Play '11. Senior Social Play '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '12. B. H. S. Debating Club '11, '12. Usher Senior Dance.

DILLON, SCHUYLER, 51 Winslow Rd.

Harvard. Nicknames: "Dink," "Diddle," "Dill." F. O. Fussing.

"Begone, dull care! thou and I shall never agree;
Begone, dull care! prithee begone with thee! "

Senior Social Playlet '12. Dramatics '12. Been out for all athletics except baseball, tennis and rifle teams.

FERGUSON, ERALSEY C., 102 Thorndike St.

College, Amherst. Nickame: "Ralzy." F. O. Keeping busy.

"Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."

Usher Sophomore Reception '09, Class Day '11, Graduation '11, Senior Social '12, Senior Dance '12. Tug of War '11. Mandolin Club '11, '12. Rifle Club '11. Manager B. H. S. Second Rifle Team, '11. Class Track '10, '11, '12. Captain '12. B. H. S. Track '11, '12. Class Day Committee '12. Manager Tennis Team '12. B. H. S. Debating Club '09, '10, '11, '12. Rhetorical Committee '11, Chairman '12. Class Debating Team '11. Director Interscholastic Triangular Debating League '12, B. H. S. Debating Team '12 Business Manager "Sagamore" '12.

FILLEBROWN, CARTER, 42 Vernon St.

Cornell. Nickname: "Cicero." F. O. Manual training, rushing out-of-town girls.

"Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

B. H. S. Football '10, '11. Relay '11, '12. Second Crew '12. Class Day Marshal '10.

GUIMARÆS, ANTONIO NESMITH, 1 Washburn Terrace.

College, Harvard. Nicknames: "Guim," "Leonardi," "The Chocolate Soldier." F. O. Baseball, Football, Tennis. Making up "gym" periods for Mr. Carrell. Keeping Fillebrown from walking home from Waverly?

"Who loudly doth declare himself
The only man that's right."
On exhibition in room 11 during I English A.

Usher Class Day '11. Dramatics '11. Dramatics '12. Class Baseball '09, '10. Class Football '09, '10. B. H. S. Football Squad '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Baseball Squad '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Tennis Team '10, '11, '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '12. B. H. S. Debating Club '12.

HEALY, THOMAS S., 630 Hammond St.

Nickname: "Hind." F. O. Using harsh words.

"Vessels large may venture more
But little boats should keep near shore."

Class Baseball '09.

HUSSEY, GEORGE FREDERICK, JR., 48 Harrison St.

College, United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. Nicknames: "Admiral," "Commodore," "Huzz," "Fred." F.O. Managing everything and everybody.

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die —
Noble 'Fred' Hussey!"

Fred never stops to ask questions but he is always on the job doing something.

Class Treasurer '12. Class Historian. Class Baseball '10. B. H. S. Debating Club '09, '10, '11, '12. Chairman of Rhetorical Committee '11. Secretary-Treasurer '12. Manager Interscholastic Debates '11, '12. Club Debating Team '12. Class Debating Team '09, '10, '11. Secretary-Treasurer and Director Interscholastic Triangular Debating League '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. President '12 (resigned), Charades, etc. '11, '12. Sagamore Reporter '11. High School Correspondent for "The Chronicle" '12. Asst. Stage Manager B. H. S. Dramatics '11. Stage Manager B. H. S. Dramatics '12. Stage Manager Senior Social '12. Rifle Club '10, '11. Captain Class Rifle Team '11. Captain B. H. S. Second Rifle Team '11. Winner William H. Lincoln Medal for Mathematics '11. Usher at Sophomore Reception, Senior Dance.

JENKINSON, EGBERT, 63 Rawson Rd.

College, Tufts. Nickname: "Jenks." F. O. Hunting for minerals with aid of a hammer and chisel.

"In volume of voice no one is his match."

B. H. S. Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Senior Social '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '12. German Play '12. Chairman Class Photograph Committee '12. Keeper of Daily Attendance Chart '12. Usher at Triangular Debate '12.

KENRICK, FRANK O., 15 Searle Ave.

Nickname: "Blondie." F. O. Baseball. Keeping silent.

"Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking."

B. H. S. Baseball '12.

LITTLE, ERNEST LEWIS, 8 Thayer Place.
Y. M. C. A. Law School. Nickname: "Eternal Spring."

"I love few words."

Class Football '09. Glee Club '10. Debating Club '09, '10, '11, '12. Class Debating Team '12. Assistant Manager of the Sagamore '11.

MCPHAIL, WILLIAM F., 12 Whitney St.
College, Bingville School of Commerce, Snake Bend, Bingville, North West. Nicknames: "Chappy Harold," "Mac." F. O. Getting A in Political Science, Noting Passing Class (femininity), Giving Oral Themes.

"Every big fish begins life on a small scale."

B. H. S. Golf Team '09. Interscholastic Championship Golf Team '10 Represented B. H. S. in Schoolboy Golf Championship '10. Winner 3rd place in Schoolboy Golf Championship '11. Aid at Senior Social '12.

MANNING, EDWARD A., 41 Clark Road.
College, Harvard, 42 Westmorly Court, Cambridge. Nickname: "Eddie." F. O. Fussing.

"I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy."

Class Treasurer '09. Head Usher Class Day '11, Graduation '11. Senior Social '12. Tennis Team '11, '12. Captain '12. Mandolin Club '11, '12. Assistant Business Manager Sagamore '12. B. H. S. Debating Club '09, '10, '11, '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '12. Charades, etc. '12. B. H. S. Dramatics (cast and property manager) '12. Senior Dance Committee '12. Class Football '10. Class Baseball '09.

MORSE, CHARLES, 440 Harvard St.
Destination, Business. Nicknames: "Moose," "Moosey," "Jake." F. O. Wearing out the gym track, Baseball, Canoeing, Tennis.

"The only laughing animal is man."
Moosie is certainly right there with the smile.

Captain Class Baseball '09, '10. Class Track '09. B. H. S. Rifle Team '11, '12. Captain '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. German Play '11. Minstrel Show '12. Tug of War '11. B. H. S. Debating Club, '11, '12. Boys' Glee Club '09, '10. Assistant Stage Manager Senior Social '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '12. B. H. S. Track '12. B. H. S. Baseball '10, '11, '12.

Nixon, Alexander Clifford, Jr., 49 Summit Ave.
College, Dartmouth. Nicknames: "Al," "Cliffy," "Sandy," "Junie." F. O. Seeing if she gets home all right. Studying French (nit).

"What can I do to be famous?"

Class Football '11. B. H. S. Football Squad '10, '11. Class Track '11. Fencing and Gymnastic Team '11. Crew Squad '11, '12. Mandolin Club '11, '12. Senior Dance Committee.

Nordell, Philip G., 29 Thayer St.
College, Dartmouth, Hanover, N. H. Nicknames: "Buzz," "Buzzy," "Buster," "Greg," "P. G." F. O. Studying at recess, worrying.

"If the heart of a man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

Class Track '09, Manager '10, Captain '11. B. H. S. Track '10, '11, '12, Captain '12. B. H. S. Tennis Team '09, '10, '11, '12, Captain '10, '11. Tennis Championship '10, '11. President B. H. S. Aeronautic Society '10, '11. Class Treasurer '11.

Norris, James E., 74 Pearl Street.
Pennsyldelphia, Dedham. Nicknames: "Jim," "Youngster." F. O. Eating, loafing, sleeping, doing nothing.

"Men are not to be measured by inches."

O'Day, Henry V., 36 Davis Ave.
College of Unspoken Word, Lynn Beach. Nicknames: "Malya," "Hank," "Heinie." F. O. Swimming, doing nothing.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?"

Class Football '08, '09, '10. Class Baseball '09, '10. Manager B. H. S. Football Team '11. B. H. S. Interscholastic Swimming Championship Relay Team '09. Manager and Member of B. H. S. Interscholastic Swimming Championship Team '12.

Palmer George B., Newton St.
Massachusetts Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass. F. O. Baseball, study periods.

"Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!"

Marshal, Class Day '11. Photograph Committee.

POTTER, STANLEY B., 1622 Beacon St.

Harvard. F. O. Studying (?), "sponging."

"Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach to dignity of crimes."

No explanation needed. We all have heard of Stanley's reputation, if we have not been stuck personally.

Enjoyed myself as much as possible.

ROWLETT, RICHARD STEWART, 1588 Beacon St.

M. I. T. Nicknames: "Duke," "Stewie." F. O. Kidding les jeunes personnes, living the simple life.

"At home in the world of society,
At sea in the world of affairs."

German Play '11, Senior Social Play '11. Dramatics '12. Mandolin Club '11, '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '10, '11, '12. Class Day Committee '12. Usher Sophomore Reception '09, Senior Dance '12. Manager Track Team '11-'12.

SCHROEDER, ROLF A., 53 Westbourne Terrace.

Business. F. O. Hunting minerals. Nicknames: "Schrode," "Flying Dutchman."

"Solitude is sometimes the best society."

B. H. S. Football '09, '10, '11. B.*

SMALL, LESLIE C., 72 Toxteth St.

Nickname: "Let." F. O. Blocking up the corridor

"She floats upon the river of his thoughts."

THIELSCHER, KARL L., 43 Thorndike St.

College, Dartmouth. Nicknames: "Barney," "Tiel." F. O. "Hothand," making up gym periods.

"He's got 'em on the list—
He's got 'em on the list,
And they'll none of 'em be missed—
They'll none of 'em be missed."

Class Football '08, '09. Class Baseball '09. B. H. S. Baseball '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Football '10, '11. B. H. S. Hockey '12. President B. H. S. A. A. Vice-President Triangular League A. A. Class Day Marshal '10, '11, '12. Class Day Usher '11, '12. Tug-of-war '10, '11. Minstrel Show '12. Usher Senior Dance '12. Senior Social Committee. Usher Graduation '11. Usher Interscholastic Debate, Head Usher Dramatics '12. Debating Club.

WALIZER, WILLIAM, 8 School St.

College, North Burlap Academy, Saugus Lighthouse Rd. Nicknames: "Bill," "Wahoo Sam," "Gentle Bill," "Wap." F. O. Doing nothing in study periods.

"Books cannot always please, however good,
Minds are not ever craving for their food."

B. H. S. Baseball '09, '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Football '10, '11. Class Baseball and Football '07, '08, '09. Minstrel Show (chorus) '12. Baseball '09, '10 and Football '10, on championship teams.

WILLIAMS, RUSSELL ARNOLD, 78 Thorndike St.

Business. Nicknames: "Rud," "Jeff," "Scratch." F. O. Picking pippins.

"Then he will talk !
Ye gods, how he will talk ! "

Class Track '09, '10, '11, '12. Debating Club '09, '10, '11, '12. Class Baseball '09, '10. Class Football '09. Rifle Club '11, '12. B. H. S. Track Squad '12. French Club '11, President '12. Football Song '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '12. Usher at Senior Social, Somerville Debate '12. Class Prophet, Athletic Editor, Sagamore '12. On Winning Doubles Team, Tennis '11, '12.

WYMAN, CHARLES, 65 Pleasant St.

College, undecided. Nicknames: "Charlie," "Hans." F. O. Putting the shot.

"An example of what can be done by perseverance."
The "B", his reward for four years of conscientious work.

Debating Club '09, '10, '11, '12. Captain Sophomore Track Team '09. Class Track Team '09, '10, '11, '12. Class Football Team '11. B. H. S. Track Team '09, '10, '11, '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '11, '12. Chairman Senior Social Committee, Tug-of-War '09, '10, '11, '12. Assistant Manager of Sagamore '12. Usher Senior Dance, Triangular Debate.

YOUNG, DELPHIN F., 1824 Beacon St.

Business. F. O. Hockey, reading.

"He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

ABRAHAMS, ROSALIND H., 29 Beals St.
Nicknames: "Chick," "Petite." F. O. Basket-ball.

"He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11. Glee Club '09. Basket-ball '08, '12.

ALBEE, ESTHER B., 69 Coolidge St.
Nickname: "Shanks." F. O. Basket-ball.

"There's little of the melancholy element in her."

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Rhetorical Committee '11. Glee Club and Graduation Chorus '11. Le Circle Gaulois '12. Basket-ball '08, '12. Captain Class basket-ball '12. Senior Social entertainment '12.

ALLEN, ELEANOR W., 1925 Commonwealth Ave.
Radcliffe. F. O. "Boning."

Eleanor's motto seems to be:
"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding."

Debating Club. "Floater" Sophomore Reception. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12.

AYARS, CHRISTINE M., 131 Davis Avenue.
College, Boston University. Nickname: "Chris." F. O. Skating, tennis, cooking.
"A quiet and scholarly girl."

Girls' Glee Club '09, '10. Class Day Marshal '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12.

BOUVE, GRACE ELIZABETH, 156 Harvard St.
Nickname: "Betty." F. O. Dancing, talking, writing "billets doux."
"Resolved to live with all my might while I do live."

Sophomore Reception Committee '09. News Editor '10. Class Day Marshal '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12, Secretary '12. Senior Dance Committee '12. B. H. S. Dramatics, prompter and cast '12.

CREASER, GLADYS FLORENCE, 71 Perry St.
Nickname: "Glad." F. O. Fishing, boating.

"Gentle, timid, sweet and kind
Are her attributes defined."

DEARING, EVELYN C., 22 University Road.
Nickname: might be Dearie, but it isn't. F. O. Tripping the light fantastic.

"I see that fashion wears out more apparel than the man."

EDWARDS, VIENNA FRANCES, 62 White Place.

College, Simmons or Framingham Normal. Nickname: "Austria." F. O. Studying, sewing, domestic science.

"There's a proud modesty in merit."

Graduation and Prize Speaking, Chorus '11. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11. Designer "Sagamore" Cut '11.

EGAN, ANNIE C., 769 Boylston Street.

Nickname: "Ann." F. O. Anything and everything.

"There is not a moment without some duty."

EISENHARDT, FLORENCE MARIE, Newton St.

College, Wellesley Normal. Nickname: "Florie." F. O. Keeping active.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

Class Secretary '12. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Secretary '12. Club Debating Team '12. Class Day Marshal '11. Senior Social Play '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '12. Class Prophetess, J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking '09, '10, '11, '12.

FAXON, EDITH F., 29 Williston Rd.

Miss Winsor's School, Longwood. Nicknames: "Ede," "Faxo." F. O. Dancing, swimming, golf.

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

"Sagamore" Reporter '09. Alumni Editor '12. Glee Club '09, '10, 12. "Floater" Sophomore Reception '09. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Vice-President '11. Interscholastic Debating Team '11. Class Debating Team '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12, Vice-President '12. French Play '11. Senior Social Play '12. B. H. S. Dramatics, prompter '11, cast '12. Class Day Marshal '11. Manager Girls' Baseball '12.

GIBBONS, ANNE F., Warren St.

College, Boston Normal School. F. O. Securing A's.

"A smooth and steadfast mind."

"She was a scholar and a wise one."

Class Day Marshal '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '12. Girls' Debating Club '11, '12. Class Basket-ball '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

GIBBONS, SABINA R., Warren St.

Nicknames: "Sibbie," "Bing." F. O. Walking.

"I hope to merit heaven."

Class Day Marshal '11. Girls' Debating Club '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

GILMORE, EDITH R., 18 Homer St.
College, Normal School. F. O. Playing the piano.

"Modest and shy as a nun is she."

Debating Club '11.

GRAVES, ETHEL C., 30 Boylston Place.
F. O. Needlework, typewriting.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

HALL, FRANCES EVELYN, 58 Corey Road.
College, Smith. Nicknames: "France," "Francois." F. O. Sailing, forgetting everything, deciding matters.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Glee Club '09, '10, '11. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Chairman Rhetorical Committee '11. Vice-President '12. Sophomore Reception Committee '09. Class Secretary '10, '11. Class Day Marshal '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12. Class Photograph Committee '12. Words to Class Song.

HALMAN, DORIS F., 25 Harvard Ave.
College, Radcliffe. F. O. Theatre.

"On their own merits modest women are dumb."

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. French Play '11. German Play '12. Literary Editor of "The Sagamore" '12.

HASTINGS, HELEN C., 11 Milton Rd.
Nicknames: "Little Lady," "Dutch," "Hastings." F. O. Laughing, dancing, swimming, autoing.

"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobodee."

Clee Club '08, '09, '10. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

HEALY, MARY J., 630 Hammond St.
Nickname: "May." F. O. Sewing, reading, playing whist.

"Oh, spirits gay, and kindly heart!"

HUDNUT, RUTH A., 1372 Beacon St.
College, Simmons. Nickname: "Rufus." F. O. Swimming, canoeing, riding, taking the opposite side in a discussion.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!"

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Chairman of Rhetorical Committee '12. Glee Club '10, '11, '12. Treasurer '11. News Editor "Sagamore" '12.

HUSTED, HELEN G., 1865 Beacon St.
F. O. Dancing, reading.

"At all times alike."

Winner William H. Lincoln Medal for Physics '11.

JEFFERSON, FRANCES ADALYN, 185 Davis Ave.
College, Mt. Holyoke. F. O. Driving, autoing, tennis.

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Basket-ball '09. Field Hockey '09. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. Glee Club '09, '10, '12.

KELLY, MARIE C., 118 Franklin St.
College, Simmons. F. O. Reading, skating, dancing.

"A very gentle being and of good conscience."

Girls' Glee Club '09, '10. Senior Social Entertainment '12. Class Basket-ball '12.

KRAFT, ELISE, 2 Summit Ave.
F. O. Eating.

"A court butterfly
That flutters in the pageant of a monarch."

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Floater at Sophomore Reception '09. Class Day Marshal '11. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

VON LADAU, HELENA, 17 High St.
College, Museum Art School, Boston. F. O. Making posters.
"Slow and steady wins the race."

Class Vice-President '09. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

LEARD, HELEN MARGARET, 358 Washington St.
College, Framingham Normal School. Nickname: "Nellie." F. O. Reading.

"Love me little,
Love me long!"

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Basket-ball '08. Field Hockey '09.

LONG, ELIZABETH P., 233 Boylston St.
Nickname: "Idd." F. O. Dancing.

"Silence has become her mother tongue."

McCormick, Frances C., 77 Brington Rd.
Nickname: "Bronco." F. O. Swimming, dancing, tennis.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate."

Girls' Debating Club '11. Basket-ball '09. Glee Club.

McCutcheon, Edna, 31 Winchester St.
College, Sargent's. Nicknames: "Ed.," "Mac." F. O. Dancing, skating, basket-ball.

"Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty."

Class basket-ball '12.

MacIntyre, Mary, 92 University Rd.
College, Home. Nickname: "The blonde beauty." F. O. Trying to write.

"Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestowed until she had no more."

McNamara, Margaret Josephine, 109 Boylston St.
Nickname: "Baby Josie." F. O. Joy riding, reading.

"True modesty is a discerning grace."

Meany, Lillian A., 17 Tabor Place.
College, Bryant and Stratton. Nicknames: "Smiler," "Lilly," "Shorty." F. O. Walking alone (uummn).

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11.

Morris, Mary, 56 Greenough St.
College, Radcliffe. F. O. Acting, reading, playing with babies (including Girls' Debating Club), booming "Votes for women."

"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."

Winner J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking '09. Girls' Debating Club, '10, '11, '12, Secretary '11, President '12. Interscholastic Debating Team '11. Class Debating Team '12. B. H. S. Dramatics '11, '12. Senior Social Play '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. French Play '11. Class Orator. Glee Club.

Morse, Alice, 6 Perry St.
Nickname: "Morsey." F. O. Gym, reading.

"I love to see a nimble activeness
In noble youth."

Basket-ball '12.

MOSSMAN, CORNELIA H., 19 Monmouth St.
Nickname: "Nelie." F. O. Dancing.
"Beauty is a joy forever."
Sophomore Reception Committee '09. Class Day Marshal '11. Senior Social Committee '12. Class Day Committee '12.

MULCAHEY, ANNA L., 49 Walter Ave.
College, Wellesley. F. O. Visiting Huylers.
"Our dress still varying, nor to forms confined,
Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind."

O'BRIEN, MARY A., 35 Flora St.
F. O. Dancing, swimming.
"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

O'NEILL, CHRISTINA A., 227 Cypress St.
Nickname: "Chris." F. O. Music.
"A light heart lives long."
Glee Club '09. Debating Club '11, '12.

PLIMPTON, MARGARET, 25 Park St.
College, Boston University. Nicknames: "Maggie," "Goggie," "Plimpton." F. O. Skating, dancing, swimming.
"Language is an art, and a glorious one."
Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

RICHARDSON, ESTHER A., 37 Cypress St.
College, Simmons. F. O. Gym, swimming, talking.
"Jest and youthful jollity."
Glee Club '08, '09. Basket-ball '09, '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '12. Senior Social Entertainment '12. Senior Dance Committee '12.

ROBINSON, EDITH C., 12 Linden Place.
F. O. Dancing, tickling the ivories, ("beating the box").
"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."
Glee Club '09, '10.

SILVER, ZIPORA, 32 Columbia St.
Nicknames: "Zippie," "Zip," "Slipper." F. O. Dancing.
"Fashion, leader of a chattering train.
Glee Club. Basket-ball.

SNELL, SARA E., 74 Davis Ave.

College, Wellesley. F. O. Studying (at least taking books home).

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Girls' Glee Club '09, '10, '11. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Class Debating Team '11, '12. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. Class Day Marshal '11. Senior Social Entertainment '12. German Play '12.

SOUTHWICK, RUTH, 386 Washington St.

College, Emerson College of Oratory. Nicknames: "Rufus," "Utie." F. O. Theatres (good ones), dancing, tennis.

"Pour the full tide of eloquence along."

Girls' Debating Club '10, '11. Le Cercle Gaulois '11, '12. Glee Club '11. Class Basket-ball '12. J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking '12.

STEWART, HAZEL, 32 Linden St.

F. O. Tripping the light fantastic.

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!"

SULLIVAN, KATHERINE, 1 Brook St.

Nickname: "Dusky." F. O. Dancing, baseball.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

Katherine's future occupation is to be that of a nurse.

Glee Club '09. Field Hockey '09. Basket-ball '09 '12. Girls' baseball '12.

SWIFT, ADA FRANCES, 8 Cypress St.

F. O. Swimming.

"In maiden meditation fancy free."

TAYLOR, IRENE, 46 Linden Place.

College, Bryant and Stratton. Nickname: "Ren," "I." F. O. Canoeing

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

TUOHY, ISABELLA T., 11 Houlihan Ave.

F. O. Stoicism.

"And to herself she gladly doth retire."

Designer of cut for "Sagamore" '11.

WALKER, INA B., 1 St. Mary's Court.

Nickname: "Wiblets." F. O. Philosophizing.

"Thinkers are scarce as gold."

Girls' Debating Club '12.

WALSH, ELIZABETH M., 15 Hurd Rd.
College, Simmons. Nicknames: "Libbe," "Lib." F. O. Baseball, basket-ball.

"I do not love much ceremony."

Glee Club '08, '09. Field Hockey '08. Basket-ball '08, '12. Girls' Baseball '12.

WARREN, MARY, 1683 Beacon St.
F. O. Talking.

"It is better not to be, than be unhappy."

Girls' Debating Club '11, '12. Senior Social Prompter '12.

WILLIAMS, ELEANOR T., 227 Aspinwall Ave.
Nicknames: "Billy," "Chunksey." F. O. Sneezing, wearing gold medals.

"A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow."

Sophomore Reception Committee '09. Class Day Marshal '10. Senior Social Entertainment '12.

WILLIAMSON, FLORINE KATE, 1592 Beacon St.
Nickname: "Dibbie." F. O. Dancing, tennis.

"Hence, loathed melancholy."

Senior Social Committee '12.

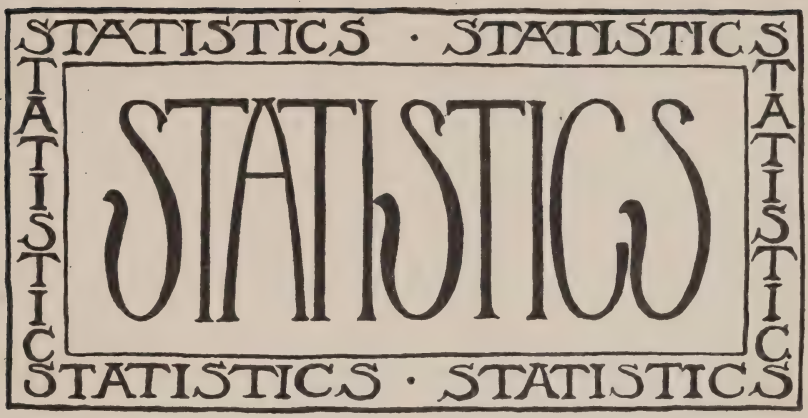
WILLIAMSON, LILLIAN A., 1592 Beacon St.
Nickname: "Lill." F. O. Going up river, motoring.

"Oh, popular applause, what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing chorus."

WOODWARD, NELLIE ELIZABETH, 779 Washington Street.
College, Wellesley. Nickname: Just "Nellie." F. O. Studying pianoforte, walking, high jumping (not high flying).

"Around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone."

Class Vice-President '12. Chairman Senior Dance Committee '12. Girls' Debating Club '10, '11, '12. Glee Club '10, '11, '12. Class Day Marshal '11. Senior Social Entertainment '12. Banner bearer aid, Class Day '11, '12. Pianist Chapel Exercises '12.



Popular Boy

Clark caught the water at the shot of the gun, set a hot pace down the river, was never headed, and crossed the line a winner by many lengths. Hussey pulled a good race and finished second. Nordell and Thielscher fought stroke by stroke, but Nordell, on the final spurt, raised his time and the bow of his shell showed ahead of Thielscher's boat. Anderson caught a crab on the way down stream, thus forcing him to take fifth place.

Popular Girl

There was a pretty race between Florence Eisenhardt, Nellie Woodward and Lillian Williamson for first honors. Florence won, with Nellie second and Lillian third. Edith Faxon, "Betty" Bouve and Cornelia Mossman finished fourth, fifth and sixth, respectively.

Boy Who has Done Most for B. H. S.

Hail to the "Commodore!" Clarke gave him a hard fight and finished second. "Kid" Anderson, Thielscher, Nordell, and Ferguson made the going good.

Girl Who has Done Most for B. H. S.

The noble president of the Girls' Debating Club showed up strong at the finish: Mary Morris received the wreath of laurel. Florence Eisenhardt's name again appears, this time in second place. Nellie Woodward came in third, while Doris Halman and Edith Faxon divided the remaining points.

Handsomest Boy

Oh you Kemerton! Dean received so many votes that Apollo blushed for shame. Crory's soulful eyes brought him second medal. Nordell just beat out Rowlett, who was handicapped at the last moment by the loss of his "mush" and monocle. Thielscher brought up the rear.

Prettiest Girl

Cornelia Mossman looked her prettiest and received enough votes to win this honor. Mary MacIntyre preserved the dignity of the blondes by securing second. Nellie Woodward pressed Mary closely for second. Lillian Williamson, Eleanor Williams, and Frances Hall can easily pass in a small crowd.

Versatile Boy

Most of the class thought versatile meant some new sort of a hair arrangement, but wasn't sure, so didn't vote. However, Clarke made good with the "Commodore" second. Nordell raked in another third, Thielscher another fourth, and Anderson another fifth.

Versatile Girl

Florence covered herself again with glory, but not by a large margin. Edith Faxon's many accomplishments gave her the job of first assistant. Mary Morris marched sedately along into third position, forgetful of Elizabeth (have we ever heard that name before?) Bouve and Nellie Woodward, who were hurrying on behind her.

Class Grind

The boys and girls each trained a team and sent their representatives to do battle with each other. Little, Palmer, Hussey, Berkowitz, Manning, Fillebrown, and Coggins represented the boys at Stockholm; while Eleanor Allen, Doris Halman, Christine Ayars, and the Gibbons Sisters wore the colors of the girls. The masculines were entirely outclassed. Eleanor Allen was the big point winner with Little second. Doris and Christine managed to beat out Anna and Sabina, and the boys had to follow in the order named above. Potter voted for himself and got a look in.

Biggest Loafer

Walizer almost had the title, but Stanley Potter threatened to lick him unless he withdrew. Once Stanley did a piece of work, but the effects from it were so serious that now the sound of the very word "work" makes him think of the most horrible things—such as making up gym periods. Small finished ahead of his class president and Dillon.

Biggest Fusser

It isn't often that a new guy can slip one over on us, but Dillon gets the "posish." Crory, who sometimes takes Bentley along with him, marched off with only second place, much to his own disappointment. Who 'd 'a thunk it? Clarke gets third. Small romped along in fourth place. Thielscher, Nordell, and Williams did pretty well, when one considers the class they were up against.

Biggest Flirt

It was a foregone conclusion as to who would be in the lime light. Never mind, Edith, people didn't know how to appreciate your sociability. Florine Williamson wasn't so worse. Much to our surprise, Betty Bouve wins third over Edna MacCutcheon and Cornelia Mossman.

Biggest Sport

One guess as to who carries off the banner. Yes, "Duke" Rowlett copped eight-seven first votes. His side partner, "Jeff" Williams, helped himself to the ballot-box and got second. Stanley Potter did remarkably well for a little kid, beating out such notorious characters as Dean, Nordell, and Crory.

Feminine Sport

Edith beat Rowlett's record of eighty-seven by one vote. You weren't to blame this time, Edith, but that scarlet skirt and striped blazer certainly were incriminating evidences. Lillian Williamson had to be contented with second honors. Edna MacCutcheon separated the younger Miss Williamson from her sister.

Biggest Talker

Russell Williams and Ruth Hudnut had a beautiful time trying to convince each other that he-she was the biggest talker. Since Ruth refused to be convinced, "Rud" gave in as a matter of courtesy. Charles Wyman was a good third with Guimaræs, Mary Morris, Betty Bouve and Fred Hussey bringing up the procession.

Biggest Sphinx

Little made his debut in this event. . Doris Halman led the field in the girls' race. Other members of the silent order are Eleanor Allen, Adolphe Becker, Kempton Coggins, Frank Kenrick, and George Palmer.

Best Athlete

The side-lines cheered as Anderson came down the stretch in the lead. Thielscher was close behind him and Walizer followed him. Nordell, Crory, and Fillebrown hold niches in the hall of athletic fame. Anderson and Thielscher has each made his "B" in football, baseball, and hockey.

Feminine Athlete

Florence is again in the fore. Edith Faxon as baseball player, manager, and erstwhile umpire was the second choice. Nellie Woodward and Esther Richardson were tied for third after the votes had been counted 'steen times.

Busiest Boy

Again the "Commodore," George Frederick Hussey, Jr. Clarke gets second vote in this, which is rather a contradiction, inasmuch as he also received an honorable mention in the loafers' club. Nordell pulled third, a wee bit ahead of Wyman. Crory received a vote with this attached to it: "I do solemnly give my vote to one James Maxwell Redoubtable Crory, because I have never seen anyone so busy—writing notes to the girls in study periods."

Busiest Girl

It is not quite fair of Florence to be winning all the gold medals. Mary Morris makes her appearance again, followed by Nellie Woodward. Edith Faxon and Esther Albee complete the list.

Oldest Boy

One Egbert Jenkinson surprises us with the age of 20 years, 7 months, 2 days, 9 hours, and 14 minutes. Small and Fillebrown are also in the very early twenties. Anderson, Bentley, Ferguson, O'Day, Rowlett, and Walizer must soon say good-bye to the bloom of their youth.

Oldest Girl

Edna MacCutcheon leads at just 20. Misses Gilmore, Graves, Healy, Hudnut, Leard, Mossman, Mulcahey, O'Neill, Snell, Tuohy, and L. Williamson are to celebrate their twentieth immediately, if not sooner.

Youngest Boy

Norris is the infant at 16 years, 10 months, 21 days, eight hours, 12 minutes, 1 1-2 seconds. Potter, Dean, Manning, and Nordell are still in their seventeens. "Buzz" is rather young to be growing bald.

Youngest Girl

Esther Albee makes us take notice by declaring herself to be 17 years, 1 month, and 20 days old. Misses Creaser, Dearing, Faxon, A. Gibbons, Kelly, von Ladau, Richardson, Walker and F. Williamson are also at the youthful age of seventeen something.

Tallest Boy

Crory straightened up and became 6 feet 2 1-4 inches in height. O'Day said that he was 6 feet 8 inches tall, but we will take off the feet and let him in on this. Nordell, Guimaræs, and Little are the other giants. Thielscher put down 5 feet 11 in socks (brilliant boy.)

Tallest Girl

Isabelle Tuohy led the van with 5 feet 11 inches. Edna MacCutcheon was there with 5 feet 9 inches. Elizabeth Long was quite short, alas! so we could not make a pun.

Shortest Boy

Norris wins again at 5 feet 4 inches. "Tim" Healy rose upon his tiptoes, but all he could measure was 5 feet 4 3-4 inches. "Handsome Dick" Rowlett was third, height 5 feet 5 inches. No other pigmies were in the running.

Shortest Girl

Helen Hastings breaks all records at the magnificent height of 4 feet 10 inches. Ethel Graves is second at 5 feet and Rosalind Abrahams is but 1-4 inch behind her.

Heaviest Boy

Sh! Adolphe Becker has 173 lbs. of brawn and muscle. Thielscher is 168, before dinner, (297 after). O'Day again states an untruth, 190 lbs.

Heaviest Girl

The heaviest girl's weight was only 137 lbs. We would like to believe the girls, but several young ladies have the appearance of a trifle more than 137 lbs. N. B. We later discovered that the young ladies at meeting resolved to pull the wool over the eyes of the weight inspector by deducting five pounds apiece from their true weight.

Lightest Boy

Norris again beats out Healy, 120 pounds against 121. Potter is once more third with 130, Clarke fourth with 132.

Lightest Girl

Mary Warren carries but 90 lbs. around with her. Misses Mulcahey, Robinson, and Leard are second, third, and fourth with 97, 103 and 105 lbs. respectively.

Class Clown

Dillon, Morse, and Guimaræs were the only entries and Dillon put the boots on the last two mentioned. Morse's actions in gym made him a prominent candidate, but Antonio's natural attitude made him second clown despite the efforts of the former.

Blondes or Brunettes?

Gee! this is some facetious class. Such answers were received as: "Yes, I think so," "Do you mean peroxides when you say blondes?" etc. The brunettes received double the number of votes and were declared winners. N. B. If you wish to be in favor darken your hair.

Favorite Study

Recess wins! Study period just beaten out. No-school received a few ballots.

A's received per month

Many and varied were the answers! The A's varied from 0 to seven (A. F. Gibbons record holder). Some of the answers received were: "I refuse to answer such frivolous questions," "15 more or less," "too many to count," "5 x 0," "That's rubbing it in." Someone was unkind enough to remark, "It depends whether or not I'm in good." The general concensus was about 1 over the square root of—31.

Hours of Study per night

Most of the answers were truthful; such as "I don't study," "8.15 to 8.30 A.M.," "all night." Some were lies, such as two hours, two hours and a half, two to four hours. On an average the class studied at least twenty minutes per night—some nights.

The Class of 1912

All hail to the Class of 1912! It bids the school goodbye at the wonderful old age of 1,675 years 5 months. Its height is 483 feet seven inches, and its weight 12,843 pounds. The average age of the boys is 18 years nine months, of the girls eighteen years six months. The average height of the former is 5 feet 8 inches, of the latter 5 feet 3 1-2 inches. The average weight of the masculines is 152 pounds, of the feminines 119 pounds. Some class!

L'Envoi

It has set its sails, and is drawing near
To the Land Where Lost Things Go,
O'er the purpled sea of an ending year,
From the future it may not know.
And still as the current of time flows by,
With the ship it bears along,
The voices of "1912" rise high,
Singing its farewell song.

CHORUS

Oh, Ship of '12, who must start alone
When the moorings you love are gone,
Through the golden mists of a life unknown,
With the blessing of God—sail on!

With its faces turned to the fading shore,
And its love in its refrain,
As the class sails into the Nevermore—
May its memory still remain,
When only the echo comes sounding back
From the Land Where Lost Things Go,
When the sun has gone from its gleaming track,
Leaving the afterglow!

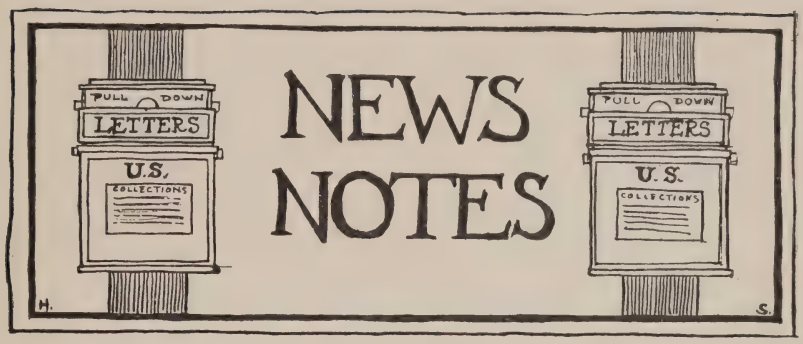
CHORUS

D. F. H., '12.

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES"—DRAMATICS, 1912

MLLE. LA MERLE

GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM



Calendar

June 26, School Closes

September 9, School Opens

Talks

On Friday morning, May 3, Miss Marshall gave a delightful tale of some of her experiences in Greece. She first traced her course on the map and then related several amusing incidents that befell her on the way. Some of the girls gave up the idea of going to Greece, when Miss Marshall said that the indispensable article known as the mirror was lacking in a majority of the hotels. The boys also concluded that they would not be best men at any Greek wedding, since the best man pays all the expenses of the aforesaid wedding. The students, many of whom are now studying Greek history, greatly enjoyed the talk.

On Wednesday, May 29, Mr. Lamb addressed the school in celebration of Memorial Day. He spoke of his own and his friends' impressions of the Civil War, as well as adding several laughable incidents which occurred at the time. He ended with the prayer that war may be forever abolished, and that state matters may be settled by a wiser method, namely arbitration.

Le Cercle Gaulois

At the next to the last meeting of the French Club, several members took part in charades for the amusement of the others. Following this, Misses Hastings, Halman, Bouvé, Faxon and Richardson read an exceedingly funny selection. Delicious refreshments were served through the efforts of the Junior girls.

The final meeting of Le Cercle Gaulois was spent in a picnic at Riverside and sightseeing at Norumbega Park. The club has had a most enjoyable year.

Senior Dance

The Class of 1912 held its Senior Dance on Friday, May 3. It was a huge success from start to finish. There were twenty dances in all, and after the eighth dance refreshments were served. During the twelfth dance, all the lights were turned down in the hall; and it was lighted by the numerals 1912 alone. The dance orders were small white booklets with gold letters. The upper corridor was converted into a sitting room and was supplied with pillows and easy chairs. The only part of the hall that was decorated was the platform, about which were placed ferns and all sorts of hothouse plants, and across which was stretched a large gray and red banner bearing the 1912 numerals. During the last dance, the lights were again dimmed; the 1912 numbers shone forth in all their glory; and while the band softly played its last strains of music, red and gray streamers floated out from the balcony over the dancers.

The success of the affair was due to the committee in charge, Nellie Woodward, the chairman, and Esther Richardson, Elizabeth Bouvé, Edward Manning, Alexander Nixon, her assistants. The matrons, whose duty it was to receive the guests, were Mrs. George P. Hitchcock, Mrs. Arthur T. Clarke, Mrs. Felix J. Woodward and Miss Elizabeth Pease. The ushers were E. Thurston Clarke, George Hussey, Antonio Guimaræs, Schuyler Dillon, Stewart Rowlett, Kemerton Dean, Eralsey Ferguson, Karl Thielscher, Edward Manning and Alec Nixon.

Girls' Debating Club

On Tuesday, May 7, the Seniors defeated the Juniors in the interclass series. The question for debate read: "Resolved, That the United States should build two new battleships this year." Edith Faxon and Sara Snell, '12, had the affirmative side of the question; Dorothy Rhodes and Ruth Damon, '13, the negative. Misses Eisenhardt, Woodward, Hastings, Daniels, Hudnut, Hall, B. Allen, Hunt, Stewart and E. Allen spoke from the floor. Mr. Hitchcock, as judge, gave his decision to the affirmative, as did the house. Mrs. Brooks gave some very useful criticisms.

The final meeting of the Girls' Debating Club took place on Monday, May 27. The Senior team, composed of Mary Morris and Edith Faxon, defeated the Sophomore team, the members of which were Alice Stewart and Marian O'Connor. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That children under sixteen should be allowed to participate in professional dramatic performances." The speakers from the floor were Misses Warren, Fisher, Hastings, Eisenhardt, Waldo, and Snow, Sapron and Kramer. Miss McSkimmon, as judge, gave her decision to the affirmative. The house voted the same way. Mr. Snow acted as critic.

The German Play

The German classes, under the able instruction of Miss Adams, presented a farce in two acts at Shailer Hall, Tuesday, May 28. An expectant audience, nearly two hundred strong, anxiously awaited the rise of the curtain. We presume that even the most ignorant amongst us knows the meaning of "Die Hochzeitsreise," the title of the play. Anyway as a matter of precaution for some *still hopeless* freshman, it means "The Wedding Trip."

A certain Otto Lambert, professor of Latin and Greek, forty-two years of age, has just married a pretty young lady, Antonie, of twenty-one. The professor was no fool, however, as the girl owned thirty thousand dollars and this possession was his inducement. The first act opens with the arrival of the bride's trunks of

which the contents are carefully examined as a result of the man-servant's curiosity. The men are unable to repack the trunks and are forced, as a last resort, to call in the maid from the family on the next floor. This situation becomes extremely funny at this point. Just as things are put into shape again, Lambert and his frivolous young wife arrive.

In the second act, Antonie pleads with the staid professor to take a wedding trip. He refuses, and she sets out to win his consent with the arts and wiles known only to a woman. She initiates him into love making by practicing on Edmund, an unsophisticated student, and even attempts to kiss him. This induces the professor to propose a wedding trip to separate the two. Thus Antonie wins her little game.

The whole farce was screamingly comical and the audience was hysterical with laughter. The parts of Lambert and Antonie were the most important and the longest. Egbert Jenkinson, '12, and Sara Snell, '12, as these characters were excellent. Edmund, alias Edward Goodnow, '13, was very good in this comedy work. Hahnensporn, the professor's servant, and Guste, the maid from the next floor, kept the spectators in uproars. Eugene Ramsey, '14, and Doris Halman, '12, took these parts. Miss Adams stated that she was very much pleased with the way the play went off. Refreshments were served after the performance by Alice Burdett, Dorothy Rhodes, Frances Coburn and Elizabeth MacNaughton.

Prize Speaking

The twelfth annual J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest was held in Shailer Hall on May 24. The speakers, Charles Daly, Marion Cook, George McLaughlin, Ruth Southwick, Delphin Young, Evelyn Fisher, Freeman Swett, Florence Eisenhardt, Robert Capron and Madeleine Hunt, were so excellent that it was necessary for the judges to confer for almost an hour in order to decide on the winners. Finally the decision of the judges was given: Madeleine Hunt, who spoke "The Lie," received the girls' prize. Freeman Swett, who rendered "The Man Without a Country," won the boys'

prize. Ruth Southwick and Robert Capron, who gave the "Rescue of Lygia" and "How Ruby Played," respectively, received honorable mentions. The special chorus under the direction of Mr. Cole sang two selections, and while the judges were making their decision, it sang "The Wreck of the Hesperus." Mr. Cole is to be congratulated on the splendid showing of the chorus.

Personals

Our editor-in-chief has taken to scientific agriculture. Julian is lowering the high cost of living by nourishing a strawberry bed.

Ruth Damon, '13, is assisting Miss Dorothea Mason, instructor at the Parson's Playground. The work consists in teaching the children various games. Ruth has charge of the sand boxes.

Dorothy Rhodes, '13, and Ruth Hudnut, '12, are both going to be councilors at camps this summer.

Bryant Hawes, '14, gave a delightful informal dance at the Parish House on Sewall Avenue, June 1. A large number of our school and our alumni was present. Hm! The refreshments were a special feature.

Our school is now represented at West Point and Annapolis by Cadet Roland Shugg, '12, and Midshipmann G. F. Hussey, '12, respectively. Both passed all examinations with flying colors. They plugged hard and have received a just reward. Their success is a great credit and honor to the school as many candidates from some of our rival institutions failed.

Irwin Myers, '15, has left our learned quarters and now lives in Baltimore.

For cat's sake give Dusossoit a sandwich. He's still hungry.

It might interest the graduates of the Devotion Grammar School to know that Miss Edith Wright with Misses Virginia and Miriam Litchfield sail for England June 25. They will take in all the points of interest throughout Europe.

Stanley Potter, '12, rises with the birds tout matin, rushes up to the public tennis courts, and thus gets in his application for courts early. Bright *little* boy.

Augustus Wordell, Sam Paige, Charles Wood and Leslie Small also gave a very enjoyable informal dance at the Parish House on Sewall Avenue, June 8.

Vienna Edwards, '12, and Ruth Damon, '13, taught domestic science at the Friendly Society during the winter.

Katharine Andrews, '14, "bunked" school for a week and visited her granny in Washington.

Wanted! A gatling gun by Blake Cooley, '14, for protection against "Are you down?" pests.

Cyril Chandler Reynolds, '13, hereafter wants to be called "Chan" or "Mr. Reynolds." He objects to the plebeian title "Cy."

Thomas Henry Ireland O'Connor, '14, claimed in 3d Hist. a short time ago that he is descended from a King O'Connor of Ireland.

It is rumored that Carl Jonsson, '14, may install a society here. He has all the symptoms of several bad cases of "feminitis."

Dorothy Rhodes, '13, gave a house party to a number of her friends at her summer home at Duxbury, Mass., June 14-17.

Brookline, 5; Harvard 1915, 4

On the 24th of April, our boys played their annual game with the Harvard Freshmen at Cambridge. The latter remembering their defeat at our hands two years ago placed their best pitcher, Frye, last year's Exeter star, on the mound; but he was no kind of an opponent for "Happy" Harry Denning, who was in top-notch form. Harry made a name for himself that day by striking out 18 of the freshmen and allowing only one of their men to hit him safely. Besides this he found Frye for two hits out of three times up, one of them a two-bagger. Kelleher and Anderson also did good work with the stick, both getting two hits. The line-up for Brookline was as follows: Denning, p.; Anderson, c.; Rowe, 1st; Thielscher, 2d; Kelleher, 3d; Kerr and Paine, s.s.; Kenrick, l.f.; Walizer, c.f.; Morse and Gleason, r.f.

Brookline, 5; Roxbury Latin, 4

Comerford was slated to pitch this game, and although the score does not show it, he did remarkably well, holding the visitors to four hits and retiring nine on strikes. Errors in the field were in every case the cause for a Roxbury score. Morse, Thielscher, Anderson and Kerr found the Roxbury pitcher to their liking; the first two knocked home runs over the center-fielder's head. Anderson got three and Kerr two hits out of four times at bat.

Brookline, 4; Malden, 6

Malden seems to have "the Indian sign" on us in all seasons of the year and so it was on a May day when our team took a trip to the Malden athletic field. It is true Denning was not in the best of shape and his weakening in the eighth inning was fatal, as three runs crossed the plate. However, our boys "came back" strong in the first of the ninth and started a rally which looked like victory, but Malden's five-run lead was too much and we had to be satisfied with going around the batting order for three runs. Rowe made his debut as a heavy hitter, while Kelleher's three-bagger in the eighth scored him after one of his singles.

Brookline, 12; Dummer Academy, 1

We opened athletic relations with Dummer Academy on May 4, at Cypress Street, with a decisive victory. Comerford held the visitors to three hits until the ninth when, out of kindness, he allowed Worcester to knock a home run. The same feat was accomplished by Kelley and Thielscher for us. Mr. Carrell gave many of the substitutes a try-out and they all showed up well. The Brookline players were: Kelleher, Paine, Morse, Kelley, Anderson, McNeilly, Walizer, Thielscher, Rowe, Gleason, Kerr, Kenrick and Comerford.

Brookline, 7; Wellesley High School, 4

Denning was out for revenge on the 7th of May, when he faced the Wellesley players after our defeat by them last year. He had decided to make a record, with the result that nineteen were forced to acknowledge that "they couldn't see him" and only three could hit the ball safely. Besides that he knocked a home-run and a two-bagger, the former bringing in three runs in the eighth. Morse also found his batting eye for a triple, double, single and another double which the umpire didn't see. Anderson and Thielscher also each obtained two hits out of five times at bat.

B. H. S., 3; Pomfret, 3 (12 Innings)

On Saturday, May 11, Brookline made its annual trip to Pomfret, Conn. For twelve innings the two teams battled neck and neck; the game, however, should have been won by Brookline in the ninth. With the score 3-2 in our favor, two out, and two strikes on the batter, Denning hoping to catch him asleep, threw the "quick return" ball. Well, after our fielders had chased and fielded the ball, the batter had crossed the plate with the tying run. After twelve innings, the game was called in order to let the fellows catch the 6.25 for "home and mother." Kelley and Rowe each got three hits.

B. H. S., 8; English High, 5

"We want Harry! Come on back, Harry." This was the slogan of the Boston crowd. Harry, however, was being saved for another day, and besides, "they never come back." Denning was in mid-season form and allowed just about one hit in four innings. Walizer, who succeeded Harry, showed that he still has a lot to learn about pitching. Paine, our third slab artist, had a little more on the ball than Bill. Though English made a rally, they fell three runs short of tying the score. In the last half of the first, with three on and two out, Kerr failed to connect. Morse brought in one run in the second, the bags likewise being occupied. Walizer nearly stopped the clock with a lusty homer and Thielscher drove out two triples and a single. Denning was also there with a two-bagger.

Brookline, 3; St. Johns Prep., 3 (13 Innings)

On May 18 Brookline crossed bats with the strong St. John's team at Danvers. Helped along through each spasm by the "ump," and by a huge horse-shoes filled with nails, St. John's was able to escape defeat. Up to the ninth the score was 3-2 in St. John's favor. Two runs were scored in the ninth by us, but one of them, made by Anderson, was ruled out because he interfered with the

ball. Brookline got the worst of every decision and was under great difficulties throughout the game. The "ump" wouldn't let "Harry" pitch with his hat off. "Harry" objected but "ump" was firm, very firm.

Brookline, 7; Commerce, 3

Bob Paine lasted an inning in the capacity of pitcher. When the smoke from the Commerce bats had blown away, two runs were found to have crossed the plate. "Bob" retired and Denning proceeded to fan the opposing batsmen. One of Harry's twisters got away from him too soon and sought the center of the plate. It suited the Commerce man's taste and he swung at it. Fortunately there was none on at the time. This lusty hit made the score 3-0. Until the eighth inning, the score remained unchanged. In this inning, however, Carrell's Cubs got to the ball and pounded it all over the lot. In this game as in others, Thielscher, Kelley, Paine and Rowe were there with the club. This quartet should help break up the league games. The final score of this game was 7-3.

Triangular League

Brookline, 3; Cambridge Latin, 0

The first league game was played on Thursday, May 23, at Brookline with Cambridge. As a result of a mass meeting in the hall that morning, a fair sized crowd attended.

The game by innings.

When the game started Kenrick was playing right field. The Cambridge team succeeded in getting a man to second in the first inning, but did not score. Brookline likewise did not tally.

In the second session, O'Connor, the Cantabs' heavy hitter, slammed out a two-bagger. Much to his disgust, he was called out for not touching first. It looked like runs for us in the last half of this inning as Thielscher hit safe, and Rowe hit; Kerr, however,

hit to short, who threw out Rowe at second, the accurate throwing of Sands at second just beating out Kerr at first. It was a snappy double play. The inning ended with "Barney" on third.

The third inning was featured by a beautiful stop by Kerr. Rowe, however, dropped the ball. Kelley made a single. The fourth inning was where Brookline won the game. Walizer got on first by a scratch hit. Thielscher swinging two bats, struck at the sphere, hit the flagpole in left and followed Walizer around the circuit. Score, two runs. The fifth inning was the one that amused the crowd. Cambridge got out in quick order. In Brookline's half, Kelley's drive struck the house between right and center field. When the fielder attempted to get the ball, a lady with a long club made a rush for him. The poor fellow was then attacked by a vicious dog and hastily made his retreat. Kelley was then resting on second.

In the sixth, Cambridge got two on but could not score. Kerr made a single in the last part of the inning.

The seventh was not the "lucky seventh" for Cambridge. Morse, replacing Kenrick, stung out a scorcher, stole second, and scored on a wild throw. One run.

From this point, the game progressed rapidly and the ninth found the score 3 to 0, in Brookline's favor. The line-up:

Brookline	Cambridge
Kelley (capt.), l.f.	J. Dee, c.
Kenrick, r.f.	Flynn, l.f.
Morse, r.f.	Green, 1st
Anderson, c.	O'Connor, 3d
Walizer, c.f.	Harbaugh, c.f.
Thielscher, 3d	McNamara, s.s.
Rowe, 1st	Sands, 2d
Kerr, s.s.	Sandeford, r.f.
Paine, 2d	T. Dee, r.f.
Denning, p.	McCarthy, p.
W. Denning, mascot.	
Hitchcock, bat boy.	

Brookline, 4; Newton, 3 (Exhibition Game)

Those who missed seeing this game on Saturday, May 25, at Claflin Field, lost an interesting spectacle of baseball. Neither teams played in sterling form, as the fellows were being saved for the Memorial game. "Barney" Thielscher did the twirling for us, while Higgins worked on the mound for Newton. The first score was made by Brookline in the first inning, Walizer bringing in Kelley. The game progressed evenly up to the sixth, when Newton scored three runs. Whitney was safe on an error by Paine, King singled, and Tapley came across with a beautiful double. Another hit scored Tapley and the score was three for Newton and one for Brookline. Then came the "lucky seventh." Kelley bingled, with two out. Morse duplicated Kelley's stunt. Kid Anderson scored Kelley by another hit, Walizer flied out. Score, Newton, 3; Brookline, 2.

The eighth inning proved to the fans that Brookline knew some baseball. Thielscher doubled and took third on a sacrifice by Rowe. Then Kerr stepped up to the plate and laying down a beautiful bunt, scored Thielscher, executing a perfect "squeeze play." "Bobby" made first when Higgins tried to catch "Barney" at home. Paine scored Kerr with a single, bringing in the winning run. Neither team scored in the ninth. Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Brookline	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0—4
Newton	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—3

B. H. S., 3; N. H. S., 2 (League Game)

Another Championship!

Nor is this championship due to any one member of the team. Each man played throughout the season not for his own glory and batting average, but for the good of the Brookline High School baseball team. No one fellow can be singled out as being the star of the team because most of them are stars. We will, however, credit Thielscher for his work with the bat; he broke up more than one game.

The Game

It looked very much like rain at ten o'clock on Memorial Day but the game started with a fair sized crowd on hand.

FIRST INNING

For Brookline:

Kelley strode to the platter swinging two clubs. He was safe on an error by Whitney. Morse sacrificed. Anderson walked. Walizer lined to second and Kelley was doubled. No runs.

For Newton:

King got a pass. Nash sacrificed. Beal hit to Denning and King was thrown out at third. Whitney fanned. No runs.

SECOND INNING

For Brookline:

Thielscher fanned, Rowe out, second to first. Kerr got a life on Beal's error. Kerr scored on Paine's two-bagger. Denning flied to left. One run.

For Newton:

Derousha popped to Denning. Tapley and Spaulding whiffed three times each. No runs.

THIRD INNING

For Brookline:

Kelley flied to center. Morse out, second to first. Anderson was thrown out by Tapley who made a beautiful catch and throw. No runs.

For Newton:

Hyslop lifted a high one to Paine. Hyatt was safe on Rowe's error. Kings out, short to first. Nash was hit by pitcher ball. Beal walked and choked the bases Whitney walked and Hyatt was forced in. Derousha struck out. One run.

FOURTH INNNING

For Brookline:

Walizer flied to center field. Thielscher sent a hot one at short and was thrown out. Rowe managed to make first on an error by Hyslop. Kerr was out by the third base-first base route. No runs.

For Newton:

Tapley singled. Spaulding sacrificed. Paine made a swell catch of Hyslop's liner and threw out Tapley at second. No runs.

FIFTH INNING

For Brookline:

Paine out, third to first. Denning made a two-bagger. Kelley advanced Harry to third, but Morse popped to third baseman.

For Newton:

Hyatt walked. Hyatt out at second, King safe at first, on Rowe's error. Nash out, third to first. Beal flied to second. No runs.

SIXTH INNING

For Brookline:

Anderson grounded to third and was thrown out at first. Walizer got on through Hyslop's error. Thielscher hit to Tapley at short, Walizer was thrown out at second and "Barney" was out at first. No runs.

For Newton:

Whitney out. Derousha out on foul to Anderson. Tapley flied to left.

SEVENTH INNING

For Brookline:

Rowe out, short to first. Kerr bingled. Paine flied to short. Denning out, fly to left. No runs.

For Newton:

Spaulding fanned. Hyslop flied to right. Hyatt safe on slip-up by Kerr. King fanned. No runs.

EIGHTH INNING

For Brookline:

Kelley sent a swift one to third but was thrown out. Morse lifted a long one to left. Anderson got a pass. Walizer singled. Anderson scored on a wild heave by Spaulding. Thielscher fanned for the second time. One run.

For Newton:

Nash singled, Beal safe on Rowe's error. Whitney forced Beal. Derousha out, Nash scoring. Tapley flied to right. One run.

NINTH INNING

For Brookline:

Rowe singled. Forced at second by Kerr. Paine safe on Tapley's error. Denning sacrificed; Kerr scored and Kelley was safe on Hyslop's error. Paine out at the plate. One run.

For Newton:

Spaulding out at short to first, after a fine stop by Kerr. Hyslop flied to center, and Kyte ended the game by fanning. No runs.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brookline	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	—3
Newton	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Line-up:

B. H. S.	N. H. S.
Kelley (capt.), l.f.	King, c.f.
Morse, r.f.	Nash, 1st
Anderson, c.	Beal, 3d
Walizer, c.f.	Whitney, r.f.
Thielscher, 3d	Derousha, c.
Rowe, 1st	Tapley, s.s.
Kerr, s.s.	Spaulding, p.
Paine, 2d	Hyslop, 2d
Denning, p.	Hyatt, l.f.
	Kyte batted for Hyatt in ninth.

The Court League

This year a new baseball league, known as "the court league," was formed. The season opened on May 10, on which day the Owls beat the Wild Cats in both games of a double header, and the Tigers trimmed the Pilgrims. The new organization has had a most successful year, so successful indeed, that it has decided to continue the games a month into the fall term.

The following is the standing of the teams up to June 3:

	Won	Lost	Per Ct.
Owls	19	5	.792
Tigers	12	8	.600
Wild Cats	11	10	.524
Pilgrims	2	21	.087

The teams:

Owls	Tigers	Wild Cats	Pilgrims
F. Holton, Mgr.	K. Lyons, Mgr.	T. Robbins, Mgr.	S. Myers, Mgr.
R. Stevens	C. Smith	N. Kerr	R. Fishel
B. Lyons	K. Thielscher	H. Denning	F. Parker
E. Willard	G. Stewart	D. Robbins	M. Wit
C. Morse	I. Perry	Cornell	D. Young
M. White	J. Spitz	Falvey	C. Hyde
F. Dexter	Stronge	Pursel	Remington
R. Blodgett	A. Emerson	Craig	Farrington
E. Dresser	E. Wood	Rheinhurst	
W. Peebles	E. Ramsey		
E. Fowler	A. Potter		

Track

The past year's track team has been the weakest in years. The indoor team made a very poor showing at Lynn, being swamped in a dual meet with that school. Only a few candidates have been working outdoors this spring. As a result, no results like last year's have been obtained.

Amherst Interscholastic

Captain Nordell, Wyman, Crory, Dean, Hawes, Spitz and Coach Jones made the trip to Amherst on Friday, preparatory to the track meet held at Pratt Field on Saturday. The meet was the most successful one that has ever taken place under the auspices of the college, and the times and distances in all events were exceptionally good. Wyman won second place in the shot-put, being beaten out by his old friend "Bill" Meanix. "Redoubtable" Max's long legs carried him over 5 feet 6 inches which was good for second medal. "Buzz" tied for fourth place in the broad jump, the record for which was broken. Hawes qualified for the semi-finals in both the 100 and 220-yard dashes which were run in 9 4-5 and 21 3-5 seconds, respectively. Dean and Spitz finished fairly well up in their respective events. Brookline secured sixth place in this meet.

Notes from Amherst

Wyman sat down next to some class on the way to Amherst. We never thought that of Charlie.

Brookline defeated Worcester Classical High on the way to Amherst in a game of whist. Crory and Dean were the heroes.

Nordell and Hawes spent their time in collecting train dust on the back platform.

"Buzz" and Dean left for home at 6, Sunday morning. Hawes and Jones, and Wyman, Spitz and Crory spent Sunday in Northampton calling on some friends in Smith College.

Middlesex South Agricultural Society Interscholastic

In a well contested meet full of thrilling finishes, Brookline High won second place, being beaten out by English High School.

There were nineteen schools represented, including our old friend Newton. Captain Nordell starred for Brookline, winning the broad jump with a grand leap of 20 feet 9 inches, and finishing a close second in the 120 low hurdles. Wyman broke his own record as well as his fondest expectations in the shot-put with a heave of 46 feet 3 inches. Hawes pulled out a third in the 100-yard dash and qualified in the 220. Dean ran a good race in the half mile, finishing fourth. Spitz, Clarke, and Phillips ran in a field of thirty-four men in the mile and made the going interesting throughout. Crory tied for second place in the high jump with three other fellows. Brookline's relay composed of Hawes, Spitz, Nordell, and Dean secured third place, which netted four points. The summary of points of the first three teams was: English High School, 24; Brookline High School, 19; Lawrence High School, 18 5-6.

Tennis

Brookline was represented by such "stars" as Manning, Guimeræs, Talbot, Ferguson, Lyman and Williams, in the Harvard Interscholastic Tennis Tournament. The only one who won a match was Talbot. He was put out of the tournament in the second round. There were, however, some tennis champs from Exeter and St. Mark's who had things pretty much their own way. Herd, of Exeter, junior champion of the Pacific Coast, won the trophy.

A team composed of Manning, Nordell and Guimeræs, easily defeated Melrose, 3-0, on Tuesday, May 28. Nordell won from Kingsley, 6-3, 6-4; Manning from Sackett, 3-6, 6-3, 6-0; and in the doubles Guimeræs and Manning defeated Wills and Wyler, 6-1, 8-6.

On Wednesday, May 29, Wellesley was defeated three points to one by Nordell and Manning. Scores:

Nordell beat Putnam, 6-1, 6-8, 8-6; Manning defeated Plympton, 3-6, 6-2, 6-1, and Wiswall, 6-2, 6-4. Brookline defaulted the doubles.

Swimming Team

A clean sweep! Brookline easily trimmed all the other teams of Boston in an interscholastic swimming meet held in Curtis Hall, Jamaica Plain, on Saturday, April 27. Brookline scored in the following events:

25 yards.....	1st and 3d.....	Carolan and Wilcox
50 yards.....	1st and 2d.....	Comerford and Wilcox
25 yards (back)..	3d.....	Untersee
100 yards.....	1st.....	Carolan
222 yards.....	2d and 3d.....	O'Day and Jouannett
Under water.....	2d.....	Hutchinson
Plunge.....	1st.....	Wales
Relay.....	2d.....	O'Day, Carolan, Jouannett Comerford

Batting Averages of the Baseball Team

		A.B	R.	B.H.	S.B.	Av.
1.	Thielscher	54	13	25	3	.463
2.	Anderson	59	12	24	10	.407
3.	Kelley	41	9	15	6	.365
4.	Denning	37	5	12	2	.324
5.	Rowe	53	2	17	3	.321
6.	Kerr	41	6	12	3	.293
7.	Morse	52	7	14	8	.269
8.	Walizer	62	8	16	4	.258
9.	Kenrick	31	3	7	2	.226
10.	Paine	44	5	9	1	.205
11.	Emery	7	0	1	0	.143
12.	Kelleher	18	8	8	8	.444

Denning struck out eighteen men in the Harvard Freshmen game and the same number in the Wellesley game. Denning has also made three or four two-base hits this season and, for a pitcher, is a hard hitter.

TENNIS TEAM

'06. Prentiss Hatch, who has been engineering in Trinidad for two years, will return to the United States this summer and will spend some time in Brookline with friends.

'06. "Sully" Sargent is rowing on the Union Boat Club crew.

'07. Mrs. Edwin Brooks (Gladys Brooks) is now living in Waltham.

'07. Helen Slagle is going to spend the summer touring abroad.

'07. Helen Wright, Joyce Knowlton and Ruth Faxon, are going to run a summer camp for girls in Bridgton, Me.

'09. J. Louis Keegan has been chosen editor-in-chief of the Junior Book, a publication issued by the junior class of Tufts.

'09. William Rhoades Matson is Vice-President of the Civil Engineering Society at M. I. T.

'10. Elizabeth Bowker was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Anna Katharine Spencer and Mr. Richard H. Gould.

Ex-'10. Katharine Hunt has returned from her trip abroad. She spent her winter touring England, Scotland, France, Holland and Spain.

'10. "Diddy" Brown is going to spend the summer abroad.

'11. James Flood has gone to Detroit, Mich., where he is receiving clerk of the Northern Engineering Works.

'11. "Mart" Shedden has been doing some fine work at Yale this Spring in track.

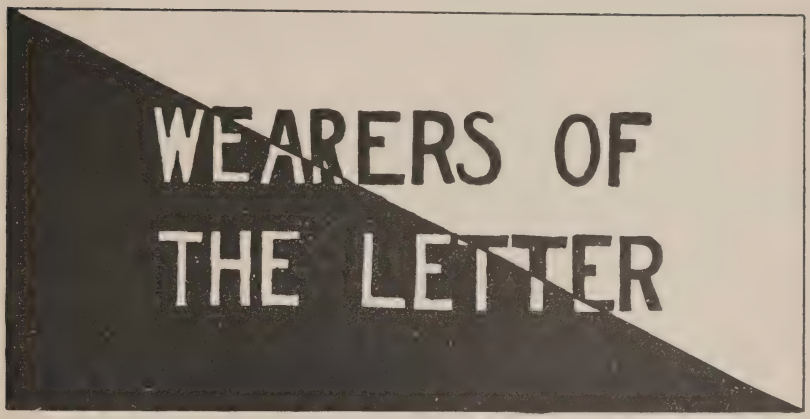
Ex-'11. Grant Stone was captain of the Columbia Freshman Baseball Team this spring.

Acknowledgments

"The Sagamore" is greatly indebted to S. Ross Berkowitz '12 for the cover design and to Helena von Ladau '12 and Hoyt Sherman '14 for the various new headings. It also thanks the members of Dramatics for the gift of twenty-five dollars.

Autographs

HOCKEY TEAM



Football

THIELSCHER
ANDERSON
BECKER
WALIZER
SCHROEDER
FILLEBROWN

Baseball

ANDERSON
THIELSCHER
WALIZER
MORSE

Crew

BENTLEY
CRORY
FILLEBROWN

Hockey

CRORY
ANDERSON
THIELSCHER

Track

NORDELL
CRORY
WYMAN

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Brookline High School Baseball Team

KELLY (Captain)	l. f.
MORSE,	r. f.
ANDERSON,	c.
WALIZER,	c. f.
THIELSCHER,	3d b.
ROWE,	1st b.
KERR,	s.s.
PBINE,	2d b.
DENNING,	p.
KENRICK,	r. f.

Preparatory League Championship

Brookline	3	Newton	2
Brookline	3	Cambridge	0

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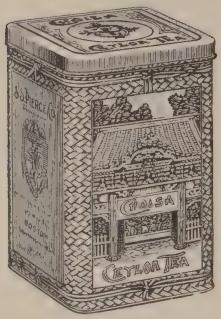

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